PICTORIAL REVIEW

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Edited by Arthur T. Vance

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WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher

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RENEW PROMPTLY—The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

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$125,000 IN 1921—$200,000 IN 1922

These vast sums were paid by Pictorial Review to college men for the work they did during the Summer months of 1921 and 1922

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND
SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY
BALTIMORE, MD.

February 12th, 1923.

The Pictorial Review Company,
Manager of Educational Division:

Your letter of February 2d is before me, and I thank you for the list of names of the young men who are students in the School of Dentistry, University of Maryland.

It is gratifying to note the successful financial results recorded, and I am very certain that the experience gotten from employment provided by your company during the vacation period will and is now reflecting itself in a better type of men.

Energetic and purposeful efforts resulting in success will most surely stimulate in such individuals a determination to win in any line undertaken.

Your company is to be commended for the opportunity provided for these young men to earn money to put themselves through college, and I trust that the future may find you in a position to extend the work.

Yours very truly,
T. O. Heatwole, Dean.

TUFTS COLLEGE
MEDFORD, MASS.

February 15th, 1923.

The Pictorial Review Company,
Manager of Educational Division:

I appreciate very much what The Pictorial Review Company is doing for several Tufts College students through the opportunity for employment during vacations. Last Summer thirty-two students were with your company, and all speak highly of the treatment received from you.

Of course, the financial returns are important, as all of these men are earning at least part of their college expenses; but what appeals to them and to me as much more important is the excellent business training that is received.

I sincerely hope that our students will continue to serve you and themselves as creditably as they have in the past.

Very truly yours,
John A. Cousens, President.

TUITION-FEES for several hundred of these students were paid by Pictorial Review *direct* to seventy-six colleges and universities. When this magazine began offering college men employment during the Summer, the idea was primarily to give them an opportunity to make enough money during their vacations to pay their tuition-fees for the year and, at the same time, through their subscription work, to increase the circulation of Pictorial Review. How successful the magazine has been in its work with college men can best be judged by letters like those received from the dean at the University of Maryland and the president of Tufts College, and by the extracts below from letters received from the boys themselves. These communications lay stress not merely on the financial aid extended by Pictorial Review, but on the constructive character-building which the work is achieving for college men. Now, at this time of the year when some four hundred college men are again beginning their vacation work for Pictorial Review, we are certain the women throughout the country who will come in contact with these young men will be interested in the letters, records, and achievements mentioned on this page.

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY SEAL 1903 NEW YORK
AMERICA'S LEADING WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
PICTORIAL REVIEW

CREDENTIAL WHICH THE PICTORIAL REVIEW STUDENTS WILL CARRY THIS SUMMER. NOTE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING IN BACKGROUND

Four from Last Year's 400 College Men—What They Say!

"ENJOYED THE MOST PROFITABLE THREE MONTHS"

"Pictorial Review has furnished the means by which I enjoyed the most profitable three months of my life.

"The profit I made was measurable, and amounted to nearly six hundred dollars—the experience could not be measured, as it came not in money nor in estimates of money, but rather in that inner sense of satisfaction which results from close and understanding friendships with one's associates."

C. R. Zane, Syracuse University.

"PICTORIAL REVIEW THE MAKER OF COLLEGE MEN"

"Had Pictorial Review not made the offer, and had I not heard of it, these last two years I've enjoyed in college might never have been. Suffice to say that in presenting the college students with facts of life, with understanding of people at large, and with a laboratory in which to work out and become used to public relations, and at the same time permit of a dandy good time, Pictorial Review can consider that it has been the making of many a college man."

R. E. Kennard, William and Mary College.

"PICTORIAL REVIEW TO ME HAS MEANT COLLEGE"

"I went through the washing windows, beating rugs, tending furnaces stage of a college education during my first two years. The work was hard—my purse small—and I was as a result missing many parts of a college education which are vital, but which are denied to those with no money. Pictorial Review to me has meant 'my college education.' Pictorial Review work alone has been sufficient to put me through my last two years in college."

Steve Crowell, Tufts College.

"PICTORIAL REVIEW REPRESENTATIVES FINEST TYPE OF MEN"

"Judging from my experience, any student can earn enough money on the Pictorial Review proposition to pay his own way through college. But the monetary reward is not the sole acquisition.

"I have met over a hundred college men who have been successful Pictorial Review salesmen, and I can say that they are representatives of the finest type of college men. Friends made among this group are an invaluable gain."

S. Elliott, Harvard University.

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Just to Think About on the Fourth

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

WE DECLARED OUR POLITICAL independence one hundred and forty-seven years ago as a nation. As individuals we are still slaves to a great many prejudices, second-hand opinions, and worn-out policies. America will never come into the full measure of her freedom until Americans are in spirit and in truth free.

A great man once said that the older a lie the more people respect it. When some of the oft-repeated fallacies wear completely out we seem to substitute old lies for new and live happy forever afterward.

As Americans we could celebrate the anniversary of our national independence in no finer way than to declare our individual independence from the things that enslave us, spiritually and intellectually. What shabby affairs some of our lives are! How we scatter our forces and waste our time!

Many of us think loosely, read carelessly, and automatically accept ideas and doctrines that our brains would promptly reject if only we gave our brains a chance to operate on them. So sloppy are our methods and so heedless our actions that even our national leaders ofttimes fall into errors of speech and procedure that humiliate us. "Twice within the last few days," said the London *Times* recently, "the United States Government found it necessary to withdraw charges it had too heedlessly circulated against Great Britain."

And how heedlessly and how needlessly we enact laws! What slaves we are to the lawmaking habit! Congress enacts laws at the rate of one and one-third a day, or eight a week. "No subject is too minute, none is too difficult, none is too illusive to be surrounded and smothered by legislation," says Senator Stanley of Kentucky. "There is not at this hour left a single 'inestimable privilege' or one 'inalienable right' mentioned in the Declaration of Independence which is not openly invaded or secretly undermined by some paternalistic project or subversive propaganda."

Seventy-five years ago the author of "History of Civilization" said: "For five hundred years all advances in legislation have been made by repealing laws." Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, says: "We have solved so few problems by governmental action in the last twenty years that it is a real question whether or not any real question can be solved by legislation. We have not solved the trust problem, the transportation question, the currency tangle, the business of marketing for the farmer, child labor, the minimum wage, nor any problem of social and industrial justice." And here is the most startling statement of all: "During the last ten years the appalling cost of a hundred different commissions, boards, and bureaus, employing an innumerable army of deputies, inspectors, supervisors, and political parasites, has actually exceeded by four hundred per cent. the cost of the Federal Government for the first half of its existence."

Americanism—The Real Thing

AND what better days than these in which to find a satisfying interpretation of Americanism? The real Americanism is not expressed in laws, nor is the soul of America found in the mechanics of government. "The methods of government," as some one has said, "are too formal, too technical, and too reserved to give voice either to the will, the intelligence, or the aspirations of a great nation. For the expression of these the world must look to the voluntary and unorganized activities of the people themselves as expressed in their literature, their science, their art, their education, their religious faith, their commerce, their industry, and their acts of relief and human kindness."

As we individual Americans are, so is America.

How often we hear in tones of threat or discontent, "I am as good as you," and how true it is, as some one has said, that a simple reconstruction of that sentence would do more to express real Americanism than a hundred laws could do! "*You are as good as I am.*" How vastly different the meaning, and how true the sentiment rings, to the spirit of our real America!

Those Speechifying Luncheons

THE underlying vice of American politics, according to Senator Borah, consists in playing the game on too low a standard. Now, is not that the real trouble with us women? Aren't we playing our game on too low a standard?

Certainly the average club program is not keyed to the highest level of interest and intelligence of the audience. Witness the annual luncheon or dinner of any organization—and men's organizations are as bad in this respect as women's. Club programs seem to have been standardized the world over.

At the annual breakfast of one of the leading women's clubs of New York the editor of a great magazine and the editor of a great newspaper arrived, as per invitation, promptly at twelve o'clock. At five o'clock neither of these men had spoken, for their turns had not yet come. For five precious hours of a business day these busy men sat in a crowded room amid the clatter of dishes and the chatter of five hundred voices. True, there had been speeches and more speeches, reports and more reports, greetings and more greetings, and an original "poem" had been read impromptu.

Now, at least one of these editors had taken the invitation seriously. He went to that meeting with something to say. He had taken pains to prepare his talk. But did he make that talk? Not at all. He kept on pitch. He told a story which occupied a minute or two and sat down amid the usual applause. And that was the first time that particular editor had ever attended a woman's club affair.

Why do we persist in wasting our time and the time of important people with inane and wordy programs?

Ill, Injured, Dying—and No Doctor!

MR. WILLIAM A. EDWARDS lives in Edwardsburg, Ida. He wrote a letter to a philanthropic organization which tells of a tragic situation. He says: "There is a territory in central Idaho of over twelve thousand square miles, forty per cent. larger than the State of Massachusetts, in which there is no railroad; there are only a few wagon roads; there is not a single doctor, dentist, church, or minister of the gospel. There are hundreds of ranchers, prospectors, and miners scattered over that territory, many of them with families, and much suffering is caused by lack of medical attention.

"Let me cite two or three instances that came under my personal observation. A man who was working on a wagon road near here had his leg broken in an accident. A doctor had to come eighty miles on horseback before the broken leg could be set. Another man suffering from acute appendicitis had to be hauled by wagon one hundred miles over rough mountain roads and then by train to Boise, where he was operated on. A young married woman who was about to be confined had to make a trip of ninety miles over the snow in the dead of Winter to reach a doctor. A two-year-old child who fell in a camp-fire and was badly burned was saved only by such rough-and-ready treatment as we were able to give it.

"These typical instances show the need of a doctor located at some central point. He should be a young man not afraid to rough it. It would be better to have him come in here and select his own location after looking over the country. Until he decides on a permanent location I can furnish him a home and a good building that can be fitted up as a hospital.

"This country has sent millions of dollars to Europe to help suffering people there, but neglects the needs of its own people in a territory larger than many Eastern States. The Post-office Department denies it parcel-post service, and for at least eight months of the year we can not get medicine in here, even to save a dying man. The churches send missionaries to foreign lands and neglect the spiritual needs of this vast territory. We are almost a people without a country. If we were located in some remote corner of Europe we might expect aid from American philanthropists, but we are too close at hand."

And think of the women in that vast territory! Other sections of our country, from New England to Texas, are similarly lacking in doctors. How can we let this letter pass without doing something about it?

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$35
Mahogany or oak

Victrola No. 50
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Mahogany or oak

Victrola IX
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Mahogany or oak

Victrola No. 220
$200
Victrola No. 220, electric, $240
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Victrola No. 240
$115
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 100
$150
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Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola!

There are no better judges of performance than those who themselves perform. Practically without exception, all those who represent most in the world of musical art choose the Victrola as the one best instrument to perpetuate their achievements. The purchase of a Victrola therefore carries with it assurances of satisfaction which can be obtained in no other music-reproducing instrument.

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Go to the nearest dealer in Victor products and ask him to play these records for you. They are representative of the great Victor Catalog. You will be thrilled by their music and realize as you never have before your need of such music as the Victrola and Victor Records used together can produce.

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Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

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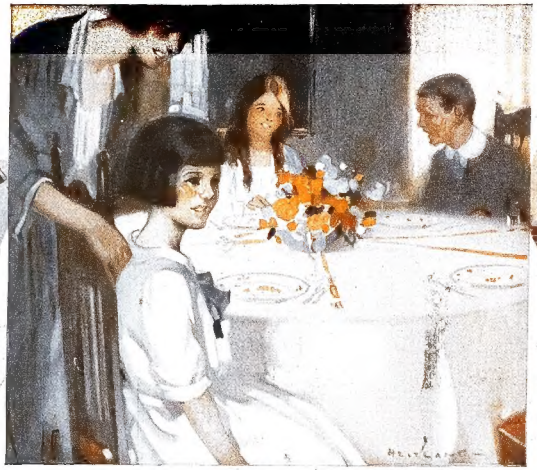
WITH ordinary soap, the rompers and stockings of creeping children must be rubbed—very hard, and probably boiled! P and G will wash them clean and fresh with only light rubbing between the hands. They wear longer this way, and don't fade.



SOAKING with P and G, in lukewarm water, and light rubbing between the hands, will clean cuff-edges and neckbands of men's shirts. This method lengthens "shirt-lives" and preserves freshness and whiteness.

Snow-white linen at home promotes good manners abroad

WHEN a mother is hostess to her children's friends, she quickly notices any carelessness or breach of good manners among her little guests.

When her *own* children are guests, it is encouraging to realize that she has done her best to prevent such occurrences. And part of that "best" is to see that they are brought up with snowy-clean things—like tablecloths, napkins and bed-spreads. Children thus trained to careful habits are less likely to cause their mothers embarrassment when away from home.

You should choose the soap

If your washing does not now come out pure white every week, the trouble may lie with the soap—not with the laundress at all.

Just *any* soap can't produce pure white clothes, even when used by a good laundress. *You* should select the soap, *carefully.*

There is one soap that is producing pure white clothes for millions of families every week—P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

With P and G, "average" laundresses have been transformed into good laundresses; good laundresses have progressed to fine laundresses.

There is no mystery about this. P and G possesses certain unique properties. These properties endow it with power to wash *clean,* to act upon *dirt* without injuring fabrics or colors, to rinse out *thoroughly,* leaving no traces of soap or soapy odor. It is a *cleansing* soap—not a *strong* soap.

New whiteness
Colors safe

Watch the steady improvement in the appearance of your clothes after you have changed to P and G—it will come *without fail.* By the third or fourth washing, your clothes should noticeably approach their *original, new* whiteness, with their colors fresh and unharmed.

Furthermore, while P and G is keeping your clothes white, it will be making an enthusiastic convert of your laundress. With P and G she will need to boil less often and to rub less hard. Her time and energy will *both* be conserved.

Is it any wonder that this remarkable soap has become the largest selling laundry and household soap in America?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both, combined.

NAPHTHA SOAP + WHITE LAUNDRY SOAP = Speed + Safety

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THE DEARLY BELOVED OF BENJAMIN COBB

A Stranger Matrimonial Partnership, or a More Engrossing Tale, Could Scarcely Be Imagined

BY CLEMENCE DANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES E. ALLEN

THE young Englishwoman who wrote that brilliant play, "Will Shakespeare," produced in New York last Winter, makes her bow to Pictorial Review readers in this very unusual and distinguished piece of writing. The reader will look eagerly forward to other stories by Miss Dane which are to appear in early issues of this magazine.

"'I THOUGHT SHE MUST HAVE RUN MAD. THEN I UNDERSTOOD. IT WAS HER MOURNING, MY DEAR. SHE HAD BEEN DYEING ALL HER CLOTHES'"

IT WAS a shock to see a clerical figure turning, with the air of an owner, into my old home. I rounded on the house-agent's clerk, a friendly enough creature, but new since my day.

"Does he live there? Why doesn't he live in the Rectory?"

"This is the Rectory—oh, you mean the old Rectory. Nobody lives there now—too near the churchyard."

"Do for me! I only want a place for week-ends."

"See it if you like, of course!" He turned resignedly up the road. "Not my place to crab it; but nobody's lived there these twenty years. Old Cobb was the last."

"Cobb? Little Mr. Cobb?"

"Ah, you lived here once, of course! Know him?"

"A little. I was only a boy. I was never inside the house."

"Nor any one else by all accounts. Character, the reverend was, eh?"

I nodded, but half hearing; for we had struck across the churchyard and I was puzzling over the altered look of the place. Yet the square of sky was still set like a turquoise in the belfry, the yew-tree still held out propped arms, and the daisied hay of Summer was undulating over the graves. But the oaks! Now I had it! The oaks still stood in a row, but a row without purpose; for the hedge they had sentineled was gone, and behind them extended a raw tract of white crosses and dying wreaths.

"Of course!" I decided aloud. "It's the field! They've taken in the Rectory field!"

"They'll take in the Rectory soon." He flung open the door in the high stone wall like a jailer unlocking a prison, and laughed. "Do for you, eh? It's empty."

"Swept and garnished," said I, and stared.

There it stood, just as it stood in my memory, the one unfriendly house in that friendly land, and, with its sickly stucco, with its two sockets of blackness where the glass of the upper windows had been broken or removed, with its pinched and thrust-out porch like a fretful mouth, it had its old appearance of a wicked human face. A piece of cloud skimming the blue overhead was reflected for the instant of its passing in a jag of pane, and it was as if an eyeball had rolled suspiciously in our direction. The grimy laurels still hedged its basements; the lean fir-tree, always dying yet never dead, still scrabbled with spindly fingers on the creeperless north wall. The stringy rose-bush still bunted against the dining-room window, but its flowers were rotting under their caps of discolored outer petals, and its leaves, without gloss, were so wrinkled and sapless that you'd think the very blights must starve.

The surrounding garden was a mere rubbish-heap. It had been neat enough once. Little Mr. Cobb was his own gardener, and there had been a bed or two and, every Spring, bean-poles and taut string and a spatter of hopeful green; but I could see now that, even had the pence been less pitifully sparse, nothing could have fruited in such a place. "Cut down the trees!"—faintly across the years I could hear my mother's indignant voice; but the wife of little Mr. Cobb would not have even a dead twig broken from its branch. She had vouchsafed, in the early days of her marriage, with a snap of her fine eyes and a toss of her handsome head, that "she liked her privacy, thank you! *She* wasn't public property, whatever her husband might be!" and with that snap and toss had shut yet another door upon herself for the rest of her life.

The eighties were not tolerant of bad manners in one they considered an inferior, and all the world knew that little Mr. Cobb had married beneath him. And so the weeded paths grew velvety with damp and the flowers were choked by the rank droppings of the all-encircling limes, and the Rectory remained fenced in from air and sunlight and the neighbors' eyes till it was as quiet there and hopeless as hell on Hallowe'en.

I said: "It's a marvel they stood it so long. Where are they living now; d'you know?"

"Living? They're dead," said the house-agent. "Dead years ago. Their grave's just over the wall." He swished a way for himself through the nettles to the low rampart that overlooked the churchyard, saying as he did so, with a nod at the house behind us, "They're pulling it down in the Spring. Good thing, too. D'you know you couldn't get a man or woman or child to come through this gate after dark? Queer couple! They say she beat him."

"They say—they say!" I cried impatiently.

"Oh, well, some say it was him, of course; that he kept her locked up. They say if you'd come here, in the dark, you know, that you'd see enough through those windows——"

"They sleep quiet, I should think," I said, leaning over to read the plain headstone lying almost under my feet. It ran:

Sacred to the memory of
Benjamin Cobb
for 25 years shepherd of this parish
He entered into rest
on February 27th 1903
Also of
Eileen
his dearly beloved wife
who died a week later.

And then in small letters, half hidden by the daisies,

Judge not!

"Who had the sense to put that up?" I asked curiously.

"Sense? I don't know about sense. Old Miss Shepperley paid for it."

"The schoolmistress? Is she alive still?"

"Alive and kicking. Retired, of course. Lets lodgings. Now, she might put you up for the time being. There's a place I'd like to show you to-morrow; that is, if you'll go to the hundred."

"A hundred's my limit. So she put it up, did she?"

"She did. Her own expense, too. Would do it. 'Penance' was the word she used, they tell me."

"Penance? She was always good friends with the Rector?"

"Ah, but who wasn't, so far as I make out? They say when the end came——"

But at that I broke in with a promise to look over the house at a hundred the next day, and so got rid of him. I didn't want to hear of little Mr. Cobb's end from that hearsay stranger.

LONG-FORGOTTEN, gallant little Mr. Cobb! All through the flowery walk he danced ahead of me, a black-frocked shadow, with arms and legs and coat-tails all at work to hurry him. He was always in a hurry, was little Mr. Cobb, always so eager to get his day's work done, always so joyous in his return to his uncertain welcome; yet always (looking back, that fact stood out very clearly) so determined that not a jot of that work should be ill done, unfitted for it as he must have known himself to be.

A successful clergyman must, I suppose, have something of the actor in him and something of the woman, and little Mr. Cobb was pure masculine, stubborn, truthful, precise; yet if he were no Whitefield, at least his parish was properly patrolled and his church as well kept as his surplice. The village vowed that he had but one and that he washed it himself. "The more credit to him!" said

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my mother hotly when this reached her; for it was always spotless. When he trotted about the altar in it, zealous and unsmiling, he always reminded me of good dog Toby in a Punch-and-Judy show enduring his ruff and standing soberly on his head.

Sometimes, indeed, we wished that he were a little less thorough: from "When the wicked man" to "Remain with you always" he spared us nothing; we progressed every Sunday through prayers, psalms, litany, communion, and three full-length hy-ms, tho characteristically he took them at the briskest of paces, and his sermons were short and pithy. Only two or three times a year was the program varied.

WHEN little Mr. Cobb sailed up the nave, his ceremonial bearing not even marred by those pouncing glances that detected whisperers or empty seats, when the reverend gallopade of the service slowed to a wedding-march tempo and, final proof, the "Te Deum" gave place to the interminable "Benedicite," we children would nod at each other and, daring nurse, turn in our seats to stare; for "O ye works of the Lord!" was a certain sign that the legendary Mrs. Cobb was in the Rectory pew. Why the "Benedicite" should appeal to him on such occasions we did not guess. I suppose its triumphant echoes have little meaning to childish ears; but to me it is plain enough now. Little Mr. Cobb was spreading his feathers in the eyes of his mate, eagerly proving that he could hold his congregation, that he could be master in his own church. Little Mr. Cobb was showing off to his dearly beloved.

"The dearly beloved!" Ever since I can remember it was the parish's nickname for the Rector's wife. Provoked by some ill-considered loyalty of his, born between a sneer and a smile at some tea-table gathering, it was kept alive, long after the irritation had been forgotten, by his own habit of never referring to her without some tender qualification:

"My dear wife is inclined to think——"

"As my beloved wife always feels——"

and once, on that dreadful night when he had come to us, with head held very straight and a painful flush on his leathery cheek, to beg a sofa to sleep on, it had been:

"My dear wife, as you know, suffers greatly in health. At such times Eileen—my wife, that is—my dearly beloved wife—is not herself. At such times——" and so broke off with a twitching lip. What between the little man's shame and pride and chattering teeth, for he was drenched to the skin, it took my father ten minutes to realize that the woman had locked him out of the house to spend the bitter March night as he could. He had not the keys of the church, he explained, or he would not have troubled them—no, he would not go to bed—if he might sit by the fire till morning—he must be gone early; his wife would be wanting him then. And at that, confidentially, over a glass of port, sipped with judgment: "Nerves, my dear sir! It's her nerves! They exhaust her. They make her wretched——"

He was so obviously distressed at the idea that any one should sit up with him that my people in the end went off to bed, leaving him with his feet on the hob and an elderdown tucked round him; and when, in the morning, my mother stole down before the servants were awake to make him a cup of tea, he looked so surprized and, decorous, good man, so shocked, that she did not know whether to laugh or cry at him, and was forced to call down my father. And then between them they sent him off with a good breakfast inside him to what he called his home.

"MR. COBB WAS PURE MASCULINE, STUBBORN, TRUTHFUL, PRECISE"

Gallant little Mr. Cobb! Turning for a last look at the Rectory, I almost thought I saw him standing once more in the gaping door-hole and with him my small self of long ago caught in the very act of unlawful entry. I could almost hear his voice, quick and harsh, as if he, not I, were the startled one: "Shouldn't play here, you know! No place for children. Where's your mother?"

I pointed dumbly to a corner of the bloomy hedge where mother and my cousins were sitting stringing cowslips, and then and there he marched me off to them, his hand still on my shoulder. My mother must have guessed that something was wrong, for she got up, scattering flowers and children, and came through the long grass to meet us.

"Why, Hughie—" she began quickly, but her eyes were on little Mr. Cobb, and it was then that I first realized that grown-up people have a language of glances.

He gave me a friendly push toward her.

"I've had a visitor. But I'm telling him, Mrs. James, my garden's no place to play in. Too damp, eh." And then as I jogged off to join the others I heard a hurried undertone: "Mustn't let him come, my dear! Not a place for children! No, no, no! Not a place for children!"

Not a place for children, indeed, I thought, as I recalled my one other glimpse of that forbidden ground. I must have been older, for I was sent, I think, to leave a note. I remember the more sophisticated thrill with which I started out, my curiosity so whetted by the recollection of all the fragments of evil gossip I had heard, that my sister's "I dare you to go in. I dare you to wait for an answer. I dare you to!" was scarcely needed. Indeed, I reached the laurels by the bow window before my courage failed me and, at a movement within, I dived into the bushes to watch and get my breath before attempting the final venture of the door-step and the knocker.

They were both at home. He was sitting at his desk, writing his sermon, I imagine, for it was a Saturday, and she was trimming a hat with the invariable pink roses. I remember that particularly because I thought to myself: What did she want a hat for when she never went out? And when she had finished she put it down and said something. I saw her lips shaping the words that I could not hear. He turned to her and smiled. He must have said that it was pretty, for she smiled back at him and put it on her head and began twisting the bows about as if she were pleased. At that, with such a brightening eye, he said something again, quickly, jerking his head toward the church. But she frowned and shook her head, and as he went on talking with pleasant, urgent gestures, flung off the hat so roughly that it tumbled from the sofa to the floor, and then, as he stooped for it, laughed at him, a hateful, loud laugh that I could hear through the shut window.

I watched him straighten himself, put down the hat so carefully, and look at her with a shutting off of the brightness of his face that touched me. It was like the shutting off of sunlight on a gleamy day of Spring. I knew the look so well, and with a stricken conscience, for it was just the way my own mother looked at me when I wouldn't be good.

I felt horribly ashamed for her. He spoke a word: it must have been low, for she merely looked him over insolently and, turning, flounced out of the room. She left the door wide behind her, and I was so busy peering down the passage, so busy storing impressions to tell the others, that I forgot little Mr. Cobb. He must have sat himself down to his writing at once, for he was hard at work when his wife returned, still with that leaden look on her face and in her hands a tray of dinner things. She swept the table-cloth into a corner and flung on another, carelessly, so that one end dipped to the floor. Even through the closed window I could hear the maddening clatter with which she dumped the tray upon the sideboard and tossed the crockery and utensils into place.

She was like an ill-broken mare we had once possessed and sold again after it had nearly killed my father. I watched her eye glint at her husband in that same provocation just as Lady's used to do, and her mouth take an uglier line because he would not heed. For he wrote on, drawing aside his chair to give her passage when she pushed rudely by him, and catching at his papers without a word when a swing of her hips in passing would have whirled them to the floor. His expression did not change: he still worried patiently and funnily at his pen like a terrier worrying at a stick; something in the stoop of his shoulders made me feel indignant.

She had the meal ready at last and told him so with one movement of the lips; and so slouched to her place and sat down, digging her chin into her fist and letting her other hand and arm sprawl out across the table so that a glass tipped and the ugly bone spoon was flicked out of the cellar in a spray of salt.

For a moment the room was perfectly still, with the two souls in it sitting like statues, she at the table and he at his shabby desk. Then she flung at him, over her shoulder: "Am I to wait all day?" One read the words on her pressed lips, her flattened eyelids, her nostrils twitching like a cat's tail. He rose at that, rubbing his hands, with a touch of apology in his cheerful smile, a touch too much of sprightliness in his step, and sat down at the end of the table with his back to me.

He bowed his head for grace, picked up the carving-knife and -fork and set them down again; then ensued once more one of their odd pauses, and I saw his hand slip out and close over hers. But at that she started up like a mad creature, caught up the heavy cover in front of her and flung it straight at him. It missed him by an inch and crashed through the window into the bushes at my feet. I was too frightened to move. I could hear now as well as see, and the torrent of words that poured from her lips dazed me—words that had no meaning, words that stuck in one's mind like one's first sight of blood, or beastliness, or death.

"ALL THE WORLD KNEW MR. COBB HAD MARRIED BENEATH HIM"

He let her talk, with no more in the pauses of her passion than a low "Eileen! Eileen!" and suddenly it was over, as a thunder-storm is over, and she drooped limp and exhausted in her chair. Then to my amazement he went swiftly to her (I wondered awesomely what he was going to do to her), and she caught at him with both her hands as if she were dragging herself out of a pit, and, with a little gasping cry, down went her head on his shoulder and her eyes closed. In an instant he had his arms round her and half lifted, half dragged her to the horsehair sofa. I thought, I remember, that he looked very funny dragging that big woman about. I heard her say:

"Don't go!" And then: "Benjy, I didn't mean——"

He shook up a pillow and pulled a rug over her, a bright patchwork thing that distracted my attention for a moment, for our nurse used to make patchwork quilts, and it was the fashion among us children to collect scraps of silk for her. When I had time for those strange actors in my play, little Mr. Cobb was busy with a sandwich and a plate and was urging her to eat and drink. But she wouldn't touch it. She said—I could hear her clearly enough now—

"Leave me alone! Oh, can't you leave me alone!" and in the same breath: "Don't go!"

He was murmuring in a distressed voice something about an appointment in the village, and—

"You know, my dear, that's why we had lunch so early." She gave him a gleaming look and said again:

"Don't go!"

But he only said with mild finality:

"My dear, you know I must!" and hunted forth his shovel-hat from a cupboard in the wall. I can see now, as my childish eyes could not see, how like his little speech was to his little self. I don't suppose that ever in his life it had occurred to him that it was possible to omit a duty even for her sake; maybe it was that fact that was at the root of their misery.

She flounced back onto the sofa with—"You never do anything to please me!" And at his cheerful—

"Why, it's only to the schools, my dear! I'll be back before you know I'm gone!" she would give him no answering smile. She said:

"I don't care if you never come back!" and as he hesitated in the doorway, fumbling with his prayer-books, looking at her kindly as if he hoped even then for another sort of speeding, she cried:

"Oh, do *go* if you're going!"

At that he went. I waited till he should have left the garden to make my escape. He came out by the front door and stood a moment on the ill-kept, broken steps that betrayed his poverty, and I heard him say to himself very softly, "My poor girl! My poor girl!" and sigh. Then he jammed the shovel-hat firmly down upon his head and jaunted off brisk as ever. I thought to myself that it was queer to call a lady older than mother a girl.

MISS SHEPPERLEY still lived opposite her schools, but the road there seemed much shorter than once it had been, and so I arrived as, it seemed to me to realize, I had always done, punctually at tea-time. Miss Shepperley didn't know me at first; but when she did we were very glad to see each other. In ten minutes I was in the same horsehair armchair that I used to sit in, the same service with the turquoise band round the edges was set out on the table between us, and the same tea-cozy with the hand-painted eschscholtzias that had been my sister's handiwork was covering the same brown teapot with the chipped knob; while from over the road the shrill voices of the afternoon singing class uplifted in "John Peel" and "Early One Morning" still floated in at the open window as they used to do. Indeed there was only Miss Shepperley's front hair, very gray against the dark-brown coils at the back (but it had been all brown when I knew her), to remind me that I was a young man of affairs and not an eight-year-old come to tea with Miss Shepperley for a treat.

We talked. I told her all that I had been doing, and she told me all that she had been doing in the last fifteen years; and I thought how far and fast I had run and how stock-still Miss Shepperley had been sitting. And yet I thought that stagnation suited her, for she had grown out of the masterless fifties into a kind old witch with all the beauty of an old woman and all the energy of a young one. I began to think the world of her again just as I used to do, and she knew it and twinkled. Within an hour she had heard all about my novel and my editor and my engagement and the rest of my hopes and fears. And then we fell to inquiries after one old friend and another till at last—

"So little Mr. Cobb is dead," I said. "I'm sorry."

"For him?" she said quickly. "You needn't be!"

"I suppose not. But I liked him. And the woman died also,' I hear—*see* rather."

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"Ah, you've been in the churchyard," she said. And then, flushing, "*I* put that up."

"So I'm told. Why, Miss Shepperley?"

She smiled at me indulgently.

"What do you want to know for? The editor? Oh, my dear, you can tell the story if you like. Nobody would believe it, so it's quite safe. Besides, there isn't one."

"There must have been. What *was* it, Miss Shepperley? Drink? Drugs? What was the matter with her?"

She blinked at me; and suddenly I realized that in Miss Shepperley's eyes I was not much older than the small boy who used to take tea with her, in spite of my editor and my engagement. She said:

"Drink—drugs—we don't run to that sort of thing here. You have your cinemas in London. But in a village, you know, the passions themselves are enough of a stimulant."

I blurted out, suddenly seeing her with new eyes:

"You didn't live here always?"

She smiled at me.

"No, my dear!"

And that is as much as I ever heard of Miss Shepperley's life story. We sat silent. I didn't know, nor do I yet, whether I had been snubbed or confided in. Presently I said uncertainly:

"The passions?"

"Love, hate, jealousy, grief. And pity, my dear. Pity can be a passion. Yes, you had 'em all in full flower up at the Rectory—passion-flowers—the only flowers that garden ever fruited."

"What fruit?"

"Dust and ashes. They died, my dear. They point a moral and adorn a tale. D'you want to tell it?"

"Hear it, anyway."

She said thoughtfully: "You could call it 'The Lovers' Tale' if it weren't used already."

I looked at her to see if she was joking. But she was quite grave. I said:

"Lovers? Miss Shepperley, she made his life a hell. Even I know that from the scraps I can remember."

"But she loved him."

"I've seen them together."

"She loved him."

"I'll never believe it."

"I wouldn't once. And so it's on my conscience that I helped to kill her. And yet not much on my conscience, for you may be sure that wherever she is now, heaven or hell, he'll be looking after her."

"I'll admit that he loved her, tho even that's hardly believable——"

"She was young once, you know!" said Miss Shepperley.

"Well, of course!" I said uncertainly.

"Ah, but I mean *young*. She had the gifts of youth. A fretful mouth even then, and coarse hands, but—she would have charms, I think, for a little man like him. At twenty-five you'd have called her—a fruitful goddess; that is, if she hadn't pinched herself so insanely. But she was as vain as a peacock. That began the trouble. She arrived here, you know—they were a honeymoon couple—feathered and bustled, all silk and cheap lace, and he with a hundred and fifty a year! It put people's backs up, knowing what they knew." And then, answering the lift of my eyebrows: "Oh, she had caught him in his college days—one of the townspeople. He was a catch, you know—double first and so on. But for his marriage he might have done anything. All sorts of shining lights used to come down to see him—at first—till she drove them away."

"But why? Why?"

"My dear, she was jealous of the stones he walked on, of the weeds he pulled out of the garden. D'you know, I think it pleased him. He had thrown over all his prospects to marry her, and so that attitude of hers rewarded him, I suppose, at the start. The novelty, do you think? He was a learned schoolboy and she went to his head, I imagine, like bad champagne. He was such a prig, you know, when they first came here."

"Little Mr. Cobb?"

"YOU wouldn't think so, would you? Kind little man. But he was! Heavens, how intellectual his sermons were! A real treat if you had the taste—but what's the use of brilliance in a village? What with his priggishness and her vulgarity you can understand that they weren't liked. He weathered it: he was a quick learner; but she—never! She offended people right and left—made silly mistakes and wouldn't let herself be told. Always reminding one that she was a lady too, poor creature! We'd have put up with her, of course, if it had been only that she was underbred, but on the top of it all she had the temper of a fishwife, and when she lost it she didn't care what she said or did. In fact I don't believe she knew. I remember a scene once at a ladies' meeting, a penny-reading committee, when every woman in the room got up and walked out of the house except me. I was official in a sense, or I'd have gone too. But, believe me, when they were gone she turned round to me (remember she'd been impossible, simply impossible) and said in a rueful, helpless way that disarmed me, in spite of myself:

"'Aren't they beasts? Oh, aren't they? You can't say a thing to please them!'

"(One didn't say beast in those days, you know! It was a dreadful word.) And then:

"'Oh, and I took such pains with the tea!'

"So she had, my dear! It was the sort of tea that would have been ostentatious at the Big House, and they with that pittance and what he earned from his learned societies! My eyes ran over the sugared cakes and the satin doilies, and I suppose she saw what I thought, for she came up to me and planted herself in that dreadful attitude of hers, hands on hips like a principal boy—oh, I can see her now, and the way it showed off her figure—and said:

"'Well, what's wrong with *that*?' And then: 'You can get out too if you look at me like that.'

"But her lip was trembling and I was sorry for her. She was just like an ignorant, ill-bred child."

"I keep my sympathy for him, all the same!" said I.

"Why, yes—if it comes to that. D'you know, there was even at one time talk of pressure being brought on him to resign. It came to nothing in the end; I fancy because the vestry were such cowards. No one, face to face with him, had the heart to give him the reason. But he was learning—oh, he was learning. I tell you he grew into what you knew in the first two years—and after that final flare-up he managed somehow to keep her under control. Indeed it grew easy, what with her declaring that she wouldn't receive So-and-so and the whole neighborhood avoiding her. For a time she came to the official gatherings, concerts, and mission work, and so on, and then a child was born and died, and after that she might have been dead herself for all we saw of her. But tales still went the rounds. They had a servant at first, but they never kept one a month. The girls all said the same thing—a good mistress till she was crossed, and then—a devil! They stuck to it that she was kind to them, that they'd like to stay, but they were afraid for their lives when she was in one of her fits."

"And of him? What did they say of him?"

"He chilled them, you know. He never could be hail-fellow. But they all spoke well of him. But of her it was always, 'Ah, the pore dear! She's a fair terror, the pore dear!' as if they half admired her."

"But they didn't stay?"

"No. And between you and me, my dear, that's what I put his death down to. She took over the work of the house after a fashion; but she was a slap-dash, useless creature. I've always said he was undernourished. She fed him on boiled eggs and cheap sweets, I fancy, and so of course when the influenza came—no stamina. God forgive me for saying so, my dear, for he's capable of rising from his grave to contradict it. *He* never complained."

"Why on earth he ever married her—" I began.

"You'd never be such a fool, would you?" said Miss Shepperley. And then: "Oh, my dear, why do people marry? Body and soul—but the body has first say when

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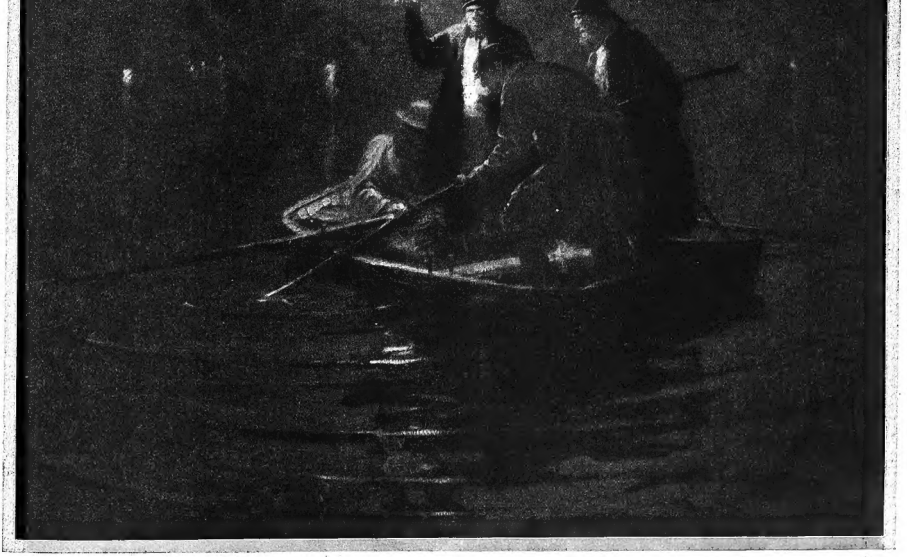

"'THAT WAS A NIGHT, I TELL YOU, WHAT WITH THE DARKNESS AND THE WET—OH, WE WERE A SET OF FOOLS, AND AFTER AN HOUR WE KNEW IT! IT WAS GRAY DAYLIGHT WHEN WE GOT TO THE TOP OF DRAKE'S HILL AGAIN AND BACK TO THE RECTORY'"

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The STRANGER

BY

KONRAD BERCOVICI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

The Stranger! When he speaks of your faults you shrug your shoulders and mutter: "He is no friend of ours."

The Stranger! When he praises your ways you look at one another and say: "He flatters us. He is no friend of ours."

CLOSE to the Dobrudjan side of the winding Danube River there lived a tribe of Gipsies known throughout Roumania as the Tziganies from Canara. The men, big, broad, and lithe, wore, in the Winter, long coats made of bear-pelts, and short white lambskin jackets over large blue trousers in the Summer. And the women wore dresses and shawls and kerchiefs of such gay colors that it was said of them: "When a Canara woman crosses the road even a funeral cortège looks like a wedding procession."

And the peasant women would stop churning butter in the tall, narrow wooden pails to talk to them and ask: "What do you do to make your hair grow so long and be so soft and so glossy?" And touch their arms with the tips of their fingers and question: "What do you do to make your skin so soft and so smooth?"

And when one wanted to praise a man one had but to say: "As faithful as a Tzigany from Canara."

The whole Summer to late in the Fall the Gipsies roved through the country, selling horses, in the Moldavia, to the blue-eyed peasants along the Sereth River; buying furs from the long-haired, fierce-eyed hunters of the Karpathian Mountains; bartering, trading copper kettles for homespun, sleeves for fowl, earrings for lambs; charms, necklaces, fiddles, flutes, combs, shawls. For a wagon of a Canara Gipsy held no end of things. One had but to ask something and it was forthcoming.

The whole Summer they traveled, but late in the Fall they would cross the Danube in boats and return to their huts and fields, which had been taken care of by the older people who had remained at Rome. It was the only Gipsy tribe that had settled in that way. The feast of the holy Demetrius over, toward the end of the October month, the young people threshed the wheat and oats, shucked the corn, pressed the grapes, did the Fall plowing, sawed wood for the Winter stove, repaired the cattle-sheds; so that the Christmas snow-storm should find them ready and the freezing of the Danube should hold no terrors for them. In the Dobrudja one had to expect to spend at least four months indoors, with plenty of food and wood-fire, while the wolves howled and sniffed at the doors and windows. In all there were about a hundred straw-thatched huts, with perhaps six hundred souls in them. There was no regularity in the building of these huts. Some stood with doors to the east and others with doors to the west; and the houses themselves were built helter-skelter.

A happy and contented tribe, the Gipsies of Canara. Their chief was a wise old man. Solni was his name. And so old was he, people said even death respected him, for he was older than death.

One day, early in the Spring, Solni's youngest son, Naye, his pride, for he was handsomer and stronger than any of the tribe—this youngest son, having returned from a day's ride to Kara Murat, a Tatar inland marsh village, sat down at the feet of his father and said: "It is of the woman I love I want to speak to my father."

Solni stroked his long gray beard that reached to his belt; then he answered: "When you shall return from your Summer travels I shall be no more, my son. The hut is yours then. You will be *barossan* (chief). Whose daughter is she?"

"The daughter of Selim of Kara Murat, Father. And this hut shall be inhabited by another of your sons, for I shall build a hut in Kara Murat."

After a long silence the old Gipsy chief said: "Wait until the hut is yours before you begin building another. Wait until the chieftainship is yours before you abandon it. Then only will you be able to weigh your love. And if what you have is lighter than what you desire, go. Be happy."

When Naye returned home that Fall his wagon was heavy with things of silk and copper and silver he had bought for Para, Selim's daughter. The hut was his. So was the chieftainship. He refused both in favor of his older brother. And the Gipsies chanted the whole night long before Naye left: "Happy he who loves so well he is willing to estrange himself, to leave a crown and accept a chain."

Twelve of the best horses and four of the strongest oxen Naye drove ahead to Kara Murat and into Selim's shed. And having spread the silks and the copper on the mud floor of Selim's round hut, he said: "All this is my share of my tribe's wealth. It is mine now."

Selim, who liked the young Gipsy, looked at the things before him.

"More than that has been offered me for Para, but I have made promise to you and I have had speech with her. She loves you. Yet—you are a stranger here. Your ways are not our ways. Your people are rovers. Mine have been here since the beginning of time; before the Turks had been here and long before the giaours had claimed this land as theirs. If you take Para for wife you must remain here among us. Half of what you brought I give back to you. Build a hut. There is plenty of land, become one of us; and you can trade within a day's journey."

"What I brought here," Naye answered, "is not one-tenth of what I have abandoned because of my love for Para; my father's hut and the chieftainship of my tribe. And now I become one of your people and will do as you say."

The following day Naye went to Ishmet, the brickmaker, and bought the flat mud bricks for the building of a hut; for a man must first have a home before a wife is given to him in marriage. While he was chopping straw to mix with the cementing clay soil Para came to see him work. It was the custom of the village. She had to pay him a visit there daily.

"Build a large hut, Naye," she advised.

"I shall make it large enough," the young Tzigany answered with a twinkle in his eye. "It shall be the largest of the village."

Para's cheek flushed and her eyelids drooped when he gazed at her.

She was a beautiful girl. Not more beautiful, true, than any of twenty of Naye's own tribe. But the gaze of a man who loves makes a woman beautiful; makes her skin radiate warm color. Loving eyes upon a woman do what the dew does to a flower. Only loved women are beautiful. Woman ages only when she is no longer loved.

After a few minutes of thought Para spoke again. Her voice was heavy with emotion.

"Don't make it too large, Naye. Don't make it the largest of the village."

"Why?" Naye inquired, dropping the short, heavy knife upon the tree-trunk that served as a chopping-block. "If you were born one of ours it would not matter. As it is, they will say, 'Why should he, a stranger, shame us by building the largest hut?' So I ask you to make it not larger than my father's."

"There is wisdom in what you say," Naye answered sadly. "If I were to make it small they would say, 'Why should he shame us by building a small hut in our village?'"

"But we can make it beautiful inside; as beautiful as we want, Allah be praised," Para rejoined.

"That we will do, Para," said Naye, resuming his work, "for when the hut is ready and we are married I shall think of nothing else than making our home beautiful."

While the two young people spoke Para's two companions stood at a distance. But they strained their ears to hear every word. In gay burnooses and large yellow pantaloons, while Para wore green clothes, those two companions were to be with her steadily to the day of marriage. It was their duty never to allow the bride out of their eyes.

Para and Naye had tried hard to outwit them, but the vigilance of the girls was heightened by the fact that the groom was a Gipsy. He was not to be permitted to think that a Tatar was less than he was. The pride of the race was involved.

"NAYE HAD HUNG NEW GOLDEN COIN NECKLACES ON PARA'S NECK AND GIVEN HER NEW EARRINGS"

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Usually the male youth of the village helped the groom to outwit the bride's companions, and there was great sport until the wedding-day. But no one was willing to help Naye. Para herself, knowing how clever her lover was, had told him not to try too hard; not to lower the pride of her people by outwitting them.

Before the first snow had fallen the top bricks of the wall had been set and the places for the roof-beams were scooped out. Then the whole village became busy. Seated around huge kettles in which boiled pilau, sweetened with honey and spiced with cinnamon, the women were pleating the straw to thatch the roof with. And while the women worked, the men were listening to the stories told by the blind Kiril, Osman, who had put out the light of his eyes because of a vow he had made on his return from seeing the glories of Mekka.

When all was ready, the night before the roof was raised upon the hut, Naye was shut in alone in one hut while Para was being guarded in another.

Then all the unmarried men, dressed in their best, with copper-studded pistols in yellow sashes and white turbans over red fezzes, with long yataghans glistening bluish light in the glare of the red flames, astride the best horses, passed separately Para's window and asked: "It is the night before the roof is set upon the hut. If I were to ask thee now whether thou preferest me under that roof, what would thine answer be, Para, daughter of Selim?"

"Not thee," Para answered without tremor, calling out his name. Then, as the man rode away and the others were laughing, the second and the third and the tenth passed by the window, each one asking the same question, each one receiving the same answer.

Then the maidens, dressed in their best, preceded by flaming torches and tambourine-players, passed in front of the window behind which Naye was standing; and, dancing and singing, each in her turn asked: "If I were to ask thee whether thou preferest me under that roof, what would thine answer be, Naye, son of Solnî?"

"Not thee," Naye answered, "tho thou art lovely"; and they laughed and enjoyed themselves.

After the last of the maidens had asked the same question Para was brought before Naye's window. Everybody listened.

"Is the hut then built for me?"

"For thee."

Then they all shouted, "The hut was built for Para, Selim's daughter," and the men fired their pistols in the air. It was an old custom of the Tatars of Kara Murat, so that it should be known by all that the choice of the young people is a voluntary one. Bride and groom were allowed to sit together for the first time while the bayaderes danced and the men sang, accompanying themselves on the little skin-drums that rested on the rugs upon which they squatted. They were as good as married after that ceremony.

At sunrise, after prayers, the roof was set by the villagers while Naye and Para looked on. They were not allowed to help, neither were they permitted to speak to one another or answer questions put by others. Another Kara Murat custom and one affording unending little pleasures. For when they answered they were punished according to the whim of the man or woman who had succeeded in getting them off guard.

After the wedding Naye brought forth, from a secret bottom in his tent-wagon, a number of rugs and carpets he had held back from Para's father; and in the days that followed he surprized his Tatar wife constantly with a new thing which he had kept secreted. When Selim and his friends paid the first visit on a Friday, after prayers, to the young couple's home, they were taken aback by the number of gay silks hung upon the walls and the rugs spread everywhere. And Naye had hung new golden coin necklaces on Para's neck and given her new earrings; and kettles and pans made of hammered copper and brass were nailed all about the oven, catching and reflecting the faces and the flames and the dancing lights of the sheening silks on the divans.

It was a gay hut, the gayest of all the village. The outside was no different from any other; but the Gipsy loved color and light; loved his hut with the instinct of a bird feathering his nest. He had painted with blue and red the inside of the lone window, and with yellow and green and white the door; and there were sheens and colors on the beams of the ceilings and the posts of the walls.

Selim was proud; it was his daughter's hut. He had driven a good bargain. Tho the Gipsy had kept many a thing from him, it was as it should be. He was a good trader, Naye. And he was the husband of his daughter.

EARLY the following Spring there arrived at Kara Murat a gang of Roumanian workmen followed by a number of low-wheeled carts heavy with machinery. A valuable limestone quarry had been discovered not more than a mile from the Tatar village, and the exploitation of it began then and there. Without haste the workmen began to build sheds and barracks for themselves and the power-machines.

Apathetically, the Tatars looked on from a distance, stood in their doors, and looked and cursed. They did not understand what was going on, except that the century-old peace had been disturbed. The giaours were bringing devilry to their doors. They looked on with dread to a new village springing up under their very noses.

Naye went over to see what was intended. While the Tatars of Kara Murat closed their ears and cursed when the log-fired engine's whistle emitted the first screech, Naye's eyes glistened with pleasure and delight. It was like music to his ears. It was life—active, feverish.

There were over a hundred workmen; they would need many things. He was a trader. He offered to furnish them with fresh meat and milk and honey, and sell them horses and carts. Indeed, the very first day he sold them several young lambs and many other things.

"We shall get rich, Para," he told his wife, kissing her when he returned to his roof. "And I shall make this hut the most beautiful in the world."

Para was very happy. "I know you will, Naye; I know you will."

The whole day long the engine turned the screeching saw that tore into the soft limestone, cutting it into square slabs. Heavy ox-carts, driven by young boys with long sticks in their hands, carried them away. The workmen were loud-voiced, and as the quarry went deeper and deeper the echo became stronger and stronger, so that every word, every hammer-blow resounded, reechoed, and traveled over the hills and dales. A soft white powder settled over everything within miles.

To Naye the activity of the quarry was like life renewed. The long, silent Winter had been very monotonous to him. In his tribe the Winter had been gay with dances and fights. The Tatars of Kara Murat were pious Mussulmans and a very quiet people. But trade was now brisk. The workmen were noisy, singing and dancing at every occasion, laughing loudly at the slightest provocation. Some of the men had fiddles, others flutes, and many had accordions, which they played expertly.

Naye was so absorbed he did not notice how Para's people looked askance at him when they saw him go to or come from the giaours' camp. He was too happy to notice anything. He even smiled when they asked more than a reasonable price for the honey and the lambs he bought from them for his customers. "Let them also feel the sudden prosperity," he said when Para protested against the high price of eggs.

As the Spring advanced more workmen arrived at the quarry. Some brought their families and proceeded to build little homes. Neat square green-roofed houses made of limestone, which they painted white, with blue lines about the doors and windows. Naye had to go afar from Kara Murat to get provisions for them. His own people did not have enough to sell. Never before had the Tatars seen so much gold. Never before had they received such prices for their goods. Yet they resented the intrusion of the giaours on their marshes; resented the devil that swallowed fire, spat smoke and steam, and shrieked and screamed; resented the white powder that found its way into every corner, in the food and even in the teeth. Even the children's curiosity was not stronger than their hatred for the men and the things that had disturbed their peace. And when the Roumanian workmen passed Kara Murat on Sunday, eager to see the village and to meet their neighbors, the doors were closed, the people sullen.

Only Naye and Para were happy. From every trip he brought new things. As a bird feathering a nest carries pieces of straw in its beak, he carried on every trip homeward silver and gold and copper things with which to beautify his hut. The two were indeed bent on making it the most beautiful in the world.

Then one Monday morning when the mechanician came to start the steam-engine he found the shed door broken, the transmission-belts cut to shreds, and the entire machinery out of commission. A fez found on the ground indicated that the culprit was one from the Tatar village.

When Naye, wondering why he had not heard the shrill morning work-whistle, had walked over to the quarry, he found out what had happened. He became so furious he was uncontrollable. Quite apart from the profit he made he liked the noise about the quarry. The gang of workmen too were uncontrollable in their wrath. They recalled the sullenness of the heathen Tatars, who, after all, were only tolerated there, it being the Dobrudja, Roumanian territory. The damage done the engine meant loss of time, of wages. Naye shook his fist at every Tatar he met that day. He was angry. He was mad with anger.

That very afternoon two mechanicians arrived from

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"PARA THREW HERSELF INTO HER HUSBAND'S ARMS. NAYE DISENGAGED HIMSELF FROM HER AND PUSHED HER INTO HER FATHER'S ARMS"

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"THE FACE LIKE SOME RAIN-WASHED FLOWER"

In Praise of LADY MARGERY

BY DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES H. CRANK

ALL those things I dreamed about and I thousands of miles away are still there: the house, half farmhouse and half castle, at one end an ancient military tower, at the other a thatched cottage; all the trees—the ash, the elms, the chestnut with the dark-green foliage and the prickly bulb containing the polished mahogany fruit, the rowan-trees with the gallant red berries, bitter as death; the copper beech with the foliage of lace and the fuzzy brown nuts, the apple- and pear-trees, and the trees of cherries that the birds do be ever after.

The lawns that were once shaven so closely are now rectangles of high sweet grass where the bees are seeking. And the tennis-courts, where once was the laughter of young girls—those too are knee-high in grass, swaying in the soft Irish wind. And here and there is a gallant yew-tree, blackly green. Roses still cling to the wall, and around all the walls are riots of flowers.

The low greenhouses are still there, under whose glass roofs grew great purple grapes, and where row on row of exotic flowers grew and delicate ferns whose names are unknown to me, so much closer are men and horses to me than flowers and ferns. Ivy is on the walls, soft-looking as velvet, and the winds and rains have been kind to the lodge and stables. The walls are still white and a little moss is on the slates of them, and a soft and gentle grass is between the cobbled stones. And the deep well is there. And everywhere are birds and bees. The bees are wild now, who once lived in skips of yellow straw, and their nests are in the long grass, and there too is the meadow-lark, and under the eaves the swallows flit. And here the robin is safe with his impudent eye and the blackbird of the yellow bill. And everywhere the throaty murmur of the wood-pigeons, the thrum of their wings.

Eh! There it is still, at the foot of the soft and purple mountains—the Sugarloaves, the Big Sugarloaf and the Little, and the hill called Kitty Gallagher's, and the Scalp with its slender tower, and the sweet shoulder of Three Rock Mountain. And below, one could pitch a stone nearly, is Dublin, the abiding city. There the Liffey, rippling gently to the sea. And one can almost see St. Patrick's, where great Swift was Dean, and Trinity, where poor Goldsmith and fearless Burke were students. The broad streets, the princely squares. And there Robert Emmet was hanged for treason against our Sovereign Lord the King, His Crown and Majesty, and Lord Edward, the rebel Geraldine, was stabbed. And there is Clontarf, where Brian the High King fought the red Danes, fought and died, but fought and conquered. And there Howth, where Iseult, the Dublin Princess, sailed to marry Mark in rugged Cornwall, sailed with Tristan——

Eh! There from Mount Kyteler one can see it all—the soft, dreaming mountains; the sad, weeping city. And here where was once the laughter of young women, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, the shouting of lads—here is silence, but for the husky note of the wood-pigeon, the little thunder of his wings, and the droning of the seeking bees.

All, all are dead, but here is no desolation. There is the sweet gentleness of remembered twilights, and the copper beech rustles, and the rowan nods, and the apple-trees murmur with their antique boughs, "Is it yourself is in it, Ronnie? Is it yourself, long lad? And it is long you've stayed away from us in foreign lands and bitter seas. And it's Lady Margery you're looking for? And Paddy the Pipes? You mind him, do you so? And Jackey Sullivan, ah, the great lad! Sure they've just left this minute, laughing fellow. Gone to see the old Earl, they have. Sure you'll be following them, and seeing them all soon. Over the mountains they went, a wee ways. You'll see them all soon, very soon, a wheen of years."

NOT for long will be this sweet silence, this soft, dim loneliness. Soon will be business of courts, justices sitting in wig and gown. And Mount Kyteler will die, and its name be forgotten. Sad history will pass and affairs proceed in their inexorable ordinance. And where once great Norman fighters charged in mail, and Elizabethan nobles ruffled, and the old red-faced Earl swore when the gout was on him, and of late Lady Margery moved over lawns and walks with her sweet, sad-faced dignity, will be three or four little farms, their smoke blue against the purple of Three Rock Mountain. And the lawns will turn to fields of blue corn, and fat cattle will graze where once was a maze of flowers.

And all the crops will prosper there. And the children that are born of the farmer folk will be happy as the birds in the trees. There will be no blight on the milk the cows give, and there will be great luck on the stock of the kindly land. Always there will be prodigal bees and the dancing swallows.

There are houses and lands that are kindly, and places that are sinister, fields that are surly, meadows that are sweetly generous. Old things, if we watch them, have a very human quality, and that is because they have been intimately connected with people who have these qualities themselves. One influences one's surroundings so much. Whirling sparks of personality fall from us and charge what we have usually by us. On all the estate came such a current of sweetness that even the thieving wood-pigeons grew generous, leaving the young trees alone.

Will she ever come back here when Mount Kyteler is gone, and the little whitewashed farmhouses are an outpost against the heather of Three Rock Mountain? I think she will. She will have so much beauty to know, now she is dead, that she will not begrudge the loss of the flower-gardens and the courts where tennis was played. Apple-trees and flowers will be hers wherever she is and perhaps the same ones—who can say no? Yet I can see her come to visit the whitewashed houses in the hushed Summer twilight, when the daisies have tucked in their modest heads and only the great foam of the hawthorn billows over the countryside. On some warm little breeze from Three Rock Mountain she will come. And horses in their stalls will know her, and the kine will turn their

"'DARBY'D BEGRUDGE ME A DAISY'"

heads to her, lowing gently, and the dogs will bark joyously, and some little child on the floor will stand up suddenly and run forward, its arms outstretched, bubbles of laughter beating from the tiny lips.

NOW, when the last Lord Kyteler died, there was very little fuss made. Another poverty-stricken Irish Peer gone. He hadn't been rich enough to own an estate large enough for tenants to squabble on. A few farms here and there through the country, Mount Kyteler itself, not worth a tremendous amount. He was the last Lord of one of these very, very old families who had been lost in the backwash of Irish history. Once Kytelers had fought in the Holy Land under Richard the Lion Heart, and had fought later under Irish Viceroys against the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles and O'Moores of the Wicklow hills; and antiquarians remembered that Dame Alice Kyteler was the most sinister witch of all Ireland, and was burned at the stake in Kilkenny many centuries before. But it was a matter of politics more than demonology, tho undoubtedly Dame Alice was second only to

"DROPPING OF FLAG AND CLATTER OF BELL. THERE THEY WERE IN THE DISTANCE, FLYING DOWN THE LUMP BECOMES A LINE. AND WHO'S AHEAD? CAN YOU SEE?

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Gilles de Rais, murderer and Marshal of France, in worship of evil idols and in sinister sacrifice.

It was one of these old names that should have died out when the medieval chivalry of Europe died, Knights Templars and sporting Norman Bishops, and morbid medieval ladies. But it existed, as many things exist in Ireland, and are forgotten in Europe and never known in America—strange Christian customs, strange pagan beliefs, and "It" the most horrible of all horrible ghosts.

They were a poor family, as poor is understood in Ireland. That is, they had money enough for all necessities and many luxuries. They had money enough for food, for clothes, for a few good horses for conveyance and hunting, and they could go to the viceregal court in Dublin Castle and be decent figures there. But they could not keep race-horses, which is really a great hardship if you are Irish, and they could not afford to live in London as an Irish nobleman should live, which should be as a very great nobleman indeed. They were as well off as a rich farmer, and they had a title, and they were not intolerably proud.

If you were to meet a very red-faced man in tweeds and with a heavy stick at the Curragh races, betting modest sovereigns, and were told that he was the Earl of Mount Kyteler, you would feel that there was something wrong. He had not that terrible courtesy of the Earls and better sort of Dukes which makes you feel like a clodhopper, no matter from which particular Irish King you claim direct descent. He was too human, too decent an old skate—you chuckled when you thought of a coronet cocked rakishly over that red, weather-beaten face.

Oh, but Lady Margery—that was different!

Her appearance I could describe to you: the close-bound black hair, the face like some rain-washed flower, the dark luminous eyes and laughing lips, the balanced neck, the body that was half boy's and half young woman's. All that means nothing, but if I say that when she appeared there was a chime like an old silver bell, such antique sweetness came upon the air. The feet that never seemed to touch the ground, her long white quiet hands—how that old-world title fitted her, described her! Not demure miss, not buxom mistress, but the Lady Margery Kyteler.

How important it is for me to bring her back, to have her real for an instant in the clear air! But not as a necromancer under the glittering stars, with circle and acolyte, fire, sword, and crown, saying terrible words: Here be the symbols of secret things, the flags and banners of God the Conqueror, the weapons to compel the aerial potencies—and have that sweet face come white and fearful in the gray dawn. I would have her seen with her merry smile, her feet that moved lightly, as to hidden music, her long quiet hands. For all her boyish, strong body, there was such harmony and light one knew that beyond the body was something that would not die with the years—no more than the sun dies when it drops into the sea, or the sweet, friendly moon. To see her was more than miracles; she convinced better than the fathers of the church.

Very unconsciously she did all this. And very embarrassed she would have been and a little mad she would have thought one, were she to be told she was an argument for eternity. Know her to be eternal, but see her playing with a terrier, pulling its tail, its ears, and clipping it deftly under the jaw as it snapped playfully. Or stroking the sleek neck of a horse, and talking to it as horses love to be talked to, or kneeling to comfort some crying child of the people, and wooing it back to happiness by being very happy herself.

NOW by the ordinance of time and nature the old Earl was quietly gathered to his forebears—to Gilles de Kyteler, who came over to Ireland with Strongbow; to Piers Kyteler, who could run against a horse for five miles; to Dame Alice Kyteler, whose name is still used to frighten little children; to Fulke, or the bastard Kyteler, who joined with Silken Thomas in rebellion; to Hugh, who lost the family money in the South Sea Bubble; to another Pierce, who backed Boxer Donelly, the Irishman, against the English champion, Cooper, for a thousand pounds—and won! to Hugh, who grew rare tulips, and to Patrick, of whom it was said he was the stupidest man in Ireland. Some one has written a book about the family—possibly it's worth reading, probably not.

And now of the family of the Earls of Mount Kyteler there was only one left, the Lady Margery Kyteler, and she was alone in the world.

Except for the ordinary natural grief for the old Earl, whom she loved and liked, she didn't mind being alone. Mount Kyteler had now only five servants: an ancient cook and two equally ancient maids, a gardener, so ancient as to need an assistant, who was himself so verging on the ancient that it was a puzzle as to what assistance he could give. There were a couple of lads in the stable, lads of fifty, a groom and coachman, the coachman assuming the livery of butler on great occasions, such as in Horse Show Week. Ancient grumbling people they all were, who were united only in this: that they loved her. Between themselves there were always ancient grudges, present fights. And instead of her ruling them, they ruled her with a terrible tyranny.

"'IF HE'D COME TEN YEARS AGO, HE'D HAVE SEEN THE LIKE WOULD HAVE MADE HIS HEART GLAD'"

The old cook below stairs was forever complaining of the great work to be done, and refusing to have any help given her. "Is it bringing in another you'd be and me here child and woman for fifty years? Twelve years old I was when they brought me into the pantry and set me to cleaning knives, and now it's on top of me you'd be bringing some street you'd be getting out of a register's office, a woman does be following the tinkers to the County Wicklow, mad with love. Och, to think of the insult put on me this day! *Wirra, 'tis thrue!*"

"Sure it's only to help you, Peggy."

"And what help would I be needing, me that's the fine supple woman, in the prime o' my years? Ne'er a day over thirty and thirty hard years' work in me still."

"But you were complaining, Peggy."

"Sure 'twas only to keep my mind active I was——"

The old gardener could be terrible, with his face like an apple and his bent back. He watched her as he might watch a thieving boy.

"Now, if it's a thing you'd be wanting chrysanthemums, my lady, wouldn't it be the right and proper thing for you to be coming to me, that's the head gardener of this garden, and if it's a thing there's chrysanthemums in it, you'll get them, and if it's a thing there's no chrysanthemums in it, you won't?"

"I thought I'd save you trouble, Darby."

"And what trouble would you be saving me, my lady, by destroying the symmetry of the design? All the work that's on me, and me'er a hand's turn do I get from the young fellow that's the assistant. Devil the hand's turn he's done in all the forty-three years he's been here, barring playing the bagpipes in the greenhouse and talking about the good ould times. I mind the time your grandfather was in it, my lady, a real gentleman him; he wouldn't put a hand on an apple, or a gooseberry itself, without asking the head gardener's permission."

Also were the two ancient maids problems in their way. They were forever sniffing at each other, and complaining of each other to Margery.

"If your Ladyship would be so kind as to give Rose Ann a tip about her conduct, 'twould be a mercy so. For the queer way she does be acting with the postman is no credit to this house at all. New ribbons in her cap, indeed, looking for love, when she ought to be making her peace with God and man."

But Rose Ann had also the same story.

"If your Ladyship pleases, a wee word to Ellen would not be out of the way. 'Tis the postman, your Ladyship, has been complaining bitterly. 'Ma'am,' says he to me, 'would you be telling a secret?' 'If so be as I know it,' says I, 'I will.' 'Is that one,' says he, 'right in her head?' 'Is it Ellen you mean?' says I. ''Tis that same,' says he. ''Tis that has been puzzling myself, but why do you ask?' says I. ''Tis the dirty look she has in her eye,' says he, 'and the queer conversation is at her. "'Tis the world's wonder you never married," she does be telling me, "and you the fine lad you are."' Your Ladyship should speak to her. You should so."

"I will, Rose Ann."

BUT worst of all were the quarrels between the coachman and the groom. The coachman was a fine florid man, and the groom was a wizened little troll who had once been a jockey. The coachman was always in decent black, the groom in corduroys. They were forever arguing on everything from politics to horses. Once Lady Margery had come into the yard to see the groom stepping around like a bantam-boxer, his hands up, his feet topping the ground like a dancer's.

"Put up your hands!" he was shouting.

"Go 'way t' the devil out o' that!"

"Come on if you're fit! Come on if you're man enough! I'll give you a beating you've been spolling for for the last thirty years."

"Go 'way t' the devil out o' that!"

"I will not go 'way out o' that. It's fight I want. I'm boiling mad for one clout at your ugly gob."

"Will you whisht!" The coachman had seen Lady Margery.

"I will not whisht. Put up your hands! I'll not stop till I'm dug out of ye!"

"Kelleher, Brady, what's this?"

The groom dropped his fighting attitude and pulled off his cap.

"'Tis just a foolish wee argument we were having, m'lady. I was telling this bloody old cod—begging your pardon, m'lady, for giving him his right name—that Lynchelhaun, the murderer, was by rights a cousin to my mother's people, and he said that it wasn't in either side of my family to produce a fine murdering man like the same Lynchelhaun. So I up and gives him a tip about himself and his drunken old mother——"

"Kelleher!"

"Not that I know anything about her, m'lady, but I just thought that if he had any pride, it would cut him to the quick!"

NOBODY in the world but herself, she thought often, could keep them. But if she sent them away, where would they go? The old gardener—could he last away from the soil he had tended with the care of parents?—and the maids would be lost in a modern world. And for all that the two men in the stable fought, they loved each other in a strange way. She couldn't pension them off, and, also, they got their work done in a surprisingly efficient manner.

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THE REGULATION THEY RISE TO THE DITCH THREE ABREAST CANTER AGAIN—THE WATER JUMP

CARNATION! AH MY JEWEL, CARNATION! AND NOW THE BANK"

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

Close-Ups of Jackie Coogan, Valentino, Alice Terry, and Others, in the Fifth Article

BY SAMUEL GOLDWYN

AUTHOR'S NOTE—I want to acknowledge the co-operation of Miss Corinne Lowe in the preparation of these articles. But for her enthusiasm, her patience, and her splendid co-operation given me in every way, this series could never have been written.
SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

THE few superfluities which appeal to Charlie Chaplin must have some association of romance. For example, he is very fond of mangoes, and every evening that a certain Los Angeles café has this delicacy the manager calls up Chaplin's house. When Charlie sits down in front of a glass of this exotic fruit he is positively radiant.

"Lovely musty odor!" he will comment. To him the delicacy calls up visions of long-robed, wide-sleeved Eastern men, of caravans winding threadlike across the desert, and of incense rising in fretted temples from the feet of golden gods. Every bit of him goes out to meet this glamourous suggestion just exactly as every bit of him goes out to meet the broad, rollicking humor of the derby pulled off by the string.

Domesticity does not fit into my conception of his character. He is too individual, too much oppressed by threat of routine, to sustain any such close relationship. One can as easily imagine De Musset or Verlaine mowing the front lawn of his suburban home as Chaplin responding contentedly to like conditions.

My association of his name with these two great French poets is not accidental. For Chaplin is not a mere comedian. He is a poet—the great poet of the screen. His fierce rebellions against man-made fetters which would trammel the individual soul in its progress toward complete expression, his sensitiveness to impression, his strange combination of emotionality and complete detachment—these ally him in spirit with the youngest and fieriest of bards. Surely, too, his professional achievement is consistent with this spirit. For Chaplin has brought from the borderland of the subconscious mind those emotions which he sets before you. In that single small figure with the baggy trousers and the flopping shoes he reveals the loneliness and frailty, the lurking irresponsibility, the fears and aspirations—all the intermingled pathos and humor of the universal soul.

RODOLPH VALENTINO, WHOSE EYES "HAVE THE SOMBERNESS OF THE LATIN"

"Shoulder Arms," for example. Here Chaplin bares for you the real Everyman at war. Stripped of his bombast and fine speeches, of the brave front which he presents to his fellows, the soldier stands stark before you. It is a poet's realization of those things buried beneath the surface of garb and manner and every-day speech, and it is all of a poet's concrete expression of them.

One evening while I was dining with Chaplin in Los Angeles a very smartly dressed woman leading a small boy by the hand entered the restaurant. The moment that the latter caught sight of the comedian he rushed over to him and threw his arms about Chaplin's neck. There was a look of rapture in the big brown eyes which I have never forgotten.

After the enthusiasm of this greeting had ebbed away Charlie introduced the pair. It was Jackie Coogan and his mother. When they had moved on from our table Chaplin turned to me.

"There's a boy you ought to have," he commented. "He's a great actor."

Possibly Chaplin never shone more brightly in any human relationship than he has in his association with Jackie Coogan. The tremendous love and tenderness which he expressed for "The Kid" on the screen had, in fact, a source of actual feeling. He really loved and does love this small boy. As to the latter, I have already indicated in my account of his greeting how touchingly Jackie returns this affection.

If you ask the tiny star to-day who is his best friend his answer is prompt: "Charlie Chaplin." Equally loyal is the professional sting he gives to his friend. One day somebody asked him who was the greatest living actor.

"Charlie Chaplin, of course," he retorted.

"And who is the second greatest?" persisted his interviewer.

"Jackie Coogan," he answered with all the serenity of the critical mind that is unshaken by any personal consideration.

"And the third?"

"Oh," said he, obviously somewhat impatient with the doggedness of this research, "I have told you the two greatest. What does it matter about the third?"

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Even in that first casual greeting with this gifted boy I was struck by the perfect unconsciousness which sets Jackie apart from the ordinary stage child. He didn't seem to realize in the least that he was a famous personage, and I hear that it has been kept from him always—the enormity of his earnings, the fact that he, a lad not quite eight years old, has already earned almost a million dollars. Certainly that evening he was just a kid radiant at seeing the grown-up who had played games with him much more absorbed-

VALENTINO HOLDING BEBE DANIELS'S TINY COUSIN; LOIS WILSON; BEBE DANIELS AT THE RIGHT

ALICE TERRY HAD GIVEN UP ACTING AS "TOO DISCOURAGING" WHEN BROUGHT INTO SCREEN WORK

ly than any other small boy could have done. Indeed, I have always been told in Hollywood by people who knew the Coogans well that he is first of all a real boy possessing perhaps even more than the average boy's affinity with dirt.

Not long ago a friend of mine dropped in to see the small star. It was during the production of "Oliver Twist," and the set was preempted by some older members of the company. For a time Jackie, attired in blue overalls, listened to the director's voice and watched the rival talent. Then, going over to his father, he caught the other's hands and looked up appealingly into his face.

"Oh, Daddy," he pleaded, "I'm not getting any kick out of this. Mayn't I go outside and play?"

When this permission was granted Jackie availed himself of an opportunity to assemble his favorite playthings. These consist of a hammer, some old nails, and a plot of ground outside the studio. Here for half an hour the juvenile actor, who might recruit the most costly electrical toys—these have been showered upon him by people all over the world—squatted on the ground and hammered his beloved nails into stray pieces of wood.

While he was thus occupied the friend I have mentioned happened to refer to the gold chain she was wearing as looking like a royal decoration. "The Order of the Golden Fleece," she added laughingly to the group of older people watching with her over Jackie's recreation.

He stopped his hammering for an instant and quickly, with a look of most eager intelligence, he lifted his eyes to her face.

"The Golden Fleece," he repeated. "Oh, I know all about that. It's what Jason sailed after."

I quote this to show the information already at the command of this astounding lad. All I have heard from Chaplin and from others convinces me, in fact, that his histrionic ability is accompanied by one of those childish minds which work in all directions, which positively have to be held back from learning too much.

One incident in connection with the production of "The Kid" throws into relief Chaplin's feeling for his small co-star. He was directing the child in a particularly affecting scene when suddenly he turned to Jackie's father.

"You direct him—I can't stand it!" he said, turning away quickly. The child's tears, even tho histrionic ones, had been too much for the high-strung, emotional Chaplin.

Charlie's devotion to Jackie Coogan is explicable to me after one glimpse of the child. So, too, are the words of a certain woman I know. "There is something about that boy," says the latter, "that always makes me feel like crying. I don't know why, for he seems so gay and happy." I myself caught in an instant that same touching, even solemn, quality. What is it? Perhaps because in those wide childish eyes one feels a wisdom brought from some other world and not yet dimmed by that of this.

I feel that I can not bring my recollections of Chaplin to a close at a point more deeply significant of his artist's nature than the account of my own preview of "The Kid." When he finished with this picture, attended as it was by his conflict with Mildred Harris, he was in an abysmal state.

"Sam," said he one day, "I wish when you have nothing else to do you'd come over to my studio and look at my new picture. I'd like to get your opinion of it—advice, too, if you have any to offer."

"What do you think of it?" I asked him.

"Rotten!" he answered. "I'm awfully discouraged over it."

I had heard such comments from him before on similar occasions, for by the time that he has finished a story he has so completely lost all sense of perspective that nobody can convince him that the production has one glimmering ray of merit. Consequently I attached no im-

VON STROHEIM, PLAYER OF VILLAIN RÔLES, REGARDED BY MANY AS "THE MOST FINISHED ACTOR ON THE SCREEN"

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portance to this mood of his. Putting down his words to the divine discontent of genius, I went over that very day with Gouverneur Morris to see "The Kid."

Even my prejudice in favor of anything that Charlie does did not prepare me for this supreme manifestation of his artistry. Just as the world was afterward to do, Morris and I laughed and cried and gasped as the wonderful story unrolled before us.

As for Charlie, he looked at us unbelievingly. He simply could not make himself understand that we were not feigning this appreciation. "Charlie," I said after it was all over, "if you never had done or never should do another picture your name would go down into history as the creator of "The Kid."'

With that peculiarly eager, wistful expression of his he looked at me. "You really think it's good then?" he asked. "You're not just saying this to make me feel encouraged?"

"If you don't believe me," I answered, "I'll call in a few others to help convince you. I tell you," I added, "let me do something, won't you? Let me give a dinner over at my studio and then we'll show them 'The Kid.'"

Very reluctantly he agreed. I thereupon sent out invitations, and I don't suppose there was ever a more brilliant constellation of names represented at any Hollywood celebration than that afforded by this preview of "The Kid" at the Goldwyn Studio. Among authors we had Sir Gilbert Parker, Somerset Maugham, Elinor Glyn, Edward Knoblach, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, Rex Beach, and Rita Weiman. Among the many famous personalities of the screen were Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Frederick. As this group began to concentrate upon the picture, Charlie, who had been intensely nervous throughout the course of the dinner, seemed stricken with terror.

I have attended many previews in my life, but never have I seen anything like the enthusiasm with which "The Kid" was greeted by these distinguished people of pen and screen and stage. Tears streamed down the faces of many of the women and some of the men. Shouts of laughter were interspersed with cries of applause. Yet little Chaplin, sitting here beside me, could not believe in the miracle of success.

"Do you really think they like it—are you sure it's going over?" he would whisper to me from time to time.

I doubt if he was convinced even after the performance when many of the women went up and threw their arms about him and when even the men forgot Anglo-Saxon reserve in their congratulations.

One amusing glint from this evening is struck by a word of Elinor Glyn's. During the course of the dinner she happened to tell us all that she had never in her life seen more than one picture. But when at the end of the evening a newspaper man present asked Mrs. Glyn how she liked "The Kid" she answered with prompt soulfulness, "The finest picture I ever saw in my life."

I have no doubt that by this time she had persuaded herself of broad facilities of comparison.

AS I have already mentioned, Charlie's closest friends in the film colony are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Regarding the former of these two, I may say that I have never had the same opportunity to observe him professionally as that which favored me in the case of his famous wife. It is natural, therefore, that I should think of him first as the adoring husband.

That he is very deeply in love with Mary no one who sees them together can doubt for an instant. Not by any means a self-effacing person, he is nevertheless always trying to turn the spotlight upon her and her achievements. Of the latter he is inordinately proud. It seems to me, in fact, that he is almost as much in love with Mary's pictures as he is with Mary herself.

I recall that once I attempted to talk to him about a certain picture of his. "You were splendid in that scene," I began.

"Glad you liked it," he interposed politely but carelessly. And then, his eyes glowing at the approach of a really significant subject, he asked, "Have you seen Mary's new picture yet?"

I shook my head. He looked at me almost reproachfully. "Oh, it's great—best thing she's ever done!"

Feebly I tried to turn back the conversation into its original channel. "You certainly were great in that scene with the——"

"Oh, yes, but Mary," he interrupted again; "my, how that girl does know how! She has the sure instinct."

Et cetera, et cetera. Regarding his wife's superior talents, Fairbanks is as consistently uplifted as a wall-motto. He is no less sensible of those attributes of hers which are not directly connected with the screen.

"Mary has so much common sense, hasn't she?"—friends of the celebrated pair have heard Doug say this time and again.

As to Mary, I have already stated my certainty that Douglas Fairbanks represents the great romance of her life. To see her with him is to see Mary at her best. She never calls him "Doug"—indeed, I have an idea she doesn't much like to hear his name thus shorn by other people—and somehow into her utterance of that "Douglas" you find, no matter how casual the speech, the way she really feels about him.

Mary Pickford, according to her most intimate friends, fell in love with Douglas Fairbanks the first time she saw him—fell in love in terms on which she had never known it. As years have gone by this first mad infatuation has been directed by real understanding, by the closeness of their professional interests—most of all by a solemn gratitude on her part for the care with which he so constantly surrounds her.

Only last October when Douglas and Mary came on to New York for the openings of their latest pictures I had dinner with the two.

"Mary," said I when for a moment Fairbanks left us together, "you're looking wonderful. It seems to me you are ten years younger than when I last saw you."

"Yes," replied she, "and it's all due to Douglas. He's as wonderful a husband as he is an actor. Always, always, his first thought is of me, and you know what that means to me."

I did know. I remembered the gallant battling little figure of Famous Players days, of how she had always protected others—her mother and her family—and I was touched by the thought that now this great gift of protecting love was hers.

When I first met Mary she was married to Owen Moore. Regarding this marriage, Mack Sennett has told me an interesting story.

"Mary and Moore were working together in the Biograph when Griffith and I were there," said he, "and I don't think they ever once thought of each other in any sentimental light—not until the rest of us put it into their heads. But you see it was this way: She was such a sweet-looking girl and he was such a sweet-looking boy—Owen Moore used to make you think of a kid whose mother had scrubbed his face and brushed his hair and got him all tidy for school—well, altogether they seemed to the rest of us so exactly suited that we got to teasing them about each other.

"We'd go up to Mary and say, 'Why don't you and Owen get more friendly?' and then we'd go after Moore in the same way about her."

It will be seen from this that Mary's first marriage was not a case of spontaneous combustion. It represents only a girl and boy fancy and that stimulated much after the fashion that brought Shakespeare's *Beatrice* and *Benedick* together.

ONE thing which always impressed me about this phase of Mary's life was that, no matter what the differences which severed Owen and her, she always spoke of him with great kindness and affection. With him it was the same. I never heard Owen Moore say anything of his former wife which was not admiring. As to their differences, I have heard people say sometimes that all would have been well had it not been for Mrs. Pickford's determined efforts to keep them apart. Even tho this original assumption were true, I do not share the conclusion. I do not even ascribe the break to certain temperamental defects of Moore's. To me it is explained by Sennett's story, showing, as it does, that the match came through the prompting of others rather than through any irresistible attraction.

Undoubtedly Mary's romance with Doug has been sustained by their solidarity of interest. He is as much immersed in pictures as she is. He has also the same capacity for hard and regular work. I heard several remark that when Doug and Mary got back from their famous visit to Europe he walked around the Fairbanks lot looking as happy as an American boy who has got back to baseball after a trying experience with musty churches and interminable art-galleries.

"Nothing like system—a regularized life!" he confided at intervals to those about him.

Socially Fairbanks is just as full of dash as he is on the screen. He is a delightful mimic. He talks well and he talks with great emphasis. Frequently he tosses off a phrase distinguished for verbal nicety or real wit. For it must be remembered that Douglas Fairbanks brings to his profession a much greater educational and cultural equipment than the average screen performer.

Doug likes to surprize by his remarks. Occasionally when listening to him I have had the feeling that he was opening one of those paper favors—first the snap as he tears it apart and then the whimsical paper cap. For example, he once said, "Yes, 'The Three Musketeers' was all right, but there were two miscasts. One of them was *D'Artagnan*."

Did he really mean it? Perhaps he did; perhaps he really thought, as he afterward explained, that *D'Artagnan* should have been a "thin, spidery little fellow." However, that one should have been in any doubt is sufficient comment. Indeed, it must be admitted even by one who has genuine respect for his big achievements and an equally genuine liking for his personality that Doug sometimes has the air of saying things for effect. Certainly he is more self-conscious, more mannered than is Mary Pickford.

To grasp the essence of Fairbanks it seems to me that you must think of "Sentimental Tommy." As he works out his gigantic historical films he is exactly like Barrie's boy hero playing with *Corp* and *Shadrach* in the den. There is no doubt about it. He thoroughly believes that he is in truth *Robin Hood* or *D'Artagnan*. To him, therefore, work is one long engrossing game of make-believe; and if "Sentimental Tommy's" "methinks"—that one magical utterance which changed the entire atmosphere

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Photo by Woodbury

JACKIE COOGAN, IN WHOSE "WIDE, CHILDISH EYES ONE FEELS A WISDOM BROUGHT FROM SOME OTHER WORLD"

MAE BUSCH, A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN GIRL WHOSE "REAL FIRE OF HISTRIONIC ENERGY BURNED DOWN EVERY OBSTACLE BEFORE IT," PERFECTLY NATURAL IN HER ACTING, A VIVID AND DELIGHTFUL TYPE

WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS "WORK IS ONE LONG ENGROSSING GAME OF MAKE-BELIEVE"

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NADELSON & SHNAPS

These "Real Estate and Everything" Brokers Hadn't Anything at All on Our Friend Mendel Marantz's Marvelous "Employment Agency"

BY

DAVID FREEDMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"OI! MENDEL!" ZELDE EXCLAIMED. 'YOU'RE SUCH A LIAR!'"

BERNARD, what is business? A cow. What is profits? The milk. But sometimes she kicks the pail."

"Don't worry; by me the cow don't kick. She calves!"

Mendel smiled tolerantly.

"You got plenty confidence, Bernard. I think more than capital."

"I got plenty capital, too—I mean—Nadelson is got it. But what's the difference? We're partners! His money, my money—same thing!"

"Maybe." Mendel rolled a cigaret. "What is partners? Pickles. They start sweet, but later they turn sour."

"Not by Nadelson with me! Before we started in this business we made up a contract."

"And what is a contract? A herring. It's full of bones to pick! Now you're both agreed, but wait till it's losses."

"It can't be no losses. We're brokers. Whatever we lose we lose for our clients—I mean—what's the difference? —it can't be no losses!"

"Even in these times?" urged Mendel.

"These times! Those times! What's times got to do with real estate? If people don't build homes they dig graves. You can always use lots!"

"Well, I'm only advising you," said Mendel kindly. "What is business? Beer. It's now one-half of one per cent."

"I thank you for the advice. I'll tell you the truth, Mendel—I got more advice than I can handle—but not orders!"

"Since mine husband went in this business," put in Miriam, Bernard's wife, "he found out he's got hundreds friends. They all give him advice! It's lucky he's got a partner to support him!"

"Don't mix in your mouth," Bernard cautioned her. "What did I say? I was praising you yet—how lucky you are!"

Bernard glared at her.

"Listen, Miriam, I'm a man like this—I don't need you to praise me. I can do it myself!" He turned with an apologetic smile to Mendel.

"My wife is perfectly right—I mean—she don't know what she's talking about! But what's the difference? Listen, Mendel, I'm a man like this—I never ask for favors. I like to get them without asking. But one thing I tell you, whatever you buy through me it's no favor! Instead you should throw your money away on a savings-bank, put it in lots—it'll grow like grass!"

Mendel appeared reluctant.

"Lots is like seats in a theater. The best ones are taken. And the bad ones I don't want. Listen, Bernard, what is promises? Ice. You can't build on it!"

"I'm surprized you talk that way. By me, Mendel, a word is a word. If I say I'm going to give you a good thing I keep it!"

"Then keep it."

But Zelde, Mendel's wife, felt constrained to intercede.

"Mendel, don't forget that my brother, Bernard, with his wife, Miriam, came here all the way from Cedarhurst. And we got the honor from their company. And they didn't come here for nothing neither."

"I should say," Miriam assented.

"Don't say so much," Bernard advised.

"And don't forget, Mendel," Zelde continued, her tone and manner freighted with deep meaning, "that Bernard was the broker which helped to marry our daughter, Sarah."

"That shows you I can handle anything!" said Bernard proudly.

"And it's only justice that now when he goes in business we shall give him a *first* for good luck—a little order for a couple houses with lots and what-not!"

Bernard, encouraged by his sister Zelde's advocacy, brought up reenforcements.

"When it comes to the broker business, Mendel, I'm like a fish in the water! When I was yet a little feller I sold already something which didn't belong to me. So you see, I know the game from a-b-c. Beside, if you think real estate is bad I got plenty lines which is better. Here!" With properly contained enthusiasm he handed Mendel his card:

NADELSON & SHNAPS
BROKERS
Real Estate & Everything
Lots, Loans, Buildings, Bonds, Insurance
Steamship Tickets, Foreign Exchange, and
All Other Business Chances
"We're a firm like this—We serve you right!"

"How you like the motto? Just read it out loud so Zelde should hear it. I tell you, Mendel, from the card alone we can't fail. We got so many businesses, one has to succeed!"

"You can't tell. A lot of businesses is like a lot of teeth. They can all be bad."

"Such a true words!" agreed Miriam with a knowing sigh. "Look, mine husband is got such a good teeth! But they're all false."

"You're talking again!" Bernard reminded her sternly.

"What did I say now? I was praising you yet—what good plates you got!" Bernard spoke with guttural restraint.

"Miriam, I'm a man like this—I can go crazy yet! Don't praise me so much!" His wife drew in a deep reserve of air for a long parley, but Zelde nipped the attack.

"Maybe, Miriam, you'll take another apple," she offered as a palliative. Miriam took it.

"No, thank you," she said politely. "I never touch it. My husband, Bernard, is different," she added in confidence. "He can eat like a horse—knock wood! And without teeth yet, can you imagine? What's the matter now? Look how he looks on me—like with knives! Did you ever! What did I say?"

"I bet you was praising me yet!" Bernard groaned. "Listen, Miriam; do me a favor. When you're eating apples don't talk, and when you want to talk—eat apples!

"I'm dizzy," he complained, turning to Mendel. "I don't know where I am! Like you say, 'What is a woman?'"

"A mosquito! She sings in your ears!"

"That's right—I mean—that's wrong!" Bernard relented at a glance from Miriam which said, "Wait when we'll get home!"

"Listen, Mendel," he began, eager to resume the transaction. "Let's be frankly. I'm a man like this—I believe in friendship. But not too much. By me is a motto, 'Business is business!' And if business is business, which you know that it is, then you know what I mean. That's all I got to say!"

Mendel looked vaguely at him. But the women-folk sat in quiet admiration. How succinct! With this weird incantation Bernard had shifted the whole weight of his visit to Mendel's shoulders, and he could now sit back calm, confident, triumphant. What would Mendel say? "Business is business!"—would he do business with Bernard or shatter the whole fabric of their social relation?

Mendel drew leisurely at his cigaret.

"You say you're general brokers, ain't it?"

"Sure! Don't you see by the card?" came three petulant voices.

"Such a question!" Zelde muttered, moving from side to side in her chair, chafing with impatience.

"At least a double house let him buy," she proposed, to prod Mendel's sluggish mind. "Next door should live our daughter, Sarah, and next to her should we. Because soon it comes a grandchild," she added mysteriously.

Two houses—door to door! And every morning Zelde would cross to her daughter's room, prepare the bath for the little one, wash it, powder it, dress it in clothes she had made herself, slip it into her daughter's bed to be nursed; then she would whisper to Sarah, "You sleep ahead! Sh-h-h-h!" and she would tiptoe out of the room, the tiny tot in her arms, rocking it to sleep with quaint old songs—songs she had sung to Sarah in her infant days. The old woman's eyes filled with tears at the vision.

"I'll never mix in in their priv ate life," she resolved—meaning Sarah and Milton, her husband—"but they must never mix in by the baby!"

Zelde's youngest, Jakie, was now eight, Lena was twelve, Hymie fourteen, and Nathan sixteen—all too worldly-wise, too self-reliant to need her motherly care. But this newest, this chick hatching out of its shell—a downy pearl—how it would need her, cling to her against the background of a murky world—a soft, glowing little thing warmed in the glamour of her mother-love.

What a vision! What a dream for the little, old woman grown lonely and gray in the big shadows of that empty house where she had none to fondle and caress, where every one, including her own children, presumed to fondle her and care for her instead! Even little Jakie assumed a kind of protective attitude toward her and insisted on holding her arm—not her hand—when they crossed the street. She was their relic of a mother to be carefully preserved—not the live, virile woman who had borne

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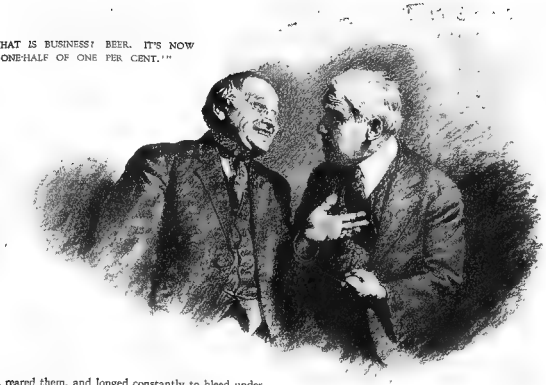

"'WHAT IS BUSINESS? BEER. IT'S NOW ONE-HALF OF ONE PER CENT.'"

them, reared them, and longed constantly to bleed under their burdens.

But in the birth of this new baby she would be reborn!

It was out of these hopes that grew her rich vision of realty for Bernard. They would have the double home and he could have the commission. But Miriam had other hopes. She would like Mendel to buy "that big office-building—what do you call it? It's on Times Square!" While Bernard suggested, "If you don't want houses, buy land."

"What is a 'amily?" thought Mendel. "A fiddle. Each string plays a different tune!"

THE room, silent of voices, hummed with the rush of thoughts and the heavy, breathless breathing of suspense.

At last he spoke.

"Well," he said, dabbling with his cigaret in the ashtray. "What is business? A fire. It can start from little things. But it can spread over the whole world. Sometimes a little idea is worth more than a big order. What is opportunity? An actor. He comes in disguise."

"So what!" cried Zelde, drained of her endurance.

"The point! The point!" said Bernard, feeble with anxiety.

"I'll tell you!" Mendel exclaimed with a sudden start, and all listening hearts redoubled their pace. "I got for you a proposition, Bernard!" Then Mendel lapsed again into tranquil contemplation, and all hearts sank with him. "On top it don't look like much," he assured them. "It's like a woman's head. You can never tell what's beneath the shell. But it's big possibilities! What's an idea? An egg. It depends who sits on it!"

"So talk already," Zelde pleaded, scarcely able to breathe. "You take my heart out! You would think he's got a scheme Bernard should buy up the Woolworth Building with Brooklyn Bridge!"

"Mendel is always got schemes," Bernard sighed bitterly. "But let's hear it already, this wonderful egg—I mean—this idea!"

Mendel began to roll a new cigaret. "What is life?" he mused, approaching the whole proposition from a new angle.

"Who the devil wants to know what is life?" roared Bernard, leaping from his seat as if stung. "I'm a man like this—I never go to lectures!"

"Sit down! Sit down!" commanded his wife as she grasped his coat-tails. "That's how mine husband is," she explained with a smile of suffering; "he can't stand—I mean—sit when you talk to him. But I'm used. I can sit and hear a sermon the whole day and it don't affect me. Go on, Mendel."

"Well, I'll make it short. What is life? A bubble. It's nothing—but you can blow it up big. The same with this idea."

The women folded their arms and nodded in despair. Bernard bit his nails. Mendel crossed his legs comfortably.

"You need a servant, don't you?" he suddenly addressed to Zelde. She started.

"Sure, so what's got that to do with it?"

"And Bernard is a general broker, ain't it?"

"So?" said Bernard, Miriam, and Zelde, all in one short snap of suspicion.

"So!" Mendel proceeded easily, "Bernard will get you the servant and we pay him the commission!"

An iceberg struck the room. Then flames shot out of the ruins.

"Pooh!" shouted Bernard, flushed with fury.

"Pooh!" cried Miriam, her eyes flashing.

"Pooh! Pooh! Pooh!" Zelde gasped, alternately white and crimson with chagrin and embarrassment. "So this was an idea what you had!"

"All mine enemies should have such a ideas!" shrieked Miriam.

"And such a opportunities!" Bernard bellowed.

"And such a brother-in-laws!"

"And such a relatives altogether!"

"Imagine! The nerve! For this we traveled all the way from Cedarhurst! I should get him a dishwasher! It don't pay me even the car-fare!" Bernard fairly danced about the room. Then he stopped abruptly before Mendel, covering him with contempt.

"What do you think? I'm running a recruiting-station? I'm a banker!" he shouted in disgust. "Maybe you didn't read the card right!" A flicker of hope lit in his voice. "I deal in foreign exchange, not in foreign help! Did you ever! A two-dollar commission for a Polish girl and it would take me a week yet to make connections with Poland! Miriam, at once we got to go!" he thundered, his wrath once more aroused. "Only wait a minute! You're sure you read the card right?"

"Mr. Marantz!" Zelde's voice rang out like the peal of doom. "Maybe you don't understand the whole thing what goes on here?" It was she who did not understand. With one brutal blow her double home with its gardens and dreams had been wrecked and scattered, crushed out of her life. "What's got servants to do with real estate?"

"That's just the idea! If Nadelson with Shnaps is general brokers, then everything is got to do with everything else. What is business? Telephone-wires. They're all connected."

"But where is the connection?"

"You'll ask me that some other time." A curious light played in his eyes. "In the meantime, Bernard, do you get us the servant or not?"

This was too brazen. Bernard was by nature short But when dignity demanded it he could rise on his toes and appear tall, threatening, even imposing.

"Mr. Mendel Marantz, with you I'm through," he said quietly, restraining his wife from adding to his words. "I'm a man like this—when I say I'm through, you better look out, because I'm not! Miriam, come!" he added in a martial manner. "You got the umbrella?"

They were gone. With them went the last shred of Zelde's social relations. One by one Mendel had sundered them. And Zelde was left alone. Alone with Mendel Marantz, which made her lonelier.

"Enough!" she cried, wretched in her humiliation, in the disaster of her dreams. "Always you make me the fool. But to-night came out your true nature like fat on the soup! Mendel Marantz, I know what you want! I slaved for you and suffered till you got rich. Maybe now I don't suit you no more!" Mendel tried to compose her.

"Zelde, to-night we wouldn't quarrel. What is a husband? A cigaret. What is a wife? A match. What's a quarrel? The smoke. And what's the result? Ashes! If Bernard didn't want to get you the servant—I will!" But Zelde was not to be deceived. As if a servant had anything to do with it! How far Mendel was from understanding her! For the sake of a trivial jest, a fancy to offend Bernard, he had severed her last link with the world outside, and blasted the only dream that filled the hollow of her declining days. Yet he smiled. He little knew how deep a wound that smile cut in her heart.

"With jokes, with kindness he tries to drive me away—every day a little—first from his heart, then from his house!" The slights he had shown her friends had been overt acts against her. He no longer cared for her. A woman knows! But some day he would see her broken heart bared on his door-step. Then he would realize what he had done!

The door slammed. Mendel Marantz was alone. His head shook sadly. How far Zelde was from understanding him! It would have been futile to explain. Whenever his mind evolved a new thought she shunned it as some wild and monstrous thing. Only when it became full-grown did she and the rest of them flock back to adopt it. But this new idea had been too much. Bernard to get them a servant! A little too monstrous for Zelde ever to see its subtler side!

Where had she gone? They had not even quarreled, yet the air was surcharged with a quiet oppression more terrible than thunder. Ah, if Sarah had only been there! She would have understood. How quickly she would have grasped his strange processes of thinking and laughed understandingly when all were dismayed.

Sarah had always been a bond. She had satisfied his need for intellectual fellowship. She had been a tap to the well of his mind, a reservoir to the endless flow of his thoughts.

With her gone, his mind reverted upon itself like a river without an outlet, whose bed becomes its grave. Yet he smiled, Zelde little knew how deep a wound that smile cut in his heart.

Riches had retired him from the traffic of life and thinking had retired him from the sphere of his friends. He was an outcast to Zelde and her circle and they were exiles from his, for who shared his thoughts? He was a solitary figure in his big house. Zelde had lived with him, but not within him. The high-vaulted rooms and low, soft furnishings flanked his soul like pillars of ice and blocks of steel. Wealth and wisdom had conspired to make Mendel a lonely man, and he smiled.

"What is man? A book. What is life? The publisher. What is death? The library!" But he would not be shelved so soon!

ZELDE had misunderstood his jests. All of them had. His ideas somehow struck the first impression of stupidity even as the first gleams of sunshine are gray.

"But what is wisdom? A safe. What is silence? The lock. What is patience? The key." Mendel lit a cigaret. "Let us wait."

The next morning when Bernard entered the offices of Nadelson & Shnaps, general brokers, he found his partner eagerly awaiting him.

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"'DON'T FORGET, MENDEL, THAT BERNARD WAS THE BROKER WHICH HELPED TO MARRY OUR DAUGHTER, SARAH'"

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

That Mysterious Enterprise of Judge Copeland's, and an Acute Love Affair

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

In Four Instalments—Part Three

Illustrations by Harold Brett

"'MATILDY, I'VE FOUND OUT ANOTHER THING TO-NIGHT THAT'S A SORT OF COMFORT TO ME. I'VE FOUND OUT THAT EPH NYE IS MORE OR LESS HUMAN, SAME AS THE REST OF US'"

RUMOR had been less busy of late with the mysterious project which Judge Copeland and his influential associates were said to be considering. When the story first came into circulation the Ostable *Enterprise* took cognizance of it as follows:

"There are whispers of a business undertaking of importance which is to be launched in our midst at a time not so very far off. Just what kind of variety this undertaking may turn out to be is not known as yet, but the story is that it will be a credit to Ostable and reflect praise upon those who with far-seeing hands are rearing its foundations. If the whispers above referred to are true, then our community will once again in the future, as so often in the past, have reason to be proud of its leading citizens."

The *Enterprise's* "whispers" had not, as yet, been followed by statements more resonant or authoritative. Judge Copeland, when approached concerning the truth of the rumors, merely smiled and refused to affirm or deny.

On an evening late in August, the secret was out: Ostable township was to have its own water-supply. A stock company had been formed to build a pumping-station, lay pipes, and eventually deliver what Henry proudly called "runnin' water" in the houses and shops of the town. All hands, so Henry Ward Beecher Payson declared, were talking about it. Bills were posted at the post-office, and there were circulars for distribution at the drug-store. He had laid hands upon and was proudly waving several of these circulars. Captain Bearse and the doctor were seated at the table. The captain, who had been enjoying an unwonted run of prosperity in a checker game, was not too happy over the interruption. "Huh!" he grunted "It's wonderful enough to hear *you* hurrahin' for water What's it all about, anyhow?"

Mr. Payson presented a circular to each of the two men.

"Humph!" snorted Bearse. "Dan Copeland's at the head of it. This is the big doin's the *Enterprise* has been hintin' at, of course. Pretty likely crew he's got aboard with him. Holworthy and Dayton and Adams and Lee amongst the Summer folks, and Eldridge and Burgess and Cap'n Zeb Snow amongst the natives. Wonder how I come to be slighted. Why wasn't I asked to buy stock? I've got as much money as Cap'n Zeb."

Nye shook his head. "'Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me,'" he quoted. "There is your trouble, Mark. If you had shunned evil companions your name might be ornamenting the printed page with those of the elect. "Where is their water to come from?"

Captain Mark looked up from his reading. "They've got an option on Hallett's Pond and all that chain of ponds up there in the woods," he replied. "It tells about it here in the circular.

"That's where 'twould have to come from, of course. Hallet's Pond is a mile and a half long and— Eh? What's the matter, Eph? What are you lookin' like that for?"

Doctor Nye's expression was an odd one. "Hallett's Pond?" he repeated, slowly. "Hallett's Pond! Why, that is—I know where it is, of course Let me think. Who was talking with me about that pond not so long ago? I remember; it was Tom Stone. Humph! Why should he have been talking about it?"

Bearse answered, but Nye paid little attention. He read the circular again from beginning to end, and was absent-minded and thoughtful during the remainder of the evening.

Bearse told Mrs. Hopkins the news when he reached home. After the circular had been read and picked to pieces and applauded, he added, with a broad grin:

"Matildy, I've found out another thing to-night that's a sort of comfort to me. I've found out that Eph Nye is more or less human, same as the rest of us."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded his sister.

"Well, there are times when I see him marchin' along through Ostable here, payin' no attention to the snubs and the behind-your-back talk and the lies and all, just keepin' his temper and attendin' to his business—there are times when he kind of makes me think he's too darned good to be human. That's jealousy, I presume likely, but, bein' as I'm one of those sinners the hymn-book tells about, the kind that has to keep up full steam to make port while the lamp's burnin', it sort of riles me to see a man be good all the time."

Mrs. Hopkins sniffed. "My

If You Missed the Earlier Instalments, Begin Here

DR. EPHRAIM NYE, after a prison term for embezzling the Congregational Church building-fund, scandalizes North Ostable by returning there to practise. He confesses having signed the note on which the money had been paid out. The funds had finally come back, mysteriously, tho Judge Copeland, Nye's brother-in-law, had made good the deficit. Mrs. Nye, who was Copeland's sister, had died shortly after the trouble broke.

Copeland bitterly resents Nye's return. Nye practises among the Portuguese poor, then successfully pulls Mrs. Cyrenus Stone, wife of Copeland's bitter enemy, through typhoid. The judge's daughter, Faith, is badly injured when her car is wrecked near Nye's door, as she turns to avoid hitting a child. She is taken into Nye's house. Judge Copeland being away, Dr. Nye engages Dr. Parker, Copeland's physician, and a nurse, Miss Dana.

Tom Stone, son of Cyrenus and in love with Faith, visits her. Judge Copeland returns; his efforts to pay Nye for his services are repulsed. Dr. Parker falls sick; Nye, at his request, takes the case. Tom Stone's calls become frequent. Copeland calls and storms, he has discharged the nurse for admitting young Stone, and engaged another nurse. Dr. Nye threatens to drop the case, which Copeland won't allow.

Faith, convalescent, goes home, leaving an affectionate letter for Nye. A Mrs. Powell, as Nye learns with dismay, is returning to North Ostable to occupy her cottage. He meets her at the home of Mrs. Cash, Mrs. Powell's one-time maid, whom he is attending, and treats her coldly.

Mrs. Powell was Miss Minot, a rich Boston girl, who had been Nye's sweetheart when he was an intern in a Boston hospital. Fanny Copeland, the judge's sister, a patient at the hospital, had fallen in love with Nye. Miss Minot's parents opposed her affair with Nye and Miss Copeland did her best to capture him. She fell desperately ill. Miss Minot went on a yachting cruise with her parents and one Christopher Powell. As a result of a misunderstanding and intercepted messages, Miss Minot married Powell and Nye married Miss Copeland and settled in North Ostable.

Mrs. Powell, now back in North Ostable, calls on Dr. Nye because "she had to come." She gets a freezing welcome but is escorted home by Nye under his umbrella. Tom Stone complains to Nye that he has been ordered off the Copeland premises. Nye counsels watchful waiting. There are rumors of a great local enterprise, as yet undisclosed, which is contemplated by Judge Copeland and other leading citizens. These make a profound stir.

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soul and body!" she protested. "Who *are* you talkin' about? Not Ephraim Nye! I shouldn't think *his* goodness would fret you *much*."

Her brother chuckled. "It didn't to-night," he said. "When I praised up Dan Copeland for gettin' this water company off the ways, the best Eph would say was that he *hoped* 'twould turn out well. He, he, he! First time I ever caught him showin' a little spite like the rest of us. Good enough! He's human and I'm glad of it."

The following morning Tom Stone was surprized to see a familiar figure descending the slope of the pasture behind the house, and hurried out in pursuit. He found Doctor Nye, his hands in his pockets, strolling along the bank of the creek in the hollow.

"Better come up to the house and eat with us, Doctor," he called.

But Nye refused the invitation. "Tom," he said, "this creek—Stone's Creek they used to call it when I was a boy——"

"They do yet," put in Tom. "Two-thirds of it runs through our land."

"Yes. It flows out of the cedar-swamp up above here. What feeds the swamp—springs?"

"Why, I guess so. The swamp is in a hollow and it is a sort of catch-basin for the water from the hills around. But it is mostly spring-fed, I imagine. Why? What makes you ask?"

The doctor did not answer. He again refused his friend's invitation to breakfast, and, when the young man left him, was wandering down the bank of the creek in the general direction of the Dillingham place. He had said that he must hurry, but he was not hurrying then.

On the evening of a day in the latter part of that week Doctor Parker, seated in what he scrupulously referred to as the library of his home, was very much surprized to receive a visit from a rival practitioner. The servant who answered the door-bell was quite as much astonished as her master, and shared his sense of outrage.

"It's that Nye man," she announced. "He says he wants to come in. What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him—I suppose you will have to tell him to come in. But, Susan, pull down the window-shades. And—and I think you had better put out the porch-light."

Susan was an elderly female of a respectability in keeping with her position. She nodded. "I done that soon's I saw who 'twas," she declared, crisply.

Doctor Nye entered the library. Parker had risen and was regarding him with the expression of a Saint Peter guarding the gate—a very doubtful Saint Peter.

"GOOD evening," said Nye. "Parker, I take it for granted that you know a good deal about this new water-supply proposition. This Ostable Power and Improvement Company. You do, don't you?"

Doctor Parker bowed. "I am one of the stockholders," he said.

"I supposed you would be. Then you know the particulars of the whole affair, what has been done, and so on?"

"I think I may say that I do. I am—er—I have the privilege of Judge Copeland's friendship and naturally he has discussed the matter with me. The company is planning a great benefit to this section."

"Yes, so I gathered from the prospectus. The water is to be taken from Hallett's Pond."

"Yes. It is the largest and finest body of water within the town limits."

Doctor Nye leaned forward in his chair. "Parker," he asked, "has that water been analyzed?"

Doctor Parker was surprized. "Analyzed?"

"Yes. Are you—is the company sure that that water is pure, healthful, safe to drink? The pond takes the flow from Stone's Creek, and the creek flows

HALLETT'S POND, OSTABLE

out of that cedar-swamp back in the woods. You know that, of course?"

"Know it? Why, most assuredly I know it. What do you mean? Hallett's Pond has a reputation for its depth and the purity of its water. Its bottom is clean sand. I can't understand——"

"Wait a minute. The bottom of that creek isn't clean sand; it is mud; and the cedar-swamp is bedded with black muck and peat. All that thick growth on the hills drains into it in rainy weather and when the snow melts. I should say that some of the stuff might be carried down to the pond, shouldn't you?"

Parker stiffened. "Do you imagine," he demanded, "that men like Judge Copeland and Mr. Holworthy and Mr. Lee would deliberately plan to supply this town, and their own homes, with water that was impure? It is ridiculous! It is outrageous! The idea is absurd!"

"It would be if I were thinking or saying that they were deliberately planning to do anything of the sort. I know they are not. But I am asking you if the water in that pond has been carefully tested and analyzed; that is all."

"I presume it has. Of course it has."

"Then all right. That is what I wanted to make sure of. Ever since I can remember Hallett's Pond has been bragged about for its cleanliness and purity. The youngsters used to go up there for a fresh-water swim occasionally and even as boys we used to make it a point to drink a lot of what we had heard every one call the 'lovely water.'"

"Well? None of you was sick because of that, I suppose."

"I don't know. In those days the doctors hadn't been introduced to germs; they wouldn't have known one if they met it. If the water had killed a dozen people inside of ten years it couldn't have been convicted. Typhoid was 'slow fever' or a number of other names when you and I were kids, Doctor Parker. But if your people have tested that pond and *know* it is safe, I am satisfied. I was afraid you might have taken it on reputation solely."

"Indeed! I should have thought the caliber of the men at the head of the company would have been sufficient guaranty. Men like Judge Copeland and Mr. Holworthy and ——"

"Yes, yes. All right. Well, that is all, Doctor. I won't trouble you any longer."

"One moment, Nye. Had you any reason other than a general and—er—I must say—to my mind most unjustifiable suspicion behind these questions of yours?"

Doctor Ephraim hesitated. "Well," he replied, somewhat hesitatingly, "I had this much: Mrs. Cyrenus Stone, as you know, had typhoid fever early last Spring. She was under my care. You remember that?"

It was plain that Doctor Parker did remember it. Also he remembered, what his visitor had momentarily forgotten, that Mrs. Stone had been his patient before her husband, with customary rigor of action and expression, transferred her case to his disreputable competitor. His face turned a brilliant shade of purple, and he rose.

"I remember that she was *said* to have typhoid *after* I left the case," he snapped. "She did *not* have it while she was in my charge."

Nye rose also. "Well, she certainly had it when in mine," he said cheerfully, "and the water from the old well—the water they had been using for a month or more—came from the creek we've been talking about. I may be foolishly suspicious, perhaps I am, but I wanted to make sure that the company knew all this and had taken all precautions. Good evening, Doctor Parker."

"Here! Answer me this, sir: Did *you* have that water analyzed at the time of Mrs. Stone's illness?"

"Yes, I did."

"And did it show traces of typhoid?"

Doctor Ephraim was obliged to smile. "Why, no, Parker," he admitted, "it didn't."

"I thought not. I thought not, sir."

"But it was full of impurities and, in my opinion, might breed almost anything at any time. Don't trouble to go to the door. I can find my way out. It is late and foggy and dark, and your maid has thoughtfully put out the light, so I can leave, as I tried to come—for your sake, Parker, of course—unseen by the neighbors."

"'KEYHOLE LISTENIN' IS ONE THING I NEVER DONE'"

IF EVER an interview should, by all that was reasonable, have remained a secret this one should. Nye had taken great pains to come and go unnoticed, and Doctor Parker certainly would not have mentioned it except, perhaps, to Judge Copeland, and the judge was in Boston just then.

But the fact remains that some one must have mentioned it, some one who had heard at least a part of what was said.

Susan Mayo, the Parker maid, was, as has been hinted, a model of propriety. "If there's any set of folks I do despise," she often said, "it's them that stoop so low as to listen at keyholes. Keyhole listenin' is one thing I never done." So it must be assumed that she did not stoop to listen at the keyhole of the door between the Parker library and back sitting-room. The Parker house is an old one, however, and its doors are thin and somewhat shrunken. A curious person *might* have heard without stooping.

At any rate, some one heard and whispered what they had heard to some one else, for, two days after Doctor Nye's call upon Doctor Parker, Cyrenus Stone knocked at the side door of the Dillingham house. Nye, alone in the dining-room, called to him to come in and he did so. He went straight to his subject, wasting no words. Cyrenus was not in the habit of wasting anything.

"Look here, Eph!" he said, ignoring an invitation to be seated; "is it true that you figure that Sophrony's typhoid fever came from that crick water down in our pasture lot?"

Doctor Ephraim looked a little annoyed. He suspected what might be coming.

"I think it came from that old well of yours," he answered. "I told you so at the time."

"I know you did. But I know you told Tom that you figured the crick water seeped through into the well."

"I think it does, to some extent."

"Um—hum. And the crick drains out of the cedar-swamp and then runs into Hallett's Pond, where Dan Copeland and his gang of Republican grafters are cal'latin' to draw the town drinkin'-water if that precious scheme of theirs is approved in town-meetin'. And you know that pond water ain't safe to drink, don't you?"

"I wouldn't say that, Cyrenus."

"Well, I understand you did say it the other night. You went up to Doctor Parker's house and told him that very thing."

Nye's annoyance was evident enough now. His next speech was a crisp denial. "I did not," he said.

"I heard you did. You went there, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did you tell him?"

The doctor closed the book he had been reading and laid it on the table.

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"Whatever I said I said to Doctor Parker," he replied calmly.

"Meanin' it's none of my business, I presume likely. Well, I tell you, Eph Nye, I consider the health of this town my business. Yes, and I consider it your business, too."

"If more of it were my business, you know, my business would be very much larger, Cyrenus."

"Oh, cut out the jokes! This ain't any joke. *I* know you told Parker you doubted if that Hallett Pond water was fit to drink. I *know* that."

Nye considered a moment. Then he said, "I was a little troubled, I admit. I didn't like—and I still don't like—that combination of swamp and creek. I asked Doctor Parker if the company had analyzed the pond water. He said it had done so and found it pure. That answered my question."

"Huh! Maybe. And maybe they've analyzed that water and maybe they haven't. But, allowin' that they have, I can see you still feel there's a risk in usin' it. It may be pure now and not some other time. That's what you really think; now, isn't it?"

"Why—perhaps. But I may be overcautious, afraid when there is no need to be."

"You wasn't afraid to say my wife had typhoid when she had it. You didn't call it malaria or some other fancy name. I can tell how you feel. I ain't a fool. All right, that's all I want to know. You stand back of me, Eph Nye, and we'll put that pet graft of Dan Copeland's so hard and fast on the rocks he'll never get it off again. Here's our chance! If he gets that water company through town-meetin' I miss *my* guess. We'll lick him, you and I! We'll lick him good and plenty!"

His eyes flashed and he shook his fist triumphantly. It was easy to see that he considered the chance to "lick" his enemy and political rival a special dispensation of Providence. The purity or impurity of the water was quite immaterial, except that it furnished the excuse for the fight.

"Stick by me," he repeated, "and we'll lick him. Here's what we've been waitin' for."

Doctor Nye slowly shook his head. "I haven't been waiting for anything of the kind," he said. "I don't want to lick him."

"*What?* You don't? Don't you want to get even? Have you forgotten the way he talked when you was——"

"Sshh! I haven't forgotten and I'm not anxious to remember. I am not against the water company or the people behind it. All I am interested in is the water itself. If it is pure—and Parker says they have found it so—that is all I care about. A town water-supply would be a good thing, I believe. I am not looking for a fight and I shu'n't take part in any." All this was quietly said, but with a firmness quite unmistakable. Stone stared.

"HUMPH!" he grunted. "Is that so? Well, all right. I'll go it alone, so far as the fight itself is concerned. But I tell you this, Nye, I *shall* expect you to stick by what you said to Parker and what you've just said to me. You're afraid of the water and you've got reasons for bein' afraid of it. That's enough. That'll do. And," with a sarcastic grin, "you may find yourself so mixed up in the row that you'll have to bite and scratch whether you want to or not. The fur will begin to fly about to-morrow. You watch it."

It flew. Cyrenus called on a Wednesday evening. By the evening of Thursday rumors were prevalent throughout Ostable, rumors which set tongues wagging and heads shaking, not only in the homes of the Shubal Bushes and the Frankie-George Hammonds and Miss Althea Bemis, but in much more pretentious domicils. All Ostable, high and low, had been hugely interested in the preliminary announcement of the Power and Development Company. Those holding its stock were envied by those less fortunate.

But now, so rumor declared, a determined effort was on foot to block favorable action in town-meeting. Another day and it was no longer rumor, but statement of a very positive fact. Cyrenus Stone had gathered his henchmen and opened his campaign. Saturday evening saw new posters on the walls of the post-office and in the windows of the billiard-room. These new posters screamed war.

VOTERS OF OSTABLE—ATTENTION!

Do you intend to sign away your birthright?

The Ostable Power and Development Company ask you to give your highways and homes over to them for a period of fifty years. In return they will supply you with water at their own price.

Before you vote Yes at the special town-meeting on the tenth of September would it not be wise to consider these things:

1. Do you wish to give up this town to *any* corporation for fifty years?

2. Do you think you, as citizens, should have *nothing* to say as to rates, etc., etc.?

3. *And in particular!* Are you *sure* that the water to be supplied under this agreement is the sort of water our wives and children should drink? *Is it pure? A well-known doctor has his doubts about it.*

CONSIDER THESE THINGS BEFORE YOU VOTE!

Battle and skirmish followed thick and fast. The name of the commander-in-chief of the rebellious force was no secret. Everybody guessed Cyrenus Stone, and Cyrenus promptly confirmed the guess. He was at headquarters, and his under-officers were out on the firing-line. Concerning the iniquities of the fifty-year term and unregulated charges he spoke openly and fiercely. Concerning the purity of the Hallett's Pond water he was less outspoken. But he hinted, and shook his head, and looked grave and doubtful. The name of the "well-known doctor" he would not give. But he did not need to give it. Long before the day of the town-meeting all Ostable township was aware that Ephraim Nye was that physician. And once again Ephraim Nye's name was the center of the local whirlpool.

They came to him, of course, demanding the truth. He would say nothing at first, but, as so much was said by others, and their sayings were imputed to him, he was obliged to speak. He sent a signed statement to the *Enterprise*, setting forth his reasons for suggesting that the water be thoroughly analyzed. The editor of the *Enterprise*, a diplomatic and careful soul who had no desire to offend those in high places, managed to lose the letter.

Tom Stone had enlisted on his father's side, of course. He came to Nye and heard the latter's story.

"I see," he said, dubiously. "Well, I shall stand by you and father, of course. But I wish dad wasn't so rambunctious about it. If any one but the judge was president of that company he wouldn't be. They do hate each other, those two. And it makes it hard for Faith and me. She wrote me yesterday saying she could not understand why I should go out of my way to hunt more trouble between the families."

Doctor Ephraim looked at him. "So you correspond," he said.

Tom colored. "Why—why, yes," he admitted. "We can't see each other without a frightful row, and so—and so—I told you I'd never give her up," he added, fiercely. "She thinks you——"

He stopped. The doctor nodded. "She thinks I am to blame, I suppose. Well, that is natural."

"She can't understand why you should have said anything about the water unless you were sure. Doctor Parker tells every one your suspicions are ridiculous. He says you admit you could find no typhoid germs."

"That is true. And I may be overcautious. I'm sorry—for your sake and hers, Tom."

"That's all right. I know you think you did right. But—but, confound it, it's going to make more prejudice against you, too. They say Copeland is furious. And Holworthy says you shall never come to his house again. He is vice-president of the new company. Oh, Doctor Nye, I wish you hadn't!"

Another who wished the same thing was Katherine Powell. She and Doctor Ephraim met on the street. They were alone, without witnesses, and she called him by his Christian name.

"Ephraim," she said, earnestly, "do you *know* there is anything wrong with that water?"

"No."

"Then why in the world are you fighting Mr. Holworthy and the rest?"

"I'm not fighting them. I was troubled, because I do feel that the source of that water-supply is dangerous. It may be safe to-day, or next week or month, but at any time—particularly at a dry season when the creek and swamp are low, the pond may be polluted."

"But it only *may* be. And Doctor Parker says it won't be."

"We-ll," Nye's lip curled; "Parker is poet laureate to Ostable's royalty. A poet laureate's business is to sing odes, not to break loose with a 'Marseillaise.'"

She shook her head sadly. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I wish you wouldn't. I don't know that you noticed it, but you had been growing—well, more popular of late. And now— You make it hard for your friends."

It was the wrong speech just then. Ephraim Nye's face once more assumed the old mask-like rigidity.

"The town leper," he observed, calmly, "should have no friends. Unclean! Unclean!"

On the ninth of September, the day before that of the town-meeting, another poster was displayed throughout Ostable. In large type it set forth the analysis of the water of Hallett's Pond A prominent Boston chemist had analyzed a sample of that water and here was the result for all to read. The sample submitted had been found practically pure and absolutely safe to drink. Stone's guns were spiked. He did not give up the fight, of course—the word "surrender" was not in his dictionary—but his lieutenants knew, and knew that he knew, that theirs was a lost cause.

Doctor Nye did not attend the town-meeting. He was strongly tempted to go and, if anything could have been gained by it, he would have done so. But even Captain Mark Bearse, who had fought blindly for his friend ever since the latter's name was dragged into the battle, advised against it.

"You won't help any by being there, Eph," said Captain Mark. "I hate to say it, but if you go there you'll have to speak and there'll be all sorts of things said. Eph, there's your friends to be thought about. You've got a few friends in this town and 'twould distress them like the mischief to hear you blackguarded right to your face in that meetin'. I'm wouldn't care, but they would. Why, Mr. Chris Powell spoke to me about it this mornin'. She was awfully upset. She's a good friend of yours, Eph; she told me so and she's proved it in a whole lot of ways. 'Twould make it mighty hard for her, and for me and a few more, to have all that church-money business raked up and pawed over. What's the use?"

Doctor Nye was silent for a moment. Then he asked, "She—that is, Mrs. Powell doesn't wish me to go?"

"Indeed she don't. She told me to try for our sakes—for her sake, she said, but she meant all of us, of course—to keep you away."

Another short interval. Then Nye spoke. "I won't be at the meeting," he said. "Now we'll play checkers."

At six o'clock the following afternoon the captain called again at the Dillingham place. He looked tired and thoroughly disgusted.

"Just stopped a minute to tell you the news," he said. "The Ostable Power and Development Company was authorized to go ahead by a vote of pretty nigh three to one. That Boston feller's water analysis settled it. It took the wind all out of Cyrenus's sails. He and some of the rest of us fought till the last plank went under, but we didn't have a show. Ah, hum! All the fools ain't dead yet, and, my glory! I'm too tuckered out to start in killin' 'em just now."

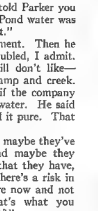
DR. NYE'S standing had risen a little in his native village dur'.g the latter part of that Summer; but now his opposition to the Ostable Power and Development Company, added to non-appreciating its stock in the least, had dropped his own low indeed. Within two years, so Judge Copeland told his fellow townsmen, perhaps sooner, water would be supplied to their homes and places of business.

His prophecy was fulfilled. A mild Winter followed a beautiful Fall. The labor went steadily on. The *Enterprise* kept its readers posted.

By the end of the first year it was evident that, bar accidents, the company's promise would be kept, and more than kept before the time limit of the Copeland forecast had been reached.

The death of Sophronia Stone occurred in April of that year. Pneumonia was the cause, and Doctor Nye fought his hardest to save her. Night and day he fought, and

Beginning Next Month



DOROTHY SPEARE

The Excitement Eaters

THE story of a "high-stepper," a gay young matron with a conscience—a story with a profound moral which some young people need and all parents will approve.

¶ In a dashing, brilliant novel to begin in Pictorial Review for August, Dorothy Speare will bring before us with swift strokes of revelation, the feverish life of the younger "smart set" and the spiritual unrest that it covers.

¶ "Men Are Such Fools" and "Golf Widows," which appeared in this magazine in 1922, give a foretaste of the more mature and far deeper study of life and character in "The Excitement-Eaters." Miss Speare's novel, "Dancers in the Dark," was in her earlier vein.

¶ An intensely interesting serial, and lively—just you wait! In Pictorial Review for August. Complete in four numbers.

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when the crisis came did not leave the house, but snatched his few hours of sleep upon a couch in the room adjoining that of his patient. When she died he turned his attention to her husband. Cyrenus needed it. Hard and blunt and relentless he was to the world in general, but he had been devoted to his wife, had worshiped her in his own undemonstrative way, and her sudden taking off left him bewildered, shaken, and despairing.

Tom, his work at Denboro finished, had been called back to the home office of his employers at Boston, but he came there when Nye telephoned him, and remained with his father for a week after the funeral. The doctor and he had some talks together. The young man was inclined to be despondent. His mother's death was the overwhelming cause, of course, but there were other reasons for his low spirits.

He and Faith Copeland had not seen each other for months. They still corresponded, but he found, or fancied that he found, a different tone in her letters. She was in California just then, visiting a school friend. Her father had been anxious concerning her health and urged her to accept the invitation. When she returned she was to go to Europe with other friends to remain there until September at least.

"It is the judge's doings," said Tom rebelliously. "He knew that she and I were friends and he did not mean for her to be in my neighborhood. It isn't her health he is worried about really; it is *myself*."

Nye was doubtful. "I don't know, Tom," he said. "Faith is his one great interest in life. He must be mighty lonesome without her. I know he says he is, and people tell me that he looks as if he were. Do you think he would let anything except worry about her health separate them for so long a time? And that accident of hers might very likely have a lasting effect upon her nervous system."

Tom rather reluctantly admitted it.

"I suppose that is true enough," he said. "But, all the same, I think I am the main trouble."

"Does he know that she writes you?"

"Well—he knows I write her. She wrote me that he asked her and she told him. She wrote me that last November."

"Presumably she told him that she answered your letters. And I think, judging by what I have seen of her, that she isn't a girl to be bullied out of what she thinks right. Nor coaxed, either, not even by her father. I don't see that you need be down about it. You are both young. There is no other trouble between you, is there?"

Tom hesitated. "No-o," he said, slowly. "No real trouble—I hope. But—well, she hasn't been *quite* the same since that confounded water company fight. You see, she asked me not to oppose the judge and his crowd. I did try not to be too active, as you know, but I couldn't desert dad entirely. I tried to make her understand that, but— Oh, hang it all, how do I know what stories they have told her?"

Doctor Ephraim laid a hand upon his knee. "Buck up, Tom," he said. "It will be all right"

"Humph! That is easy to say. Did you ever come to the conclusion that this was a rotten world?"

Nye looked at him, almost in wonder. It seemed as if the question must be ironically put. But apparently it was not; the young man was absolutely serious. Doctor Ephraim's smile was an odd one.

"Did I ever—" he repeated, and added, dryly, "Why, yes, Tom; once or twice."

"Well, sometimes *I* think it is."

"You have no right to think any such thing. Compared to—Well, for instance, what do you suppose your father is thinking at this minute?"

Tom looked aghast. "Oh, by George!" he gasped. "Why—why—oh, by George, what a beast you must think I am! I—it sounded as if I had forgotten dad altogether. And—and mother was—was——"

He choked. The doctor leaned forward. He knew the affection that had existed between the boy and his mother.

"All right, Tom," he said quietly. "But you must help your father all you can. He needs it."

"Yes, he does. Poor old dad! I—Doctor Nye, I hope you won't think I am altogether selfish. I have worried about—about the other matter a lot and—and——"

"Yes, Tom, of course. But I think you needn't. Faith is a fine girl. That other matter, as you call it, is going to come right, in the end."

Tom's jaw set and his eyes narrowed. "It has got to," he declared, grimly. "I'll make it."

THROUGH that Summer and the following Fall and Winter the life of Ephraim Nye, M.D., moved on unchanged. One extravagance, if it can be called that, he indulged in. He bought the ancient "flivver" from Captain Mark Bearse. The captain, yielding to Mrs. Hopkins's importunities, had at last decided to purchase another automobile.

Thereafter the professional visits of Ephraim Nye, M.D., were, literally, noised abroad. This was a great help to Miss Bemis, enabling her to keep even more accurate tabs upon her neighbor, and a source of tremendous pride to Henry Ward Beecher Payson, who habitually referred to the machine as "our auto."

Mrs. Powell and Nye met often, on the street, or sometimes at the homes of people of the poorer class who were ill. She was an active member of the Village Welfare Society and the head of its committee for charitable relief. Ostable, like most Cape villages in these days, has no almshouse, its few aged paupers being "boarded out" at the town's expense. To Doctor Nye gradually fell the care of most of these, for Parker was not well and, particularly in the Winter, preferred to make no night-calls. The few he did make were upon patients near at hand or in homes less drafty and unsanitary than those of the "Portygee Nest" or among the sand-hills of "Lone-some Neck."

He did not deliberately shirk his duties in these neighborhoods, but he was quite willing to have such duties taken over by another. The other he recommended was Doctor Hayes, of Denboro, but if the patient preferred Nye he did not strenuously object.

Katherine enjoyed playing "Lady Bountiful." Winter at Ostable was otherwise rather dull, and here was something to keep her interested. She and Doctor Ephraim encountered each other in all sorts of odd places, but between them was always the wall of reserve which he never permitted to fall. He was always pleasant, but never chatty, and never, except in the case of sickness among her servants, had he visited her home. And she had never repeated her call at the Dillingham place. Once she hinted that she might do so—it was at Christmas time.

"Just to bring Santa Claus to—well, to that queer, dreadful Henry Payson of yours," she said. "You'll let me do that, won't you? I should like to hear how he says 'Thank you.'"

The tone and words of his answer were uncompromisingly plain. "If you do," he said, quietly, "I shall go away. I told you that, and I meant it."

"Ephraim!"

"I mean it. Under no circumstances must you come to my house. When you do I shall leave it—for good and all."

She looked at him. Her mood seemed oddly divided between laughter and tears.

"But it would not be to see you," she said. "Mayn't I call on Henry? I'm sure he wouldn't refuse a little remembrance. Why, I might give him a new leg."

"No."

"Very well. But— Well, at least, I may wish him—and you—a Merry Christmas, Ephraim? Wish it now, I mean."

He smiled. "You may wish it, of course," he said. "And Henry and I will say, 'Thanks; the same to you and many of 'em.' That is the proper acknowledgment, isn't it?"

"I hope it is sincere."

"It is. Katherine—" she started, for it was but the

"SATURDAY EVENING SAW NEW POSTERS ON THE WALLS OF THE POST-OFFICE. THESE NEW POSTERS SCREAMED WAR"

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second time he had called her that since the old days. "Katherine," he said, "I don't want you to think I am absolutely heartless and ungrateful. I know you have been trying to help me among your friends here in town and to make life easier for me. I know that, and I am grateful for the intention. But you can't do it, and the more you try the more risk you run. Our story may become known at any time. It is what I dread. Boston isn't so far off. Your name must not now be coupled with mine in any way; I am sure you realize that. If you really want to make me happy—happier, that is—you will have nothing to do with me."

"And this again is for my sake, of course?" she said.

"Not entirely."

"Ephraim, you are a strange man."

"So I have been told."

"You are. And a stubborn one. But——"

"Well?"

"Good-by. No, *au revoir*. And don't forget to wish Henry the 'Merry Christmas.'"

On Christmas afternoon Nye came home to find the sitting-room and dining-room fragrant with flowers. Henry Ward Beecher Payson was aglow with pride.

"They ain't yours, Doctor Eph," proclaimed Henry. "They're mine. That Mrs. Chris Powell she sent 'em down to me. Come out of her greenhouses, they did; her chauffeur fetched 'em. I calculate she'd heard I liked posies and so she sent 'em. She's a nice woman, ain't she? Don't be afraid to look at 'em and smell 'em just same as if they was yours, Doc. Well, they come at the right time."

BY JULY of the first Summer after work began the main pipes of the Ostable Power and Development Company were laid. By November the pumping-station was ready for its machinery. In April of the second year the water was turned on. There was an imposing celebration, with speeches at the Ostable Center town hall, a parade, a band concert, and a "Grand Ball" in the evening. It had been hoped that the Governor of the State might attend and speak, but he was unable to do so, so an ex-Congressman took his place. He was eloquent indeed, and scattered bouquets with a liberal hand.

Most of the flowery tributes fell in the lap of Judge Daniel Copeland.

The Copeland speech was widely quoted. It was a good one. The Ostable Power and Development Company, he believed, was destined to do more for that town than supply it with water. He foresaw the day when Ostable should have its own electric-light plant instead of being, as now, dependent upon outside sources. He thanked his friends, his fellow citizens. And to those who had opposed the company and its plan—an opposition which, he felt confident, or at least hoped, had by this time faded into nothingness—he could only say that, so far, no workman had been devoured by the bugbears which were said to lurk behind the bushes bordering Hallett's Pond. And the fish in that pond were still remarkably healthy. (Loud laughter and enthusiastic cheers.)

It was a great day for Judge Daniel Copeland. If his daughter could have been present it would have been greater yet. But Faith was traveling in Europe and would not return until September. Is one of the seats, however, sat Tom Stone, down from Boston for the occasion, and in another sat Ephraim Nye. When the judge sarcastically referred to the highbrows and the health of the fish many heads turned to look at the doctor. If the owners of those heads expected to see him resentful or crestfallen they were disappointed. His own smile was almost as broad as theirs and he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself.

A few of the Summer residents subscribed and erected a public fountain in the midst of the little colony of the very poor in the woods. A pipe was laid connecting this fountain with the principal main, and the dwellers in the "Portygee Nest" could fill their pitchers and pails at the fountain without charge. The company gave the water and the group of citizens gave the fountain. Among this group Mrs. Christopher Powell was conspicuous.

JULY and August were warm and fine, and from the sweltering cities came the refugees in crowds. The finest weather in ten years, the *Enterprise* proclaimed it, and the most prosperous season Ostable had ever known. The new water company kept its laborers busy laying and connecting new pipes. Some of the company's most obstinate opponents surrendered and availed themselves of the luxury of "running water" in their homes. Captain Mark Bearse was one of them.

Cyrenus Stone would no more have installed that water in his house than he would have shaken hands with the president of the company supplying it. Marietta Lamb was his housekeeper nowadays and she reported him as "cranky as ever and a little more, if such a thing was possible." His son came down from Boston on week-ends to relieve by so much his father's loneliness.

The days of sunshine and drought continued. Local weather prophets shifted their wet forecasts from August to September. With the grand, crowded flourish of Labor Day the Summer season ended and the visitors departed cityward. By the middle of the month only a few cottages remained open and tenanted. And still it did not rain.

Wells—the shallowest among them—were drying up. The lucky majority—who depended upon the Ostable Power and Development Company's supply—gloated over the stubborn conservatives who were driven to "carting water" from ponds and creeks. And even the ponds were low, lower than most could remember having seen them. Hallett's Pond was large and of unusual depth, but the bushes upon its banks were yards and yards from the water-line. The stream which formed its outlet had entirely vanished. Stone's Creek itself was not much more than a trickle.

And then, one afternoon in late September, Doctor Nye returned from a call at the "Portygee Nest" with a worried look upon his face. Captain Mark drove up in grandeur upon the seat of his new "coop" to inquire concerning the possibility of checkers that evening. Nye shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Mark," he said. "I shall be busy to-night. Vasco Rose and one of his children are sick, have been for two days now. I must go down there."

The captain nodded. "I heard some of Vasco's tribe were under the weather," he observed. "Been eatin' too much turkey and frozen puddin'?"

This last was obviously intended as a joke, but the doctor did not laugh.

"No, Mark," he said, gravely.

"Sho! Nothin' serious, is it?"

"I'm not sure. I don't want you to mention it yet, but—well, it begins to look as if it might be typhoid."

ON AN evening late in that week Doctor Parker was again surprized by a call from the person whom he would have disdained to call a rival. And this time there was no attempt at concealment on the part of the latter.

"I am sorry to disturb you in this unceremonious way, Parker," Doctor Eph said, "but I felt that I must see you, and I have only a few minutes to spare. Your curtains were up and I saw that you were alone. Doctor Parker," he went on, "perhaps you have heard that there is some sickness at the upper end of the town just now. There is, a good deal of it. And likely to be more, I am afraid."

Parker, who had been wondering what could have brought this man to his home a second time, now thought he had guessed the reason. His manner became even more dignified.

"I am sorry to hear it," he said. "Very sorry, of course. If it were possible for me to—er—assist you professionally I should do so. But I am busy, very busy, with my own patients. I have not been well lately, and I am tired, very tired. I must not take on more work at present. I am sorry, but I am sure you will understand. Possibly Doctor Hayes——"

Nye interrupted. "We may have to call Hayes," he said; "I'm afraid we shall. As to being tired—well, I am somewhat tired, myself, but I imagine we shall both be more so rather than less."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we are in for trouble, serious trouble. I am told that John Seaman's wife and son are sick. Is that true?"

"Why, yes. But I can't see——"

"Wait a minute. A fever, isn't it?"

"There is some temperature, of course. That is natural enough. In the first stages of influenza——"

"Are you sure it is influenza? Pardon me, I am not criticizing your diagnosis. But are you sure?"

Parker straightened in his chair. "I—well, really, sir," he began. Again Nye interrupted.

"Let me go on," he broke in. "About a week ago Vasco Rose and his daughter were taken ill with something or other. I was not certain what. Two days later one of the Dagonas was taken. Then old Peter Dagona himself came down with it. Since then there have been two more cases, Maria Gonzales and Manuel Lombard, Mary Cash's brother-in-law. All their symptoms were practically alike."

"Well? It was the grippe—the influenza, wasn't it? I understood that you pronounced it that."

"I didn't pronounce it anything. I hinted at influenza because I did not want to alarm them or others. But I was suspicious. Now the Seamans are sick, you say; and Mrs. Hammond, too, I believe. And there is a marked temperature? Backache and headache—"

"Nye, what are you hinting at? Come! What do you mean?"

"Parker, my patients—all those I have named—have typhoid. I am afraid yours have it, too."

Doctor Parker sprang from his chair. "Do you know what you are talking about?" he demanded.

"I do. The blood-test shows it in every case. And unless I am grossly mistaken there will be more of it, a whole lot more. Here is something which came to me to-night. It is an analysis of the water which your company is supplying. Not as it was two years ago, but as it is now, after five months of drought. I took the sample myself from the public drinking-fountain by Rose's house."

Parker snatched at the slip of paper. He adjusted his spectacles and read. The paper rattled in his hands.

"Good Heavens above!" he exclaimed.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Bad! Why—why, it is frightful. You—you took the water—you took the sample——"

"I took two. One from the drinking-fountain there and one from the faucet in Captain Bearse's kitchen. They seem to be alike."

"GOOD Heavens! Good Heavens! Nye, I—I confess I have not been certain about the Seaman cases for a day or two. And—and this morning young Bassett, the storekeeper's boy, was taken with—with— Oh, dear! Oh, dear me!"

"That water is used practically everywhere. It will spread. There is no reason why it shouldn't."

"But what shall we do? What *shall* we do?"

"One of the first things, I should say, was to prevent further use of that water just now. Hallett's Pond is so low that there is no outlet. The drainage from the barns and shanties in those hills flows into the pond and stays there. Until the outlet is deepened and the pond treated with chlorin no water should be drawn from it. At least that is my opinion. Most people have wells and cisterns. All can and must boil the water they use for drinking or cooking. We must get at it at once. You should see Judge Copeland. He is president of the water company."

"Yes. Yes, I will see him. I will see him now—to-night. Will you come with me?"

Doctor Ephraim hesitated. Then he shook his head. "It would do no good," he said. "In fact my being there might prejudice him and hold matters up. Show him the analysis. Tell him anything you think best. Call on me to back you if necessary. I must go now. Good night."

Parker was very much shaken; he was pale and anxious.

"This is dreadful—dreadful," he stammered, nervously. "It—I shall be criticized. They will blame me. I own stock in the water company. I have defended its policy."

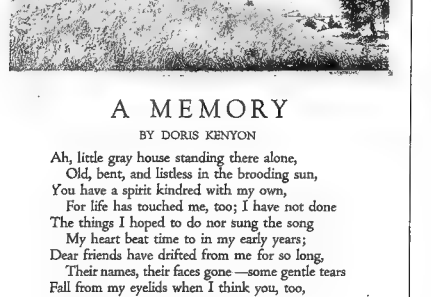
"That's all right. So has almost every one else."

"You—you will explain my position, won't you—if necessary, I mean? You will tell them——"

"Yes, yes, I'll tell them. You go to Copeland to-night."

"I shall. At once. Nye," Parker was finding it hard to say, "we—the town is—it ought to consider itself under great obligations to you. Yes—yes, it had. You discovered this. And you—it would seem that you may have been right in the beginning, right about that water. I am very glad you came to me before telling any one else. I thank you. I appreciate it. I shall——"

"There, there! Don't waste time. Parker, we are in for a devil of a mess. You and I—and Hayes also, I imagine. But don't let any one know you are frightened. You are, of course, and so am I, but we mustn't start a



A MEMORY

BY DORIS KENYON

Ah, little gray house standing there alone,
Old, bent, and listless in the brooding sun,
You have a spirit kindred with my own,
For life has touched me, too; I have not done
The things I hoped to do nor sung the song
My heart beat time to in my early years;
Dear friends have drifted from me for so long,
Their names, their faces gone —some gentle tears
Fall from my eyelids when I think you, too,
Have lost the touch of loved ones and the bliss
Of sweet companionship; yet from the blue
Soft sky descends a peace that whispers this:
Old memories are the greatest gifts of all.
Ah, little house, remembered with sweet pain,
You vanished as a thrush's twilight call
Melts in distance when the night-dews fall—
I've only known you from a passing train.

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panic. Nurses are what we shall need. The hospital will send us all it can, but it won't be nearly enough. If you can raise volunteers among your friends, do so. I shall try, but my supply of friends is limited. Good night."

The next day queer rumors began circulating throughout North Ostable and Ostable Center. Susan Mayo—we know her to be incapable of stooping to keyholes—nevertheless Susan's manner was excited and nervously important all that day, and the excitement and nervousness spread. Judge Copeland seemed to be affected similarly, for he dashed into the Ostable telegraph office at an early hour and sent various telegrams. The operator did not divulge the wording of these telegrams, but again rumor whispered that they were sent to Mr. Holworthy, Mr. Dayton, and others prominent in the ownership and management of the Ostable Power and Improvement Company. The day after that the secret was out. The community was threatened with an epidemic of typhoid fever and its water-supply was the source of infection.

THE weeks which followed were like a succession of nightmares to the majority of North Ostable's inhabitants. Even Althea Bemis was oversupplied with excitement. The group at sewing-circle exclaimed and whispered and shuddered, and then grew too busy and too weary even to meet. There were new cases about every morning and a new death every few days. Old Peter Dagona died, so did Mrs. Hammond and the Bassett boy. At one time, the worst time, there were twenty-five cases in North Ostable alone. And in Ostable Center many more.

It was curious to see how human nature reacted to the crisis. The cottages, most of them, were already closed, but others closed at once and their owners fled. Not all; some stayed to help the overworked doctors and nurses.

Judge Copeland was one who did not run away. He stayed and fought. His standing in his native town was greatly shaken. As president and chief organizer of the water company he, naturally, was blamed for the catastrophe. Things were said which no one could ever have expected to hear concerning Ostable's former idol. That idol rocked upon its pedestal. Among certain groups—the very groups which had sung his praises loudest—there were whispered threats of damage suits, even of arrest and criminal prosecution. These must have reached his ears, of course, but he paid no attention. He called public meetings and presided at them. At his own expense he brought nurses from Boston. He ordered the water from Hallett's Pond shut off, and took steps to have the pond treated chemically and its outlet deepened and cleared. He looked tired and haggard, but he did not rest.

The sole precaution of a personal nature which he took was to write his daughter, Faith, not to return home, as she had planned to do, but to remain for the present with the New York friends whom she was visiting following her European trip. He wrote her that there was a good deal of sickness in town, and intimated that it was due to the contamination of the drinking-water. He did not write her of the seriousness of the situation nor of the scarcity of nurses. His greatest fear was that she might learn of this and hasten home to help.

There were others who worked unceasingly, aiding the over-driven doctors, acting as volunteer nurses, sparing nothing of effort or time or money. On the whole the town had reason to be proud of the spirit and pluck and sacrifice of its citizens, male or female, rich or poor. Among the hardest workers were Captain Mark Bearse and his sister and Katherine Powell and Cyrenus Stone.

HENRY WARD BEECHER PAYSON COMES HOME

Cyrenus's behavior was, it must be confessed, something of a surprize, certainly to his enemies and, in a measure, even to his friends. If ever a man had excuse for shouting "I told you so" it was Cyrenus. He did say it, of course, but even as he said it he was laboring for the common cause.

He did astonishing things, like attending a meeting called and presided over by his deadly enemy, Copeland, and speaking in support of the latter's plea for funds. He subscribed, too, and so liberally that Mark Bearse came home from that meeting in a state of bewilderment.

"Matilda," he said to his sister, "don't the Bible say somethin' about nobody's bein' able to squeeze blood out of a stone?"

Mrs. Hopkins answered absently that she guessed so; somebody said it, anyhow.

"Um—hum," observed Mark. "Well, I cal'late that statement's exaggerated. I just saw Dan Copeland get a hundred and fifty dollars out of Cyrenus Stone. After that I'd undertake to bleed Bunker Hill monument and get satisfaction. My glory!"

"What did *you* give?" demanded Matilda.

The captain rubbed his chin. "We-ll," he drawled, "after Cyrenus stood up and made that subscription I was in a kind of daze, as you might say. When I come to I found I'd subscribed two hundred."

"Good gracious! Can you afford it?"

"Eh? No, course I can't. But, generally speakin', Cyrenus thinks as much of a nickel as I do of a dollar, so accordin' to that figurin' he'd subscribed three thousand. Two hundred ain't much more'n a postage-stamp side of that."

Mrs. Powell was indefatigable. She was the leader in the work done by the women and, as usual in such emergencies, the women's work was the most important and productive of results. She and Ephraim Nye saw each other a dozen times daily, and he could not have avoided her even if he would. There was no excuse for avoiding her now. No one thought of such matters as class distinction or previous reputation, good or bad. Ostable's black sheep was, for the time, leader of the flock, and the whitest ewe lamb might trot unrebuked in his shadow.

For upon Doctor Nye fell the weightiest burden of those heavy weeks. Parker did his best, but he was a much older man and not in the best of health. Hayes, summoned from Denboro, helped too, but Nye commanded as well as served at the front. Daylight and darkness were very much alike to him then. He slept when and where he could and ate or did not eat, just as it happened. Henry Ward Beecher Payson protested and argued and pleaded.

Slowly, very slowly, he and his associates began to get the better of the disease. There were fewer new cases and fewer deaths. Then, one morning, the bad news was circulated that Cyrenus Stone was smitten. He had worked unsparingly, had taken all sorts of risks, and now he was paying the penalty. He had been using water from the old well in the hollow in spite of Doctor Ephraim's warnings, and, altho Marietta Lamb, his housekeeper, was supposed to boil every drop—and declared that she had done so—doubts were expressed.

Tom Stone had been spending week-ends at home and, like every one else, had helped as volunteer nurse and doctor's assistant. Now he obtained leave of absence from his firm and came to Ostable to stay with his father. Cyrenus was a querulous, exacting invalid, and Tom's position was anything but comfortable. He was anxious and apprehensive, which he had reason to be, for his father's condition was grave, and the combination of lost sleep, poor food, and worry began to tell upon him also. Doctor Ephraim was troubled and warned him to be careful, but the doctor was too busy to make sure that his warnings were heeded.

The crisis in a case of typhoid is popularly supposed to be reached in about three weeks. Cyrenus safely passed that crisis, but was still very sick man. One evening Tom came to the Dillingham place. He looked haggard and weary and he had a cough which caused Nye to frown when he heard it.

"What's the matter, Tom?" he asked. "Have you got a cold?"

Tom shook his head, impatiently. "No, no, I guess not," he answered. "I am all right—physically, anyhow. Doctor, I want to talk with you. Can you spare me a minute or two?"

Nye was eating a very hasty and belated supper. "I guess I can, Tom," he replied. "Just about that. What is on your mind?"

Tom coughed, denounced the cough as a condemned nuisance, and hesitated.

"Well, Tom, what is it?" urged the doctor. "I hate to ask you to hurry, but I'm afraid I must. There are no less than nine patients on my list to be seen between now and ten o'clock."

"Sure! I understand. And I do hate to trouble you, too. But—Doctor, I saw Faith today."

Doctor Ephraim was surprized. "Faith?" he repeated. "Faith Copeland? You saw her? Is she here—in Ostable?"

"No, she is in Wapatomac, with a cousin. She has been there only a few days. Do you know, Doctor, she didn't learn of the dreadful muss we've been in here in Ostable until that cousin told her. Her father wrote her only a little and made light of it all. Of course his reason is obvious enough. He knew she would come home straightway and pitch in with the rest of you, and that he didn't mean to have her do. I don't blame him. Good heavens! suppose she had been here and—and caught the thing herself!"

NORTH OSTABLE'S STAR REPORTER, ALTHEA BEMIS

He shivered at the thought. Nye looked at him.

"I suppose that is why you didn't write her about it," he suggested.

Tom nodded. "Of course," he said. "She gave me fits for not doing it. You see, she left New York rather suddenly, and sooner than she expected, and she phoned the judge from Boston that she was on her way. He must have been a good deal frightened and upset, but he had the presence of mind to ask her to stop off at Wapatomac on her way down. The cousin there had been ill—grippe or something—and that furnished the excuse."

"You knew she was leaving New York?"

"No-o, I didn't. She wrote me before leaving, but I didn't get the letter. I found it, after she told me of it, tucked behind the clock at home."

He paused to cough. Doctor Nye scowled at the cough and asked another question.

"How did you happen to be in Wapatomac?" he inquired.

"Oh, I have been there three times within the week. The last time was last Monday. My firm is interested in another bridge-building proposition which is under consideration in that neighborhood and they wrote, asking if it would be possible for me to run over some time and get the particulars. So Monday I hired a car and drove there. I had was so much better that I felt I could take the chance. That was when I met Faith."

"Oh, I see. I misunderstood. I thought it was to-day you met her."

Tom nodded gloomily. "To-day was our third meeting," he said. "Monday was the first. I saw her coming out of the post-office. I could hardly believe my eyes. She was alone, so——"

"So you thought it your duty to relieve her loneliness."

Tom did not smile. In fact there seemed to be few smiles in his system that evening.

"We had not seen each other for more than a year," he went on. "We talked a long time."

"Surprizing!"

"What? Oh! Well, we did. She was terribly upset about the typhoid epidemic. She had phoned her father that she was coming here that very afternoon, but he had begged her to stay until the end of the week. I soothed her all I could, told her the trouble was practically over, that she wasn't needed, and all that. She said the judge was coming to Wapatomac yesterday—Thursday—and she would see what he said, but she felt every one must think her a coward—and—a lot of stuff like that. That was Monday. On Wednesday I went over again and we met. We drove about in my car. I left her at the corner below her cousin's house, but—but it seems that that cousin saw us. Somebody did, anyhow, for to-day——"

HIS pause was so long this time that his friend felt obliged to remind him that time was passing.

"Sorry, Tom," he suggested, "but if you *could* hurry a little. Those patients of mine——"

"Of course. I beg your pardon. You must think I am soft-headed to be telling you all this, anyhow. It isn't the sort of thing a fellow does talk about ordinarily. But you are her uncle—and you're about the only real friend I have down here just now—and—well, we have talked before, so—"

"Certainly. All true. Go on."

"Doctor Nye, when I was over there on Wednesday she and I came nearer to an understanding than we ever have before. She—ah, she is a wonderful girl, Doctor! By George, she *is* a wonderful girl! I don't believe there ever was one like her."

Nye nodded, solemnly. "No doubt of it," he agreed. "What?" suspiciously. "Look here! You're not making fun of this business, are you? Because I want to tell you it is not funny to me. Anything but that."

"I'm not making fun, Tom."

"Oh, I know you're not. I'm feeling rotten to-night—and behaving that way, I guess. This has been a devil of a day and I can't see any hope of to-morrow's being less devilish. When Faith met me this afternoon she looked as if she had been through purgatory. I guess she had, or what amounted to the same thing, poor girl. That cousin of hers had seen us together on Wednesday and phoned her father. The judge posted over that very night. I am afraid they had a weird session."

"I see. Too bad! And yet people say, 'Wise as a judge.' 'The wise, through excess of wisdom, is made a fool.' Don't mind me, Tom; I'm wandering. Go on."

"This particular judge is a fool, all right. If I had time—and you had—I should take pleasure in telling you the kinds of fool he is. I don't know just what he said to Faith, nor what she said to him. I know only what she said to me and how she looked when she said it. She told me that perhaps she *had* been wrong in corresponding

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"INFANCY, YOUTH, MATURITY, AND AGE WHIZ BY AT SUCH BLINDING SPEED THAT WE CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THE YEARS HAVE PASSED"

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE A CENTURY OR TWO?

We'll Yet Have Modern Methuselahs, Plenty of Them, if Our Cells Do as They Promise

BY ALLAN L. BENSON

DRAWINGS BY STUART HAY

STILL living and growing in the laboratory of the Rockefeller Institute, after more than eleven years of separation from the parent body, is a shred of flesh, a section from the heart of a chicken. What does this mean but the possibility that the cells of our bodies may, under the right conditions, be made to live for centuries?

Dr. Alexis Carrel's great experiment with the preservation of cells opens a vista of astounding, thrilling significance.

YOU believe your life is limited to "threescore years and ten" or thereabout.

You believe your body is a machine that, in the course of a few short years, must inevitably cease to function as a clock runs down.

You believe these things because you have always been told so, but modern biologists are beginning to wonder if they are true. Some of these biologists are of the opinion that they are not true.

They look upon the body, not as a clock that is wound up for a certain time, at the end of which it must stop, but as a machine, the parts of which may be replaced as they wear out.

An automobile can be kept running forever, and always look new, merely by buying new parts as they become worthless.

Experiments are under way to ascertain if human beings can not point the way to nature to replace old cells with new.

It is all a matter of cells. That is what we are—groups of cells. We used to believe that age inevitably impaired cells. Biologists now know this is untrue. There is nothing in the process of living that must necessarily cause death.

The human body is not a machine that, sooner or later, must wear out and go to pieces.

When the body dies it is never because too much living —or, rather, too long living—killed it. So far as our cells themselves are concerned they might live forever.

Experiments are under way to ascertain if we, made of cells as we are, can not be enabled to live indefinitely. If these experiments should succeed, you and your great-granddaughter may some day be mistaken for sisters.

Cells Need Not Die

THAT cells need not die is the first of the great facts that modern biologists have discovered. The discovery was begun in 1897 by Leo Loeb. He cultivated living tissues in test-tubes, but in such manner that the growth of the tissues could not be observed. Harrison developed a method which removed this objection, and in 1907 "announced the discovery that if pieces of the developing nervous system of a frog embryo were removed from the body with fine needles, under strictly aseptic precautions, and placed on a sterile cover-slip in a drop of frog lymph, and the cover-slip then inverted over a hollow glass slide, the tissues would remain alive for many days, grow, and exhibit remarkable transformations."

Burrows, one of Harrison's students, refined his master's technique by using plasma from the blood instead of lymph as a culture-medium. Burrows also demonstrated that the tissues of warm-blooded animals, as well as cold-blooded ones, are capable of life and growth outside the body. He succeeded in growing tissue from the nervous system and the heart of an embryo chicken.

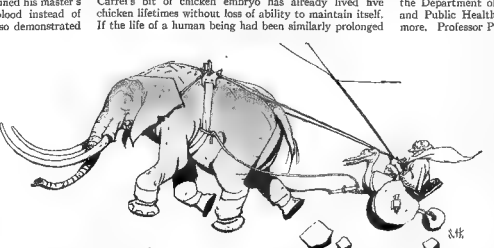
We may well pause here a moment to note the astounding instinct that, at times, seems to drive scientists on toward the faint light that gleams on the dark frontier of knowledge. Loeb's name will go down for centuries as the name of the man who set on foot a series of experiments that demonstrated the potential immortality of the body's cells. But there is nothing to show that either Loeb or those who came immediately after him realized how profoundly their experiments were to alter our conceptions of the possible duration of human life.

They thought, at first, that they were only making some interesting experiments in the growing of living tissues in test-tubes. They did not know that they were engaged in proving the potential immortality of the minute particles of which our bodies are composed. But if you have ever "tuned in" a radiophone you know that the fainter the voice that you encounter in exploring the atmosphere the more passionately you concentrate upon laying hold of it and expanding it. So it seems to be with scientists when they are following the flickering light of instinct that leads they know not where.

After Loeb, Harrison, and Burrows came the great Carrel. It was Dr. Alexis Carrel of Rockefeller Institute who actually demonstrated that there is no known limit to the ability of cells in a favorable environment to maintain life, health, and youth. I doubt if Carrel himself realized, when he began, what he was destined to demonstrate. I say this because I talked with him about his experiment shortly after he began it in 1912.

On January 17, 1912, Dr. Carrel took a piece of connective tissue from the heart of a chicken and set about to maintain life in it apart from the chicken's body.

That piece of chicken's heart is alive yet, apparently just as strong and vigorous as ever it was. Every day it is washed and placed in fresh nutrient media. The washing completely rids the tissue of its waste products. Kept clean and properly nourished, the tissue grows so rapidly that it is frequently necessary to subdivide it. Yet it never grows old in the sense that its vitality becomes less. The average age of a chicken is about two years. Dr. Carrel's bit of chicken embryo has already lived five chicken lifetimes without loss of ability to maintain itself. If the life of a human being had been similarly prolonged he would be about 250 years old and still "going strong."



"IF THE LIFE OF A HUMAN BEING HAD BEEN SIMILARLY PROLONGED HE WOULD BE ABOUT 250 YEARS OLD AND STILL 'GOING STRONG'"

Biologists experiment upon short-lived animals because human life is too short to make it possible to observe many generations of long-lived animals. But biologists have learned that there are certain fundamental facts that underlie all animal life. In each division of the animal kingdom there is a time when death comes from old age. The banana-fly totters on the brink at the age of 70 days. Every part of a human being except the heart has been kept alive outside of the body; but it is Dr. Carrel's bit of chicken embryo that is most significant. That bit of embryo had at birth a normal "expectation" of but two years of life. To exceed that expectation by 500 per cent., with no apparent reason why it should not go on living forever, is what has opened to biologists an entirely new vista. For the first time they see the possibility of enormously increasing the duration of human life.

Our Cells Potentially Immortal

THE situation that is presented is this: Human cells, instead of being doomed to death in 70 or 100 years, are potentially immortal, but the necessity of functioning together in a body—one group as a heart, other groups as lungs, liver, stomach, and so on—is what, sooner or later, causes a break and, eventually, death. The break may come in the stomach group. The other groups try, as best they can, to accommodate themselves to the changed situation, but in time one or more of the other groups become impaired by the inability of the stomach group of cells properly to function, and the body dies. This is the view of modern biologists as to the cause of death—the limited ability of cells to function in a highly specialized body.

Granted that human cells are potentially immortal, that they would live indefinitely if it were not for the specialized services that the human body requires of them, can anything be done to overcome this obstacle? The cells of a human lung can be made to live indefinitely when placed outside the body, where they are not compelled to co-operate with groups of cells representing other organs. Can the cells composing the entire human body be made to live indefinitely while continuing to function together?

This is the third and last hurdle in the race for indefinite life. The first hurdle was to demonstrate that age, in itself, has no effect upon cells. The second was to prove that cells properly placed outside of the body live indefinitely. When we learn how to make cells inside of the human body live indefinitely we shall have removed all known limits to the duration of human life.

One of the greatest biologists in the world more than half suspects he is on the track of this secret, and is experimenting to ascertain how well grounded his hopes may be. The biologist is Professor Raymond Pearl, head of the Department of Biometry and the School of Hygiene and Public Health of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Professor Pearl was born in New Hampshire forty-three years ago, and is known in America and in Europe as one of the greatest men in his profession.

Professor Pearl had long been of the belief that man's days were necessarily numbered when the discoveries thus far set forth in this article caused him to wonder. What moved him to action was a little pamphlet printed in German that he read a few months ago. This pamphlet caused him to embark upon an experiment to see if he could not make the potential immortality of our cells mean something to us.

What Professor Pearl read in German was a report of an experiment made by Professors Frisch and Starlinger in the destruction of blood-cells by X-rays. The German professors ascertained that when the cells of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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We have the name, we have the fame
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A plate of it delights the eye. Its delicious fragrance tempts the appetite. And then comes the enjoyment of eating it! We blend all the good of the full-ripe tomatoes—the rich tonic juices and the plump "meaty" parts, strained to a fine puree. Golden butter and delicate seasoning make it tastier still. So good it could not help but be famous!

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Campbell's Soups

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THE DEARLY BELOVED OF BENJAMIN COBB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

one's young. Isn't it so? You're a young man and I'm a woman and an old one—but isn't it so?" And then, as I made her no answer: "No, no! It's what she saw in him that occupies me."

"It's pretty obvious, isn't it? You said yourself——"

"Yes, I said she was out to catch her man, and he was not the first by all accounts——"

"Oh, that sort!"

"I've never been sure. His friends were very loyal. There was never a hint, never the flicker of an eyelid. Too loyal—that was what made one suspicious. But if she were—what we've thought her sometimes and whispered and said and shouted from the thatch (you know what a village is), does it say she didn't love him? Body and soul—but, the soul might have had first say perhaps with her for a change. Suppose now that he hadn't married her? He saved her from something: d'you think she didn't know it? But *I* say, didn't she save him too? Better to break your heart than shrivel it, my dear! I'm old-fashioned; I believe marriages are made in heaven, even this one. At least he died with her hand in his. Dr. Davis told me that. What do you think his last words were?"

I said: "It should have been, 'Dearly beloved!'"

"'Doctor, make her rest!' Davis said that finished him, and he's accustomed to queer scenes. They had been on their feet for pretty well a fortnight, you know, with half the village paralyzed by the influenza scare, and they'd no sooner got it under than the Rector dropped where he stood. They sent for her—the first time she'd been in a neighbor's house for years—but she shocked every one. She didn't seem to consider how ill he was: to move him—to get him back to the Rectory—that was her whole concern. He was her husband and it was her place to decide, and there was a conspiracy against her, and so on—oh, dreadful! Davis was pretty rough with her at last, they tell me. But he couldn't forbid her the room because the Rector was asking for her. And so she sat there all through the night while he sank, quarreling with Davis under her breath. But at dawn little Mr. Cobb began to pull at her hand, Davis said, and craned from his pillow till his lips touched it, and then, as I tell you, while Davis straightened him, 'Doctor,' he says, 'make her rest!' and with that drowses and, after a while, dies. He was only fifty."

"Well?" I said at last softly.

"Well?" she returned. And then I saw that her mouth was unsteady, and wished I had held my tongue. But she had herself well in hand, all but her mouth.

"It's not much to you, my dear," she said steadily, "but we—we were fond of him."

I said: "So was I, I think, or he wouldn't have stuck in my mind so all these years. But that's only half the tombstone, Miss Shepperley?"

"Ah, poor soul, yes!" she said. "I'd forgotten her. We all forgot her. Such a funeral! All the village came. We *were* fond of him. And every one saying it in whispers, you know, in a wondering way, as if it were a surprize to us. It was only afterward that we thought of Mrs. Cobb. She hadn't come—that wasn't anything: women didn't till lately—but it got round that she'd been quite unpardonable to Dr. Davis and the squire. She as good as told Dr. Davis that his treatment was responsible for the Rector's death, and began to bargain with the squire about moving and the fittings of the house—yes, before her husband was so much as buried—and there was a row royal with the undertaker's people. They said that the only thing she seemed to care about was her mourning.

"LADY SARAH, who had called with the squire, offered to lend her clothes, knowing of course that there was no money, and I'm sure she offered it nicely; but no! She was all for ordering crapes and alpacas from the draper's, till old Brown went up to see her himself and told her bluntly that he would help her and so would the rest of the vestry, for the Rector's sake, but that he wouldn't give credit for fallals. He came back quite shaken, d'you know, and said that she'd screamed him out of the house. And after that nobody went near her for two or three days, and I can't say that I blame them.

"But on Saturday, a week from the day he died, I was in at Brown's, at the grocery-counter, and while he was serving me he told me something that made me uncomfortable. He said that he'd had no orders from the Rectory since the day he went up, and that his boy had told him that morning that the milk-jugs hadn't been touched for two days. The boy had left them at the gate, and when Brown told him to go up to the front door he said he was afraid to because the garden was all over scarecrows. Brown said, quite rightly, that something ought to be done, but that he himself wouldn't go near her for a sovereign nor let his wife. He said, and I'm sure he believed, that she was possessed of a devil. It is a devil, too, a temper like hers."

"So you went!" I told her.

She flushed. "How did you know?"

"Old times," said I, smiling at her; but she only answered with her familiar, anxious frown:

"Oh, I know I meddle."

"Is that what you call it?" said I.

She put out her hand and touched mine.

"Nice boy!" said Miss Shepperley. And then: "But this bit of meddling wasn't so easy. It was years since I'd spoken to her. She'd taken a dislike to me because of the concerts. Mr. Cobb used to depend on me, you know, to run them, and she was unpleasant about it. I don't mind telling you. I'm too old to mind. But going up to the Rectory I thought to myself that it was rather good

NOCTURNE

BY DOROTHY CARUSO (Mrs. Enrico Caruso)

WE LAY on the hill, and the moon swung low,
And the stars in the sky all trembled so,
And the world where we laughed and lived by day
Had drifted a million miles away.

But the night was ours, and we lived it through.
The stars were troubled, and so were you.
Then clear, recalling, a church-bell spoke,
And the moon fell down at our feet—and broke.

of me to trouble. But there, it was for his sake I was meddling, not for hers. The boy was quite right; there were two jugs of milk by the steps, blue and thickened, with dust on the cream, and when I opened the door in the wall you never saw such a sight!

"The whole garden was strewn with black garments, spread on bushes, hung from twigs, flapping and bellying in the wind, till the place looked like a picture I once saw of vultures on a battle-field. I thought she must have run mad till I noticed the pools and trails of black water on the gravel and up the steps. Then I understood. It was her mourning, my dear. She had been dyeing all her clothes.

"Queer, isn't it, how trouble takes people? I could see her as I came up the path, sitting at the table in the dining-room, driving her machine till I thought she'd break it; but tho the dining-room window was two yards from the porch and tho I know she saw me, there was no answer when I knocked. But I wasn't going to be stopped when I'd got so far—dear knows I truly hoped to help her—so I went straight in, down the passage, and into the room—and found myself face to face with her as she sat between the table and the wall. I said:

"'Forgive me—may I come in?'

"She didn't get up. She barely lifted her head, and I began to think that she wasn't going to speak at all and to wonder what I should do next. But after a minute she said:

"'What do you want here—now?'

"I said: 'I thought I might be of some use to you, Mrs. Cobb.'

"She went on turning the handle and guiding the stuff past the needle as she said, without a look at me:

"'A pity you didn't come sooner!'

"I said, holding on to my temper: 'One is diffident about intruding.'

"'Yes,' she said, 'you've been diffident about intruding for twenty years, the lot of you! But you think you can come and go as you please, I suppose, now my husband has left me in the lurch.'

"Yes, she said that. Imagine it! I was so shocked that I could only get out a—

"'Mrs. Cobb!'

"'Well!' she said, stooping her face to the cloth and biting off a thread, 'hasn't he left me in the lurch?' And then: 'What call had he to go grubbing round in those muck-heaps they call cottages?'

"I said, trying to be gentle, trying my hardest, my dear:

"'Mrs. Cobb, don't you realize——?'

"She flung up her head.

"'I realize that he thought more of his tin-pot parish than of his wife. D'you think he'd listen to me when I begged him to stay at home—begged him and prayed him? Not he! It's as if he'd died to spite me.'

"Well, at that, my dear, I lost my temper completely, utterly, as I've never in my life done before or since. I said:

"'To please you, I should think!'

"At that she dropped her work and got to her feet with a—

"'What the hell d'you mean?' speaking in a raucous street voice, the way drunken women speak, and her face was flaming. But I didn't care. I said:

"'You know the hell I mean—' and with that I launched out. I told her what we thought of her and him. I told her how we'd watched them all these years and how we'd grown to like and pity him, and in the end been glad to hear that he was dead and free of his bitter troubles. I told her in so many words that if ever a woman had ruined a man's life then she had ruined his, with her selfishness and her cruelty and her crazy rages; and that if the epidemic had been his way of release, before God and in the sight of the congregation he was none the less a murdered man and that she had killed him.

"Then I stopped; and for a minute we stared at each other without a word. I was panting, and so was she, and her face had gone a queer mottled color, patches of red on dead white, and her mouth was half open. She said at last, quite quietly, like a lady, not like a fishwife (it was a side of her I'd never dreamed of):

"'You must be mad!'

"I said: 'Must I, Mrs. Cobb? Then we're all mad in this village, for I'm saying what we all think.'

"She looked down at her work thoughtfully as if it were something that she'd never seen before, and then back again at me with just the same look, and then she said, stammering a little:

"'But—but I loved him!'

"I laughed; not maliciously, but because I couldn't help it. I suppose I was rather near hysteria. It had shaken me to say what I'd said. But she went on quite gently:

"'Why do you laugh? I loved him.' And then, with a sort of hastening of her speech in the quiet room, like a storm blowing up on a leaden day, 'I loved him. It's not true what you say. I tell you I loved him—I loved him.' And then: 'Benjy, you *know!* Benjy, tell her! Benjy!' She waited, as if for an answer, moving her hands to and fro as tho she were feeling for a support; and when no answer came—I had no words, my dear—she suddenly fell back into her chair, bowed her head in her hands, and began to cry. No, and it wasn't hysterics either; it was grief finding outlet—grief: such grief as I had never dreamed of, and yet I've had my share, I dare say.

"It wasn't like a woman crying; it was like the crying of a lost soul on judgment-day—after sentence. I didn't seem to see her, if you understand; it was like watching a storm of nature. I thought—don't laugh at me—I kept on thinking of the Flood when the rain came down, pulping and battering and beating the world flat, drowning it. It went through my head over and over again, in his voice, you know, little Mr. Cobb's dry Sunday voice, reading the lesson in church, 'The fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of heaven were opened.' I tell you it was the most terrifying and inhuman thing I've ever dreamed of, that bitter, wicked creature sitting there, crying, crying, crying, like a drowning world.

"I suppose I sat there an hour watching her, not daring to speak.

"She'd cry herself quiet, you know, after a time, and sit there twisting her hands. Then she'd lift her head at last with a listening air, and her poor drowned eyes would wander weakly round the room and fix their gaze on something—the leather chair by the fire it was once, and another time the dyed breadths of stuff in front of her—and then her lip would begin to quiver and her eyes fill and the muscles of her throat strain, and you'd see her fighting and struggling with herself, her face all twisted up like a comic mask, and then down would go her head again, and the rain, the rain renew. I tell you you could see it and hear it, with the forests snapping like matchwood, the cities swept away, the ridges of the world crumbling into mud beneath that downpour; and still the storms sweeping on in gusts of wind and lightning and water, wiping away all things human, blotting out the face of the world.

"Only it was not the world; it was a woman crying. And then she began to beat her head against the wall. You can imagine that I talked to her, put my arm round her, tried to bring her to some sort of reason. Oh, *my* anger was gone, gone in the first five minutes, overwhelmed, swept away. I tell you it seemed a pretty trivial thing, my anger. I was not even sorry. How can you be sorry for a grief like that? But I wanted her to restrain herself. Such grief wasn't decent; it wasn't livable with; it had got to be covered up. I said what I could that was comforting, but it was like trying to uphold a ruined cliff that is sliding into the sea. I didn't know what to do or what to say. And when she began to beat her forehead against the wall, yes, and when I went to her she threw me off as if I were a fly to be brushed away—she was a big, strong woman—then I went for help. I thought she'd kill herself."

"Was she trying to, d'you suppose?"

"I don't think so. I think she was just easing her pain. She was always a violent creature, and so when she suffered it was violently. But you can imagine that I couldn't let it go on. I had to have help. I went out, late as it was, running all the way, to find the district nurse, but she was away looking after a patient, and when I went on to the sexton's wife she was out too. It must have been an hour before I found any one, and when we did get back to the Rectory Mrs. Cobb was gone. She was not in the room, not in the house.

"That was a night, I tell you. We went first to the doctor and he knocked up Wills, the constable—you remember Wills? By that time half the village was up and out with lights and lanterns of course. Somebody, I don't know who, put the word about, and in a moment they were all whispering and then shouting, 'The ponds! Try the ponds!' You know the two ponds at the side of the road, opposite Oulson's, down at Drake's Bottom?"

"I know," I said. "They're deep."

"And used, my dear, and used these hundred years! I could tell you tales! Well, we all set off helter-skelter the mile and a half down Drake's Hill, and a time we had when we got there! We knocked up Oulson's to get a drag, but he had nothing; and at last the men got out the netting he used for his cherry-trees and made shift with that. It all took time, and what with the darkness and the wet—oh, we were a set of fools, and after an hour we knew it! Kettles and pots and pans we found, but we didn't find Mrs. Cobb. It was gray daylight when we got to the top of Drake's Hill again and back to the Rectory. It was just as we left it, and we were beginning to break up—for what were we to do?—we were soaked and tired out!—when one of a parcel of boys going off home across the churchyard let out a whoop and yell, and then they all came running back, crying out that they'd found her. Fools that we were—we'd never thought of the churchyard! As I said to Mary Wills, 'Call ourselves women! We might have known!'

"SHE was lying on her face on his grave, with the earth scattered all round her as if she'd been digging. Her poor hands were torn and clayed up to the elbow, and she was dead—dead and peaceful."

"Poor thing!" said I. And after a moment, "What was it—heart?"

"Exposure. Exhaustion too, I dare say, after all that crying; but they brought it in 'exposure.' She must have lain there all the time we were searching. There was frost on her dress and hair. Oh, you know, that cut me to the heart, to think how he must have grieved to hear her above him in the darkness, calling to him and getting no answer, getting no help, when he'd cherished her so. I suppose that was his punishment. 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols!' I heard him preach on that once—one of his sound sermons, all Greek derivations and the Athanasian Creed."

"Poor things!" I said again. And then: "At least, poor him! I can't get up much sympathy for her, can you?"

But Miss Shepperley did not answer, and, lifting my eyes, I saw that she was listening, not to me, but to the voices of the children, very loud and nasal all of a sudden in the hot little silent room:

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas!
Give ear unto the mariners——

She turned with a gesture, sharp as a cry. I never knew before that old eyes could hold such passion.

"'The dangers of the seas!' my dear! That's it! 'The dangers of the seas!' Have we ever sailed to the gates of hell and heaven, and seen the face of Love? Oh, it may come to you still. You're young. But I? What right have I to judge? Have I been where they've been? Grant that they wrecked themselves; but—think of the stars they steered by! To bury the bodies when they come ashore and commend the souls to the wind of God that drove 'em—that's our business. But not to judge them, my dear, never to judge them; for we've not been on their journey, and we don't understand."

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It's just as delicious served cold

For lunches; for cool suppers on the porch; for those picnics that so often come impromptu on Sunday nights—a Premium Ham, baked, *ready*. Premium Ham, noted for its tenderness, its unvarying delicacy of flavor!

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

To bake your Premium Ham: Place it in cold water, heat slowly and simmer gently, allowing 20 minutes to the pound. Cover with brown sugar and sprinkle lightly with cinnamon (stud with cloves if you like); bake in a moderate oven about one hour. Serve cold with a fruit salad, or in sandwiches

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

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5,431 women tell about the new way to wash dishes

"Even though I do my own dishes my hands don't have to show it," *writes one*

"I thought at first it might be extravagant but a package lasts for more than three weeks," *says another*

JUST a new use for a familiar product. But such a wonderful new use that women are writing about it from all over the country.

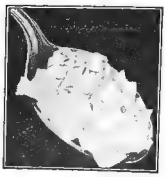
Lux for washing dishes. They didn't have to go out and buy something new. They didn't have to experiment with something they knew nothing about. Yet it was as if they had made a wonderful new discovery. But read their letters yourself—

Where maids are scarce

"In a town like this it is impossible to get a maid, so you can imagine how happy I am to find that even though I do my own dishes my hands don't have to show it. Lux is a real blessing. I've used it for years for fine laundering. I don't know why I never thought of it for dishes."

"My fingers were so scratchy I couldn't bear to touch a piece of silk"

"I have been using Lux for my dishes for almost six months and I can't help writing to tell you what a difference it *has* made in my hands. My fingers used to be rough and scratchy so that I couldn't bear to touch a piece of silk, indeed *couldn't* touch it without roughing it up—but since I have been using Lux they are just as smooth as can be."



"Just the one teaspoonful gave me a good suds"

At first she thought, "Too extravagant"

"I didn't want to try Lux at first even though I was sure it would be nice on my hands. It just seemed too extravagant.

"I suppose I ought to confess that I didn't believe a teaspoonful would give me enough suds for *my* dishes.

"One day I tried it, more out of curiosity than for any other reason, and I simply was amazed to find that just the one teaspoonful of Lux gave me a good suds.

"A little of it goes so far that I realize now that it is fully as cheap if not cheaper than bar soap."

"So soft on my hands"

"My hands are the sensitive kind. Strong soap plays havoc with them. A friend told me to try washing my dishes in Lux and maybe my hands wouldn't get so rough. I didn't think it would make any difference but I made up my mind to try it as long as the box lasted. I haven't used anything else since. I've never known anything so 'soft' on my hands."

From a man—

A well-known collector of fine old china, glass and silver writes:

"Nothing is worse for china than the action of alkaline soaps. Flowered china, banded dishes (by that I mean colored bands or gold ones), china with delicate or brilliant designs, are faded or tarnished by the chemical action of such soaps.

"For years I have had all my china, my old glass and silver washed with Lux. It does not fade the pattern—it never scratches fine crystal and glass. It does away with the frequent polishing of my fine old silver."

"Speedier than bar soap"

"I am a business woman, so time means a great deal to me. I wash the dishes every night to save my mother. One night when we were out of ..... soap, I tried Lux and I've used it ever since. I have never known anything so quick. Lux is much speedier than my old way—using a soap shaker that was always coming undone and spilling the bits of bar soap into the dishpan."

Says our advertising is wrong

"I think you make a mistake telling people that a package of Lux lasts three weeks. I use it regularly for all my dishes and I only use a package a month. Of course there are only three of us in family. Perhaps that is why it lasts longer."

"Every young married woman should know this—"

"The gold band on the beautiful Minton dishes I got for a wedding present began to wear off after I had only had them a short time. So a few weeks ago I took one of the plates back to the shop where they were bought. The clerk told me I should never use ordinary kitchen soap on my china—it was too strong. He advised Lux and I've been using it ever since. I think every young married woman ought to know about this. It will help her keep her dishes looking nice."

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NADELSON & SHNAPS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Well?" Nadelson inquired; "What did your Mendel Marantz have to say?"

"I wish he was yours! From relatives you get help only when you're dead! Then they buy you a nice stone. But when you're alive they hit you with it!"

"Why didn't you tell me that earlier? Before we went in partners?"

"Don't worry," Bernard heartened him. "Like I told my wife, Miriam, she should only have patience and I'll show her—I mean—them, what I'll do to her—I mean to them! That's the way I am—when my relatives don't help me—the devil with them! Mendel thinks with his money he's a king. But nowadays kings don't last long, Nadelson, just watch! They all laugh from Bernard Shnaps. But I'm a man like this—I let them laugh. Some day they got to bust!"

Nadelson nodded commiseratingly.

"Bernard, you remind me in that story of the tramp. Some people betted he couldn't drink a whole barrel cider, so he tried. Well, they laughed and he bust!"

"Please don't tell me no stories so early in the morning," Bernard retorted. "What is here—a coffee-house? There's waiting a lot of business for us to do! Of course, first we got to get it," he added.

"But I'm a man like this—I don't expect much," he said modestly, as he scanned a list of prospective clients. "And I'm always right! Still, at least one deal we'll close yet this month."

"Where is the deal?" asked his partner innocently.

"Where is the deal?" Bernard mimicked. "Why don't you ask me 'Where is the moon'? But don't worry, we'll get a good first—if not from Mendel Marantz, then from——"

"Mr. Guttner!" announced the office girl.

"What did I told you?" cried Bernard, triumphant. "Abram Gutt Guttner, my dearest friend! There is the deal!" he said to Nadelson tauntingly, and rushed into the outer office to embrace his prize.

"How's the Mrs.? How are you? Have a cigar? What do you doing lately? Sit down. Maybe we can do you something, ah?"

"The Mrs. ain't feeling well," Guttner replied wearily.

"That's good!" said Bernard, not even listening as he blustered on. "How you like our view? You got the map of the city right before you. Just point me out which lots and buildings you want to buy!" he added, jesting; but with bated breath. Guttner gazed moodily out upon the scene.

"She'll have to go in the mountains, the doctor says. She's got consumption!"

"Isn't that wonderful?" Bernard exclaimed, sweeping his hand over the vista. "And look, Abram! How you like this silver horseshoe with gold letters, ah?"

"It's awful!" said Guttner sadly. "Such a young woman! She needs two months in the country. I can imagine what it costs."

"You said it! It's worth at least a hundred and fifty dollars!"

"What! With board?"

"With the board and flowers and everything!"

"That's a bargain! For two months!"

"It lasts the whole season!"

"Give me quick the address!" Bernard, a little puzzled at his client's enthusiasm, detached the card from the floral emblem and gave it to Guttner, who took it abstractedly and tucked it into his pocket.

"Well, Bernard, I thank you for the advice. Now I'll know where to send my wife!"

"That's all you came for?" Bernard looked wistfully after him.

"SO THIS was the deal!" muttered Nadelson grimly. "The lunatic! Both talk and neither listens! One thing I'm glad! He asked you for a Summer resort and you sent him to the undertaker!"

"Sometimes you got to accommodate a friend," Bernard argued, still dazed. "Next time we'll close with him a deal for that."

"Next time you'll be in the hospital for that! Wait till his wife sees the country place where you sent her—Seventy-fourth Street and Third Avenue, under the elevator!"

"What are you talking about? Dead? he wants flowers!"

"His wife ain't dead yet," Nadelson reminded him. "Listen, Bernard, if you see a customer you don't have to get drunk! Because if you're gonna close some more deals like this we'll need police protection here!"

"Well, how should I know if I'll talk with him about a horseshoe it'll remind him in his wife?"

"We went in the wrong business! Mendel wants a servant and Guttner a sanitarium! We should've opened a hardware-store where they handle everything!"

"And I thought we nearly closed a deal!" said Bernard despondently.

"Nearly! By you it's always nearly! With Mendel nearly and now with Guttner—almost!"

Bernard stood, looking sadly through the great windows, his hands limply clinging behind him. Nearly! That was the tragic kernel concealed in the bright, blustering life of this little man. Eternally on the verge, but never quite over! Confident before the leap and sprawling afterward. Yet brushing his knees and smiling again.

"Because I'm a man like this—I don't get discouraged. I discourage everybody else." And he gazed longingly out upon the miles of rich realty, magnificent office-buildings, impressive dwellings, huge hotels that rolled before his eyes like anchored vessels in a great port. "Such a view!" he sighed with new spirit. "We got to get a customer for the whole shooting-match!"

"And then again maybe we should parcel it out!"

Six weeks elapsed. Every day Bernard gazed upon the vista of wealth that rolled from the ledge of his window to the ends of space. As yet he had not negotiated a square foot of that immense property.

ONE day, however, the vista disappeared. A massive steel sign crowded with brightly colored electric bulbs jutted out of the wall of the adjoining building and blocked the view from Bernard's vision like a penny pushed into his eye to shut out the sun. The offices of Nadelson & Shnaps were cast into everlasting darkness!

"The view is stolen!" Bernard cried with genuine suffering. "We're robbed!" Their only tangible asset was gone. The firm of Nadelson & Shnaps was now bankrupt! "Robbers! Murderers! Who did it?"

"The M. M. Employment Agency," read the bookkeeper, staring in awe at the heavy metal letters that threw their shadows across the room like the smoke-screen of an advancing army. Bernard sank into a chair, crushed under the pressure of the sign, as if it were some vast symbol of approaching doom. "M. M.! What does it mean?"

"M. M.—Make Money!" Nadelson explained easily.

"Mendel Marantz!" Bernard ejaculated, leaping to his feet. "An employing agency! So that's what he did! He opened a whole agency to get a servant!"

"Well, that's what you got to do nowadays!"

"You don't understand!" Bernard hissed shrewdly, knitting his brow. "It's spite-work. He puts up a sign for thousands dollars to block my view! He bites off his nose to spite my face! But I'm a man like this—you can't stop me. If you block me in front I go through the back!"

And Bernard went to Zelde, his sister. She was no longer living with Mendel Marantz. She had banished herself to the home of her daughter.

"He don't need me no more," she had said. "He'll get a servant to help him—a pretty one." Bernard's visit only strengthened her suspicion. "You see, Sarah?" she said, her eyes brimming with tears. "He don't care for his family no more. Only servants he looks for! Ah, if Mendel was like my brother, not a cheap agent for servants, but a banker!"

Bernard modestly nodded approval.

"Sure! Servants is no business! Real estate! Banking! That's gold-mines! You should have see the deal we closed six weeks ago with a millionaire, Abram Guttner! Why, money was no object!" He wiped his moist forehead with a handkerchief and sighed. "Ah, if Mendel would have took my advice and go in with me! Who knows where he'd be now! Like that he'll lose yet every cent what he made from his invention and you'll have to peddle with matches yet and toothpicks on Hester Street! I'm a man like this—I like to give you hopes!" Zelde wrung her hands.

"Sarah, go quick! Make him stop the agency! Tell him we got a dish-washer already! He shouldn't bother! But don't say I sent you!"

"And let him take down the sign," Bernard added casually. Zelde turned to appeal to her brother.

"Maybe, after all, he'll go in with you—if you'll take him!" Bernard chewed on his cigar, pondering the question.

"Well, maybe, of course, you know we got so much on our hands now we don't know what to do first! We got to pay rent—I mean—dividends, and we got to close up—I mean—close deals; and still, you can propose to him, Zelde. He may consider it—I mean—we!"

Bernard departed feeling that Mendel lay bashfully in the palm of his hand, and that, despite his big sign, he was already making overtures for clemency.

"Miriam!" Bernard told his wife that night when she asked for money to run the house. "Just now I got all my money invested!" Miriam shook her head bitterly. "My big financier! He deals in millions and I got to borrow quarters!"

The next morning Bernard rose in high spirits. "I'm a man like this—the less I got the lighter I feel!" But he had been secretly praying for fortune to weigh him down with a nugget or two. As he approached his office it seemed that his prayer had been heard. For there was Sam Tressler's car.

"Say, Max," he hailed the chauffeur, "where is your boss?"

"Up-stairs." Bernard could not wait for the lift. He took the stairs two at a time and almost fainted when he reached the office. "Well?" he gasped as he broke into the room. "Well?" answered Miss Blumberg coldly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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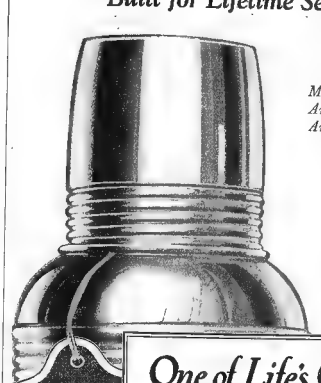

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Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children — Fine for Men

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

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NADELSON & SHNAPS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"Where is Tressler?" Bernard rushed to the window. Maybe he had fallen out. "Look! There is Morris Feitel's car too! I betcha they met in the hall and they're talking!" He rubbed his hands nervously as he paced the room. Two deals in one morning! Fortune indeed! Once again Bernard felt himself on the threshold.

The door banged. Bernard started. "Well?" he gasped to his bookkeeper. "Well?" answered Miss Blumberg coldly. The suspense was too great. Bernard shot out of the office, down the stairs, into the street. Mendel and Guttner had escaped him, but Tressler and Feitel would not!

"Where did your bosses go?" he roared at the chauffeurs, taking them to task.

"Up-stairs."

"Up stairs!" He was about to run back. "To Nadelson & Shnaps?"

"To the M. M."

"M. M.!" Bernard fairly shrieked. "Why, that's an employing agency for dish-washers!" And he dashed into the adjoining building, his mind reeling with mad notions—Feitel and Tressler, the millionaire dish-washers!

The anteroom of the M. M. Employment Agency was occupied by several fashionable-looking people reclining softly in leather chairs, waiting to be interviewed. A number of doors opened from this room into private offices skirting either side of a wide passage that led to the business departments and more secluded chambers of the heads of the firm. Employees passed rapidly to and fro to the rhythm of clicking typewriters, while clients went quietly into various rooms and returned, talking, expostulating, exclaiming. "Why, it's simply wonderful!" and "It's the best idea yet!" as they departed.

Bernard watched all this, rigid, rooted to the spot. Such a staff, such business, such magnitude! As if they were supplying servants for the whole country and importing fresh shipments from abroad! He remained hesitating on the threshold, pallid, disheveled, crushed.

"They'll mistake me yet for a porter," he thought. "Who would think from servants you could build such a business? But, believe me, these cooks and dish-washers know how to dress!" He sat down stealthily beside a rather elderly lady who, smiling kindly at him, inquired, "You're looking for a maid, I suppose?"

"How much would you want a month?" asked Bernard to be sociable.

"I'm here to get a butler, my dear man!" retorted the old lady stiffly.

"Then I got the wrong party," Bernard apologized as he edged to another corner of the room. At this point a smiling, leisurely gentleman appeared in the hallway escorting an apparently satisfied customer out of one of the rear offices. "Well, Mr. Tressler, so it's all right!"

"You bet! Thank you, Mr. Marantz!" Bernard started, smitten.

"Mendel Marantz! Sam Tressler!" he wanted to cry. "Robber! You stole my view at least give me back my customer!" But how could he? What should he? Was it not a different line—one he had discarded? If only his clients had told him they needed help he would have flooded their homes with immigrants without charge, without all this fuss and gilding.

In the meantime Tressler had passed out, and as Bernard turned to pursue him he beheld Morris Feitel pass in the opposite direction with Mendel Marantz. Bernard stopped, in a quandary. Should he run after the one or wait for the other? Two deals in the palm of his hand! "Nearly!" he thought he heard Nadelson say, and he sank dejected into a chair. "Still, you don't know Bernard Shnaps!" he exclaimed to a startled old man beside him and lit a cigar.

"WELL, what's on your mind?" asked Mendel heartily as Feitel and he seated themselves in his private office.

"I'll tell you," said Feitel, taking off his gloves. "I got a house with twenty-four rooms and six baths on Fifth Avenue and we need at least four maids, a butler, a cook, two valets, and a janitor, but all we could get is one Japanese footman who gives us the whole day tea to drink! Maybe you would get us the help?"

Mendel bent over confidentially.

"Mr. Feitel, what is help? Bah, tm. It's hard to find. That's the last thing I can do for you is to get you help!" Feitel rose surprized.

"Then what kind of a employment agency you got here? If I don't get no help I got to give up my house!"

"Why don't you?" Mendel acquiesced.

"That's a good one!" Feitel sneered. "Who'll buy it?"

"I will." Feitel sat down again.

"Eh—eh!" he laughed. "You're making fun from me!"

"I'm not," said Mendel. "But what'll you do after you sell it?"

"I'll build another one!" answered Feitel. "Then you'll have the same trouble all over again! What is a house? A cripple. It's got to have help. And what is help? Life savers. They're never around!"

"So what shal. I do?" cried Feitel.

"Move in in a high-class apartment with service," Mendel suggested. "What is servant troubles? Bad colds. If you live in the right place they don't exist."

"And where is such a place?"

Mendel opened a box of cigars and Feitel took one.

"You should know, Mr. Feitel, here is an employment agency where we give you service without servants! We run high-class apartment-houses where it's three shifts like in a plant. The steward is the chief engineer, and every servant is got a title like a superintendent and a foreman in a factory. What is human nature? A bill of fare. You like it better if it's fancy names. Nowadays servants have a union and they want to work for a boss, not for a master! They like to eat home with their families instead of in the cellar at the servants' table. They're working people, not serving people. What is work? A steam-roller. It makes us all level!"

"That's true," Morris Feitel admitted resignedly. "Then I suppose I got to take that ten-room apartment with three baths and service and be satisfied, ah?"

"It's better a small flat like that with service than a whole house with headache. What is comfort? A cushion. It don't have to be big to be soft!"

The necessary arrangements were duly made. Mendel gave a binder on Feitel's Fifth Avenue home, and Feitel signed a lease for a "flat" in one of the new "apartments" conducted by the M M. Employment Agency.

"One thing I don't understand," Morris Feitel objected at last. "If my house is so good to me, what good is it to you?" Mendel smiled.

"You should have asked me that before you made the price! There's another half to this business," he explained. "We have a downtown branch—the M M. Renting Agency—there we handle dozens of houses like yours. What's an idea? An oil-well. You can't tell from the top how deep it reaches! And what is a house? A son-in-law. You either pay it right off or you keep on paying all your life! You should know, Feitel. If you put a house on its feet it puts you on yours. But when you take a twenty-four-room building with six baths and feed it on a one-family diet, it's got to starve and you need servants, like nurses, to keep it alive!

"So we make from your mansion a lot of two- and three-room flats with bath and kitchenette and we rent them out from our down-town office, on the East Side, where it's like social welfare work to let them have homes on Fifth Avenue for a hundred and a quarter a month!

"And that's the way—we're moving the rich into 'tenements' and the poor into mansions! What is housing? A filing system. You got to know where to put people!"

"That's some real-estate business!" cried Morris Feitel as the stupendous scope of the whole idea broke like a sun-shower upon him. "Who would think servants got anything to do with real estate?"

"More than the owners. Because you needed a servant you had to sell your house and sign a lease!"

"Mendel, when it comes to business you got a head like a gold watch. It's full with wires and springs!" he clicked in amazement. "You bought my house for ten thousands dollars less than it's worth now when I know what it's for," he added dolefully, as Mendel accompanied him into the anteroom.

"Well, Bernard?" Mendel hailed his brother-in-law, "Maybe you came for a servant?" But Bernard, disillusioned when Feitel flourished his lease, "It's a fake the whole business!" Bernard cried indignantly, but his envy proved master. "Such a deal! And I wasn't in it?"

"What a business? Chicken. Some get the meat and some the bones!"

"I didn't even get the plucked feathers! Then he caught sight of somethings to Mendel. "When you asked me to get you a servant why didn't you tell me it's such a big scheme behind such a little commission? I'm a man like that—I like to be broad-minded. I would have listened to you!"

"What is opportunity? An opera-singer She don't like to give encores! And what is business? Fishing. You're either rod tackle, or bait!"

"SARAH, I don't want to look on his face again! Never!"

"But, Mama, he came for you!"

Tell him to go!"

"But this is my house."

"Then I'll go!" Zelde drew herself up and walked stiffly to the door. "Well?"

"I get it for you!" Mendel said triumphantly as he stood in her way.

"Pooh!" Zelde cried, overcome by the shock. But she refused to parley save through her daughter. "If needed a servant so he had to start a whole agency, and now after he spended a fortune—a hundred dollars, maybe—I guess he got one!"

"Even now I didn't," Mendel confessed shamefacedly. Zelde's features hardened.

"You see?" she frowned, looking stern), at Sarah. "So what did he get, ask him!"

"A double house for us with Sarah."

"Oh! Mendel!" Zelde exclaimed, swept completely off her guard. But she warded against an embrace. "You're such a liar!"

"What's a cure? A doctor. She makes the right diagnosis!" Mendel conceded. "But you're the wrong case!"

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What Boys Owe

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The fame of these delicious flakes spread to every country. The mothers of some fifty nations bought them for their children.

Quaker Oats became the favorite brand wherever mothers feed their children oats.

The result is that millions of boys and girls have gained a new love of oats.

They have eaten oats in plenty, because Quaker Oats made the dish so delightful.

Those children were better fed, for the oat is the food of foods. They supply 16 needed elements, including 12 minerals which a child must have.

There are countless robust children, many rugged men and women, who owe their health and strength in part to these flavory Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

Chosen by children the world over

All the world over, children today are choosing Quaker Oats to take home.

They know and love this flavor.

You can get them anywhere by asking for Quaker Oats. And the cost, despite this quality, is less than a cent a dish.

Always remember that.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

THE STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Sulina, and with them were a half dozen gendarmes, carbines on their shoulders, headed by a gold-bescangled officer.

While the engine was being repaired a tent was raised and the Roumanian flag was unfurled. Seating himself behind a table also covered with the red, yellow, and blue flag, the officer opened court. Naye, who spoke the Tatar tongue, was asked to act as interpreter. The whole male population of Kars Murat, young and old, was herded together. One by one they were brought before the officer and asked whether they knew who had perpetrated the crime. The answer was as expected. No one knew.

The officer, speaking through Naye to the assembled crowd, then said that he gave them till Thursday to deliver the culprit; after which he would proceed to inflict justice as he saw fit. And he warned that he was going to be very severe, while if the culprit was delivered he would be very lenient with him.

The Tatars departed sullenly to their huts. Late in the night the whistle of the engine shrieked triumphantly. The machine had been repaired. Naye and Para were happy to hear the piercing noise. He did not feel as his wife's people felt; he did not feel with them. He rose from his couch and went to see the engine work. He even helped with the stretching of the new belt and worked with the mechanicians the whole night long to help put the engine in shape. He did not notice, early the following morning, that his neighbors did not answer his greetings.

ON THE third day the officer assembled the Tatars of Kara Murat before his hut and told them that one-twentieth of their huts were to be burned down to the ground that same evening unless the guilty ones were given up. The Tatars returned to their huts. No one knew whose house was to be burned. Some of the people emptied their huts of all the belongings to save something from the impending disaster. Others made shift themselves in and waited for the fatal hour.

An hour before sunset a hundred gendarmes in gaily-colored uniforms, with drawn swords and riding spirited horses, drew up in a circle around the village. Just at the hour of prayer the bugle was blown. For the last time the officer asked of the assembled populace that the guilty ones be delivered to the law. There being no answer, five huts were chosen at random, were thoroughly soaked in kerosene, and set on fire while the soldiers kept vigil to see that this punishment was carried out fully.

At first the fires burned brightly, then they settled down to a slow smoldering and a crackling and sizzling. Para and Naye, holding on to one another, had trembled in fear lest their hut should be one of the five.

But the rising flames, instead of having the desired effect, only fanned more active hatred in the hearts of the Tatars against the intruders.

All the old Asiatic lust for destruction, all that had been asleep since the days of Tamerlane, awoke at the sight of the leaping flames and dense clouds of smoke. The naked swords of the gendarmes, instead of scaring them into submission, aroused them, stirred them, made them think of their own yataghans that hung over the fireplaces in every hut. But there were too many gendarmes. Caution was necessary.

For a full week after that night there was no quiet. The watch around the engine-room had been doubled, and it was thought that the punishment had been the very thing. And even Naye thought so, and answered the question of the officer as to what was said by the Tatars.

"They don't say anything. They do not know who did it. It's a great loss: five huts."

But the younger element of Kara Murat could not withhold their hatred any longer, for on the eighth night after the five houses had been burned two houses of the new Roumanian hamlet were set on fire. Naye was in great despair when he saw the white houses burning in the night. He knew what was to happen. This time there was no question and no delay. The following night ten Tatar houses were burned down by the gendarmes. While the flames were dancing, some of the younger Tatars, unable to control themselves, fascinated by the flames, drew up their horses round the burning huts and rode at top speed round and round about them, shouting and yelling all the old-time imprecations against the giaours.

For more than a month afterward there was quiet in Kara Murat. As the soldiers remained in the Roumanian settlement Naye had to go afar to get provisions for the two hundred and more people, including the workmen. To his wife's people had little to sell, and refused to sell what they had. Such errands frequently took the young giaour too far away; thus he was frequently compelled to stay away nights. And when he returned he was too busy to have much time for social intercourse with his wife's people, too absorbed to understand their attitude toward himself. The beautifying of the hut was his chief concern. The more colored rugs and silks he could obtain for it the happier he was, and the more Para loved him.

The Tatars began to look upon him as one of the enemy's camp, for was he not seen with them from early morning to sundown? And when he was away he was always working for them. Some began to say covertly that Selim was responsible for all the misfortunes; that, had he refused to give his daughter in marriage to a giaour, had he not been so greedy for a few pieces of gold and a few rings, the Roumanians, unable then to find food and fodder, would have departed and abandoned the quarry.

Selim indirectly and Naye directly were the cause of all the misfortunes; the noise and the gritting stone powder in the pots and in the ears, the nose, and the teeth. All this was muttered silently. Neither Naye nor Para noticed the change of attitude in their neighbors. They were too happy in loving one another, feathering their mud nest with colorful things, to notice the dark, sullen faces about them.

Late one night Naye, who had gone out to see why one of the horses in the shed adjoining the hut was neighing, saw smoke rise from the Roumanian settlement. Two huddled figures were stealthily returning to the Tatar camp. In the clear, sudden light of a tongue of flame leaping in the air against the clouded sky he recognized the bearded faces of the culprits. A terrible anger against them made him want to fly at their throats, but he controlled himself and entered his hut.

"Osman and Kahil have set fire to a giaour house," he told his wife, awakening her from her slumbers. "There will be trouble with the authorities again. Maybe they will burn the whole village this time."

"You must not tell the giaours who did it!" Para clutched at him.

Naye hid his face and sobbed. "Why do you people do such things?"

She trembled in fear as she listened to the whistle of the engine that had suddenly begun to shriek. The fire was quickly put out. But the following morning the gendarmes came and arrested the two guilty Tatars. The watchman had seen their faces in the light of the same flame in which Naye had recognized them. Twenty Tatar houses were burned that night. And the Tatars, instead of being humbled, subdued, were only aroused. A dozen of the younger men set upon two gendarmes. There was a scuffle and blood flowed freely.

Half of Kara Murat was already destroyed by that time. For a house in the Roumanian settlement ten Tatar huts were burned. And no one knew until the last minute which of the houses would be destroyed. A few days later the watchman of the engine-shed was found stabbed. Again the gendarmes came. This time they set fire indiscriminately to house after house, driving the people out first at the point of the naked sword.

Naye and Para trembled with fear. They had worked so hard to beautify their hut. It was piled high with green-silk cushions and feathered divans and piles of Damascus and atlas and rugs and forsans. And the window was painted so brightly and the door so gaily! Their hut was spared! When one of the gendarmes wanted to set fire to it the lieutenant interfered. "Leave this hut. It belongs to Naye, the Tzigany." Four huts on each side had been burned to the ground.

WHEN Naye opened his door the following morning what had been a village a few months before was only a mass of ruins. Only a dozen of crooked chimneys, like beaks of crows hiding in straw-clouds, were still in existence. Horses, cows, goats, and fowl of all kinds were running wild about the grounds. Sheds, stable, and granaries had been destroyed. The smoke had driven the bees back into the hives, where they ate the honey they had distilled for months.

Naye had been awake the whole night. He had been thinking searchingly. The Tatars were wrong, but the Roumanians were not doing the right thing either. He was first going to speak to his own people, to the people he had adopted as his own. He was going to explain to them that the others were the masters, the rulers; that the country belonged to them; that it was folly to fight against them. They had thousands of soldiers and gendarmes; swords and guns and cannons. Then, when he had succeeded in making that clear to them, he was going to have speech with the authority on the other side, and to him he was going to explain what the Tatars felt. And then they would establish a truce on both sides. The mud huts could be rebuilt rapidly enough. They could use broken slabs of limestone for the purpose, and for the asking.

Before Winter half of the village could be restored in a more or less temporary way. People could crowd when necessary. The sheds for the animals had to be restored. Cattle had to be taken care of. He was willing to house his father-in-law with his two wives. Others could do likewise with their relatives. In a short time they could again be happy. There was trade for all of them. The other settlement, the Roumanian one, was bound to grow. How he loved his hut! Coming home to it was his greatest joy. His people, the Tziganes of Canara, half-settled rovers, loved their huts, and the homecoming had always been great joy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

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What the outdoor life of the girl of today is teaching all women

Why their skin

does not coarsen or lose its freshness in spite of the way they treat it

Read about the method many modern girls use to keep their skin always so delightfully smooth and young

When girls started on their headlong career of swimming, golfing, riding and motoring, they were warned they would eternally ruin their complexions.

But they just did not. After several years of sports and parties their skin remains soft and fine. The modern girl still has the kind of complexion men bow to, fascinatingly fresh and smooth.

Because, as she would say, she goes in for taking care of it.

This is one thing the modern girl has proved for women once and for all time. Dirt and exposure, even the extreme kind, need not coarsen and age the skin. Give it the kind of care it needs, the *two indispensable things* on which a skin keeps young and smooth, and your skin will be fresh and lovely for years.

The exquisite cleansing. The delicate, yet sure protection. Every year thousands of young girls are finding that the two entirely different creams, which Pond's developed for these two indispensables to skin loveliness, are truly marvelous in results. No other method leaves them so free from worry about the weather or gives them the same wonderful feeling that their complexion is *exactly right.*

Two creams so wonderful millions of women want them

A cleansing cream so delicate and light it leaves not a trace of cream on your fresh skin. Then another cream that finishes with an exquisite, dainty smoothness and guards from every coarsening influence.

Because these two creams, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, meet these daily needs of the modern woman's care of her skin so much more exquisitely than she could have dreamed, actually millions of jars of them are used every year by women in the United States alone.

Ruth Roland, who does so much outdoor work, says that Pond's Cold Cream gives a light cleansing that leaves her face very soft and supple. And that she uses the Vanishing Cream to prevent any roughness through the day. Also that powder clings to it so that there is no danger of a shine.

Elizabeth Hines, who plays so charmingly in "Little Nellie Kelly," states that Pond's Two Creams can be depended on to keep the skin youthfully fresh and smooth. She also says, "The Vanishing Cream not only prevents any roughness, but imparts a lovely freshness that lasts through the day. And the Cold Cream Cleansing leaves my face very clear and soft and with such a feeling of freshness."

Try this famous method

Every night. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. *Do this twice.* The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! Your powder "powders" evenly on this smooth base. It clings longer than ever before. The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

Use this method regularly every night and morning to counteract every day's exposure to dirt and weather. And after any special exposure, a motor or railroad trip, a morning at the shore, give your skin a special daytime cleansing and freshening. If you do this you will not need to worry about your face growing roughened. It will stay fresh and smooth for years.

Begin tonight. Buy both Pond's Creams in jars or tubes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Elisabeth Hines—Photo by White Studio, New York

Ruth Roland—Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser, Los Angeles

removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness

defies exposure—finishes and holds the powder

Every skin needs these two creams

Defy the troubles that mar your skin

Give it the two things that every skin must have to be fresh and smooth

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. But the process is so gradual that except on specially severe occasions you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. For the insidious everyday exposure that attacks every woman, use the same fine protection and exquisite cleansing that would save your skin from the excessive damage of a long motor ride or a day on the beach. Keep your skin properly oiled by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection. This method will prevent your skin from drying out, will keep it smooth and young for years.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must protect yourself from all exposure and keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly and keep it from scaling and peeling. Then it will not develop little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the exposure of the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally, prevent your skin from drying out again. Always carry a tube with you on motor trips to counteract their drying, ageing influence.

Accumulation of dirt and oil in the pores

This is the trouble of an oily skin. Oil accumulates in your glands and attracts dirt and bacteria—dust that blows into your face when motoring, or the daily soot of city streets. Your complexion is dulled, disfigured. It has an oily shine. For this condition you need specially careful cleansings. Pond's Cold Cream is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Cleanse this way every night and always after any motor or railroad trip, and you will avoid a dull, muddy skin. Then every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can use plenty of it, because it has no oil. See how this cream keeps your face fresh right through the day and how wonderfully it holds your powder. You need never worry about a shine.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
119 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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¶Mud spots, dirt ground into the fabric or leather, grease spots or grass stains—they are all one to Barton's White Dyanshine.

A little of the liquid on a clean cloth. A few seconds of gentle rubbing. Repetition of this perhaps if a spot is obstinate. And the work is done. The shoe is *clean.*

Dirt and grease are not covered up. It is taken out. You can see it on the cloth. The same principle effective in cleaning fine garments has been applied to your shoes.

Barton's White Dyanshine will clean shoes—and clean them *clean.*

Barton's White Kid
DYANSHINE

A superior preparation for cleaning white leather. Guards the shoe against turning yellow. Keeps the surface even in color and full of lustre.

Barton's White Canvas
DYANSHINE

Adapted especially for use on shoes of white fabric. A thorough cleanser and whitener combined. Works quickly without shrinking or stiffening the cloth.

A liberal patty bag of whitener with each bottle of the White Canvas. This is for whitening the shoe when it doesn't need cleaning.

Dyanshine is also available in black and popular shades of tan and brown. Avoid imitations Be sure you get Barton's.

Manufactured only by
BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
WACO, TEXAS, U. S. A.

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50¢ *Priced as other Dyanshine Polishes*

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

In Praise of LADY MARGERY

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And, besides, she could not see new servants in the old house. The maids were as much part of the place as the portraits of dead Kyteleers on the wall. They had blended into a mellow composition. They all loved her in their queer selfish way, depended on her for vitality. She could hardly go on visits any more, so much did they grumble. "Sure it isn't to England you'd be going, my lady, and the grand house you have of your own!" And not only the servants, but the old drowsing dog, Sheila, the little Scottie bitch, who was drawing on fourteen years old and nearly blind, and the foxhound puppies, who waited for her when she wasn't there, and ancient Fenian, the old steeplechaser, who was near ending his days. All these laid imploring hands on her.

The mother she had not known, the Countess dying when Margery was not yet two, and the Earl had never married again. But the house had been a mother to her. The deep drawing-room, the heavy formal dining-room, the little sitting-room so bright. There was no place in the world so comfortable as the drawing-room of Mount Kyteler in the Winter evenings, with the portraits blinking in the light of candles in their silver sticks and the glimmer of the sea-coal in the grate. And her own room at night, on moonlight nights, whence she could see Dublin Bay shine silver and the dark trees bending in the breeze from Three Rock Mountain.

Every tree she knew; every tree had for her a personality. The copper beech was friendly and kindly, the rowan-trees aloof but kindly, the oaks majestic but clumsily kindly; the apple-trees were smiling. All the flowers she knew, and she shrank. They had seen her stumble as a child of two, they had seen her rollick as a child of seven, they had seen her dream at ten, and grow ugly at twelve, and grow pretty in her late teens, and at twenty beautiful, and now beautiful and assured.

In no other country than Ireland, in no other city than Dublin, could such beauty and grace exist in an old house. They would have fêted her, made merry with her, married her. A young beauty in an ancient house with gracious servants. But in Ireland a great beauty has so many competitors for the songs of the poets, the passion of the young men. There is the biting excitement of treason, politics charged with lightning. There are the far places of the world calling to Irish adventurers. There are careers calling for vitality and ambition. And what young woman dare resign all to bother poets when there are great purple mountains to enthrall them, and wooded glens and the crashing sea? And winds like red wine. The brooding of great romantic ghosts. And an Irish poet is not a pale man to be comforted by women, but a lithe, muscular man with a sword.

ALSO in Ireland is little marriage or giving in marriage, if we except the peasantry and the very poor. The young men spread their wings to go abroad, and when they return it is usually with a foreign bride, so that there are convents innumerable in that country, also many mad women at large, as in politics. Unless a girl is very rich she has little chance of a happy marriage. A title may help her, curates and estates always help, and there's a belief that the daughters of Eurls will help them to preferment; also it sounds well, they think—the Reverend Septimus and Lady Jones, Captain and Lady Plantagenet Murphy. There are sadder things in Ireland than the sounding skies.

But tho the right of marriage may be often denied them, young Irish girls have always their inalienable right of dreams. Soft winds and nodding flowers and sun going down on the western hills, and with the twilight comes always a love. Out of the blue twilight and soft wind they weave a magical life of love that will be always young, of a man that will be ever kind, of little dark children and loyal friends, of the pageantry of foreign cities, of triumphs for their beauty and charm and sensability. The skies are always blue in their dreams, and tragedies there are none, nor any sordidness. And they grow old so peacefully in their dreams, so gracefully, and death comes so gently, so kindly—the lover always by, always young, always loving. Out of the blue twilight and soft wind they dream their dreams, and they never notice that the blue of the twilight has become a threatening black, and the soft wind has withdrawn in itself with the set sun, as a flower does, and all of a sudden it has grown cold, damp, and lonely and cold.

The dream of Margery was around Mount Kyteler. It seemed to her that the house, and the garden and the trees, and the old servants, and the drowsing dogs, and the ancient steeplechaser out to grass were all part of the French nursery rime—*"Le Belle au Bois Dormant"* ("The Beauty in the Sleeping Wood"). And one day the princely lover would come, breaking through the hedge of dark stillness, and Mount Kyteler would bloom again. The backs of the gardeners would straighten and the maids become young again. And by some strange magical process the steeplechaser would again win races, and the old dog win ribbons, and all of a sudden stumble under the tall trees, as she had stumbled twenty years before. All this would happen with the coming of the prince, all this she could see, but his features she could not plainly see. Only she knew this, that his face would be shining with love and smiles.

SO THAT when she met him she did not recognize him at first, nor for many days afterwards. On his face were puzzlement and a frown. A clean-cut, red-headed man, he was standing in the road on a frosty November morning, when she was out walking a brace of foxhound puppies. The puppies seemed delighted at the sight of him, all but tearing the leash from her hand.

"Could you tell me," he asked, "where Tallaght is?"

"You're in Tallaght," she said.

He looked incredulously at the scattered houses.

"Is this——"

"Yes. Is there any place in particular you're looking for?"

"No," he said, "just Tallaght."

"Well, you have Tallaght." She laughed a little at his rueful expression. "You seem puzzled."

"I am," he laughed. "For many years, when I was a child, I have been hearing about Tallaght, and it had assumed tremendous proportions for me, and now——"

"Abroad?"

"Yes."

"Australia?"

"No. America."

"What are you looking for? The old homestead?"

"No," he said; "I don't think there ever was an old homestead. There might have been a little cabin somewhere, but it wasn't here." He laughed. "I'll tell you. My father was an old Fenian, and he was at Tallaght when they gathered to descend on Dublin, but for some reason or other the battle was not fought, nor the enemy driven into the sea, nor anything. And my father, with a lot of others, fled to America. And I had a impression of a mountain-pass and camp-fires and great guns."

"It rained all night, didn't it? Did your father say?"

"No, he never mentioned the rain."

She liked this man, she told herself directly. The big, clean look of him, his gray eyes and red hair, his splendid teeth. Also there was something about him so easy. He was Irish; no mistaking that. But pleasant, fine Irish. It was not always you met them pleasant and sincere. And this man was sincere. This man was not inimical. They would make a nice pair, she thought simply, he big and clear-eyed and red, herself slim and dark.

"Could I bother you again?" he asked. "How do I get to the railway station?"

"I'm going that way, if you care to come."

There was a nice chivalry about him; she felt that as they walked together. Was that American, she wondered?

"May I ask you something? Are most Americans like you?"

"Yes," he said, "of course."

She was puzzled. She had an impression that all Americans were called "Silas and twanged "I guess." Also they chewed gum. There was something wrong.

"You guess," she called Silas, are you?"

"No, Richard. Did you think all Americans were called Silas?"

"Something like that," she admitted. And they looked at each other and laughed. She had a joyous feeling that the maids at home would disapprove of this strongly. And that the old gardeners would tremble with rage. But the dogs approved.

"What sort of time are you having in Ireland?

"Not so good," he admitted. "I've been here a week, and the only friends I've made are cab-drivers. And I have a bowing acquaintance with a head waiter."

"Cab-drivers are good fun," she ruminated.

They were at the station now.

"Look here," she said suddenly as she was leaving, "if you are having a rotten time like that in Dublin, and know nobody, it must be lonely! I wonder——" she looked at him doubtfully. "Look here, if you'd care to, come out and see me at Mount Kyteler—my name's Kyteler. There are dogs and horses and an old house you might like to see."

"May I? Thanks. My name's O'Conor. I'll come, then. Mr. Kyteler."

"Lady Margery Kyteler."

"Do I call you all that? Lady Margery Kyteler?"

"No. Just Lady Margery."

"Lady Margery! That's nice."

WHEN he came, he came with a great armful of flowers which Margery received with a smile and courtesy, and turned over to Rose Anne. He seemed scrubbed, so glistening was he How like an old friend he was, with his firm hand-shake and laughing eyes!

"Now," he said, "I'd like the worst over."

"What is the worst?"

"Oh, meeting people. Your relatives. The Lady This and the Lady That, and the Countess, and the Duke. Above all, the Duke."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

MAE MARSH
Wearing Famous "One Hour Dress"
(From original painting by Kriyahoff)

Do you want a dress like Mae Marsh's?

Let us tell you free *how to make it—in an hour!*

THE "One Hour Dress" has created a sensation! Newspapers throughout the country have published pages and pages about it, hailing it as evidence that this season dressmaking at home has come into its own again.

The "One Hour Dress" can be made in one hour and the only expense, of course, is for materials. In silk, it makes a charming afternoon or street dress at a total cost of $6 or $7—value at least $15. In gingham, it makes a dainty home dress at a cost of $1.50—value $3 or $4. And in print or lawn, it can be made for as little as 60 cents—a splendid $2 value.

The "One Hour Dress" was designed by the Woman's Institute as proof that with the proper instructions you really can make pretty, becoming dresses at wonderful savings, right in your own home. It is just one example of the amazingly simple methods in the

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PROVE to yourself, without obligation or expense, how easy it is to make your own clothes. Let us send you *—free—*the booklet containing complete, detailed, illustrated instructions for making the "One Hour Dress," and also the full story of the New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. Simply send this coupon or a letter or postal to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 2-U, Scranton, Penna., and both will come to you by return mail.

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- ☐ How to Design and Make My Own Clothes
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In Praise of LADY MARGERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"There are none," she said. "I live here by myself."

"All by yourself, in this big house?"

"Yes."

"Might I ask. Are you married?"

"N-o-o," she pondered. "Um, no."

He looked at her incredulously. He had never seen any one, he thought, so beautiful in his life. The small face, the soft and sweet and smiling dark eyes, the hair like a perfumed dark cap on a head whose sweet shape he could imagine. And the supple figure in the frock that was close in the bosom and belled like a dancer's from the waist down.

"These old pictures, some of them are good," she smiled. "That's Gilles de Kyteler—not the one who came with Strongbow, but a later one. And that's Fulke Kyteler, who rebelled with Silken Thomas, and tried to burn the Archbishop of Cashel in his own cathedral. They were very disappointed when they found the Archbishop had slipped out. And that," she pointed to a polished oval of black stone, framed in antique silver, "is Dame Alice Kyteler's magical mirror. She was the greatest of the Irish witches."

SHE gave him tea and listened to him talk of America and of his work there. He was some sort of engineer, building bridges. She got an impression of him standing on an edifice of some kind, with plans in his hand, directing a whole crowd of workmen. He had been in Brazil and in China.

"You must be a good engineer," she said in her direct way.

"I'm supposed to be a very good engineer," he laughed.

"Do you make a great deal of money?"

"A good deal. Not a great deal."

"I'm glad," she said. He looked at her in surprise. She was dusting her fingers daintily, but her eyes smiled. She was really glad. And he said to himself, "My soul! we're friends."

She brought him into the garden, and he laughed.

"And I brought you flowers."

"Indeed and indeed," she looked him in the eye, and lied sweetly, "I wan I needed them, for it's the devil and all for me to get any flowers out of my own garden. My two old gardeners are that mean! Darby'd begrudge me a daisy for fear it'd leave an unsightly gap in the grass. There he is, watching me for fear I'll pull a leaf. Darby, this is Mr. O'Conor, and I'm showing him the garden."

"If he'd come fifteen years ago, your Ladyship, or even ten years ago, he'd have seen the like would have made his heart glad. But in the latter years, with the bad weather that's in it, now too much rain and now not enough rain at all, and the wind that nothing is a shelter against, and the soil that's growing poor, for all the time that's spent on it, till it's hard to rear anything, even a head o' cabbage itself—m'lady, will you for Heaven's sake leave off pulling at that hedge?"

She took him to see old Fenian in the paddock, and she liked the way he pulled the jumper's ears, ran his firm hand down the fetlocks.

"Was he a great horse?"

"Nearly the greatest of his day," she answered. "He never won a Grand National, but was third in it, and second once. He had a great heart. The people loved him. Kelleher, this is Mr. O'Conor, from America."

"From America, is it, your Ladyship? Oh, sure they've fine horses over there. But they've got to come over for the hunters. Begging your Ladyship's pardon, but was your Honor ever in Kansas City?"

"I was."

"D'your Honor ever meet a man named Hannigan out there? Red Hannigan, they called him, a holy terror for bloody murder, the same man was."

"I don't think so."

"He wasn't as red as your Honor—begging your pardon—but sandy like. And he carried his head on one side on account of a belt in the gob he got in a wee argument out at the Lamb Doyle's."

"He must have gone when I got there."

"He must have, your Honor, or you'd have met him. A genius for horses, the same Red. 'Twas he cured Colonel Nolan's charger of biting. 'Roast a leg of lamb,' he told them, 'and take the end of the oven mad hot, and when he offers to bite,' says he, 'let him bite into that. By Jove! he'll never bite again.' And he never did."

Came at last the time for leaving.

"I wonder," he ventured, "I wonder if I could get you to come in and have dinner and go to the theater. I don't know what kind of a theater it is, but would you?"

How like a flower she herself was, he thought, the white stalk of the dress, the sweet face, the dark head! She frowned. His heart sank.

"I don't see how I could," she said. "I've got to get back here. I usually take the dinners and theaters in a quarterly debauch of one week. No, I don't see how——" His heart sank a little further. Was this definitely good-by?

"No, but I'll tell you what you could do, if you'd care to. Come out on Saturday and take me to the Leopardstown races. I'm sick of going alone." His heart rose

"And come back and have dinner with me instead." His heart sang.

Come, now a day of wonder. Day of Leopardstown, frosty morning and road glistening like pewter, and the grass crackling underfoot, stiff with hoar. The little race-course at the foot of the mountains. Crowds stamping in the friendly cold. The horses jibbing, curving about like jockeys at the starting-wire. Flash of jockeys' colors, gold and green, red and white, all sorts of blue, silky, sea. St. Patrick's. The drop of the flag. The flying wedge of stretching mounts and huddled riders. Thunder of hoofs coming to-junque, hurdling, lightning spring and over, larruping canter toward the next, smack of crop, over, by Heaven! The hedge now and the five-barred gate, and the stretch toward the judges' stand. A mad cheering and the clamping of a great bell. The Favorite's won!

A little hush, a rush to the ring to see the horses for the next race. She wore a great frieze coat, like a man's, and a riding-hat, like a man's too. At a little distance she seemed like a boy in clothes too big for him, and as one came nearer, one noticed, between the collar and the brim of the hat, the sweet narrow neck and the hair gathered up like some very little girl's. There was something heart-pulling in it, like a child's curled fingers.

And then she turned, and her face showed, pointed like a cub fox's. The cheeks flushed with the cold, the lips with a merry smile, her eyes with a deeper smile —there were so many there who knew her, and to whom O'Conor was presented, including an Irish Duchess with a voice like a saw, who rasped, "H' a' yo'?" and then walled, "D'yo' ever see such a God-forsaken bunch o' nobs in all your life?" And a tall, thin Baronet who asked him was he one of the O'Conors of Baltimore, to which he replied, No, that he was one of the O'Conors of Forty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue. "Ah, yes! Ah, yes!"

There was a French cavalry officer buying horses in Ireland, a dark, thin man with a heavy mustache, who looked more like a New York plain-clothes policeman than a hero of Algiers. Also there was Mr. Kelly.

Margery had noticed a great rangy gelding in the ring. He looked to have the power of a steam-engine.

"See?"

O'Conor nodded.

"Flying Fish."

A large red-faced man with a stout ash plant was haranguing.

"Oh, Mr. Kelly!"

"Ah, sure, Lady Margery!"

"Do you know anything of Flying Fish?" She lowered her voice. "Is he a good horse?"

"He is. And he isn't."

"Might he win this race?"

"He might. And he mightn't."

"You're not telling me much."

"I am," he looked wise, 'and I amn't," he looked wiser.

"Good enough," she said. "Come," she told O'Conor.

Bookies crying raucously in the little ring. Signaling of touts. Milling of people.

"I'll lay two to one the field," a bookie was shouting. His eyes were all but out of his cheeks. His shoulders hunched with effort. His voice exploded as the thrown against a wall, and he atomized a fine spray before him. "I'll lay three to one bar one; I'll lay four to one bar two. I'll lay even money Munster Pride. Even money Irish Dragoon. Four to one Little Dorrit. Five to one Carnation. Here, four to one Carnation. Eight to one Murderer's Pet. Twelve to one Irish Gentility. I'll lay seventy to one—seventy to one Thunderbolt. Twenty-five to one Flying Fish——"

"How much, Joe Jack?"

"Is it you, Lady Margery? God love you. I'll lay you thirty to one Flying Fish. How much will you take?"

"Ten pounds worth."

"Three hundred and ten pounds Flying Fish, Lady Margery Kyteler. I hope you win, m'lady. I do every time I'll lay two to one the field. I'll lay three to one bar one. I'll lay four to one bar two——"

DROPPING of flag and clatter of bell. There they were in the distance, flying down the regulation. They rise to the ditch, three abreast. Canter again—the water-jump. The lump becomes a line. And who's ahead? Can you see? Carnation! Ah, my jewel, Carnation! And now the bank. There's a horse down. Thunderbolt. Ah, for Thunderbolt to the same Thunderbolt! Is that the gray ahead? It is so! Is it Flying Fish is in it? Flying Fish it is, and he's running like a hare! 'Tis win in a canter he will. They're coming to the hedge. Ah! what is it, mister? Flying Fish it is, and he stopping dead. A dead stop he's made, and the jockey pasting the ribs out of him. Ah, he's on now, but in the heel of the hunt he is! Carnation! Carnation, ah, my sweet wee lady!

They passed the post. Flying Fish bringing up the rear with a supercilious arrogance.

"Fish!" Margery wrinkled her nose in disgust. "Fish was good."

And "There goes my new hat!" she wailed. And who should pass by but Mr. Kelly. Out of his red face peered an inquisitive gray eye

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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Prettier Teeth

If you fight the film

While you leave teeth coated with a dingy film, their luster cannot show.

Look about you. Note how many teeth now glisten. And mark what they add to good looks.

The reason lies largely in a new method of teeth cleaning. Millions now use it daily. Accept this ten-day test we offer, and learn what it does for you.

Why teeth lose beauty

A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush alone does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

So much film remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the teeth's luster.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why so few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Better methods now

Dental science studied long to correct this situation. It found two film combatants. One of them acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. In that were embodied these two film combatants for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over now advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations are employing it today.

Multiplies two agents

Pepsodent does two other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

This test amazes

This 10-day test of Pepsodent amazes and delights. The results are quick and conspicuous.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

In one week you will realize what this new method means. You will see results which old ways never bring. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT OFF. REG. U.S.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1174

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 83, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

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MISS WOOD IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE CLINGING VINE"

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

AT THE AGE OF "HALF PAST TWO" SHE WAS MARGARET WOOD

MISS WOOD, SINGER AND COMPOSER, AT THE AGE OF FIVE

THE CHILDHOOD OF A STAR

Her Father's Tender and Beautiful Tribute to Peggy Wood

BY EUGENE WOOD

This sketch of a lovely actress was written by her father not long before his death. Mr. Wood's many delightful short stories and sketches, including a volume entitled "Back Home," will be remembered with pleasure by the reader

YOU never before had the chance to read a description of a celebrated actress, written by her own personal father, did you? I thought not. I was present at her positively first appearance, her initial début—if that will make it any stronger.

Every evening at her bedtime, at the age when she began to walk and talk, after I had recited the story of Noah's ark with ritual, word-for-word accuracy, not omitting or scamping Noah's cry, when it came up to rain: "All asho-o-o-ore that's going ashore!" I'd sing to her that tune of Jean Jacques Rousseau's, variously known as "Come, thou fount of every blessing" and "Go tell Aunt Rhody, the old gray goose is dead." It's a good teaching piece. It is only six notes in compass and its time figure is very simple. How many times in all I sang it to her I do not know; it must have run well up into the thousands. But she got it and a sense of tune.

Honestly, this is not the usual prattle of a parent about the smartness of his young one. There is where it all started. She is where she is to-day because of that. Naturally she began to compose her own songs, words and music. One of them was "O Singers!" That was not only the name of it; that *was* it. "Rosy Violet" was another. The faculty of composing her own songs has been lost out in succeeding years. I don't know that I grieve a lot.

This learning to carry a tune was but the offing, so to speak, the sailing out upon the sea from the point of departure. It was when she was about four that I began to set the course for her. We had taken her with us to a matinée performance of "Lohengrin," and as she walked the perilous verge of the stone coping of the neighbors' grass-plots, she clinging to my forefinger, she suddenly piped out the wedding chorus. You know, "Here Comes the Bride." Well sir, that settled it. From then on I steered straight for the Metropolitan Opera House. A prima donna. That's a good trade to put her at. Pays better than stenography, by all accounts.

She heard all the operas I could manage, among them the first performance of "La Bohème" in America. Her mother gave her two yards of pink cheese-cloth to play with, and we two would peek through the door-crack and watch her having an opera all by herself, trailing her cheese-cloth stately, and sticking up her little fat arms, and clasping her pudgy hands, while she shrilled her high notes and kind of gargled her voice like the lady on the stage. It was more than children's cuteness to her mother and me. It was an earnest of the future. Maybe it was foolish of us, but can you blame us?

I started in when my daughter was eight and put her under the best singing teachers I could find, and she has kept at it ever since. Madame Emma Calvé is her latest. Took Peggy into her own château in France and gave her a lesson a day last Summer.

It's nice to have 'em succeed, isn't it? It's nice to have her get such an enthusiastic welcome on the opening night of a new part for her. Translate that into the language that will suit the case of your own son or daughter: it's nice to have her get so many curtain-calls. (How many was that? I'm so excited I've lost count.) It's nice after the matinée to see the alley to the stage-door lined with fluttering flappers waiting for her to come out, to hear the breathless whisper: "There she is!" and to see them float up into the seventh heaven when she smiles at them; it's nice to have her rise to a higher plane of achievement and interpretation with each new part, but all the same, there is in my heart all the time a little bit of an ache that will not cease, however often it is bidden to.

I never can forget the vision that I had when she was just a little girl with her hair in two braids, with her true, clear, facile, little voice canarying through "*Regnava nel silenzio*," and "*Ah forse lui*," and the other pieces in the old "Prima Donna's Album." Away off yonder in the future where the rainbow's abutments rest on the ground I could see her on the Metropolitan stage thrilling the thousands that packed the house and clotted around the rail. I even saved my great-grandmother's spinning-wheel so she might sit at it and spin while she recalled the nice strange gentleman that spoke to her in the market, the scene before. When we had a fire, the spinning-wheel went up in smoke. So has the vision gone.

It isn't as if she wasn't able for it. If she'd just acquire a repertory she could do it "like a mice." I'm positive.

You see, altho the dramatic instructor at Manual Training did say in so many words, "The reason why she doesn't get better parts is that she can't act," it didn't inflict a mortal wound. When she sang *Mabel* in "The Pirates of Penzance," at the age of fourteen, it made such a hit with me that it evened up everything and left a surplus over which I felt "consid'able set up."

Oh, and I want to mention something else, trivial in its time but looming big to her now. She started a novel at the age of nine. It was called "The Elegant Princess." A year later her mother asked her why she didn't finish it.

"Aw, it was too silly," she answered.

See? She inherited enough literary taste from me to know it was no good and ought to be abandoned.

Strange as it may seem, she learned to act in musical

Photo by Ira L. Hill

WHAT CHOICER TYPE OF AMERICAN GIRL COULD BE FOUND?

Photo by Ira L. Hill

PEGGY WOOD IN HER OWN PLAY, "ARTISTS' LIFE"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

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Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Conspicuous nose pores grow larger if neglected"

You cannot conceal Conspicuous nose pores —but you can reduce them

BY a special treatment you can reduce conspicuous nose pores.

On your face the pores are larger than on other parts of the body. On the nose, especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere.

Unless your skin is in an active condition, the fat sometimes accumulates and hardens in these glands, with the result that the pores become enlarged.

Don't let your skin suffer from this very noticeable fault. Begin tonight to use the following treatment, and see what a simple thing it is to correct this trouble:

WRING a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the regular daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will notice a marked improvement. You must not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued neglect. But make this treatment a daily habit, and soon you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin

The treatment given above is only one of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"A Skin You Love to Touch"

These treatments are based on years of scientific study of the skin and its needs. Thousands of girls and women, by using them regularly, have been able to overcome the faults in their complexion, and to build up a fresh, clear, flawless skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet wrapped around it, find the right treatment for *your* skin. Begin using it tonight! Within a week or ten days you will notice the difference it makes — the new brilliance and loveliness it gives your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations — guest size — for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
307 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents — Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 307 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name.....

Street.....

City ..... State.....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

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Keep your hands as young as your face

Smooth, white hands are as necessary and desirable to the woman of today as a fine complexion—and the dish pan, the old enemy of nice hands, has been made friendly by 20 Mule Team Borax Dish Washing Powder.

20 Mule Team Borax Dish Washing Powder is a combination of 20 Mule Team Borax (Nature's Greatest Cleanser and Water Softener) and fine soap, which makes it good for the hands. It leaves them white and smooth instead of red and rough after doing the dishes.

20 Mule Team Borax Dish Washing Powder washes dishes, glassware, silverware, etc. perfectly, quickly and economically.

Keep your hands as young as your face

20 Mule Team Borax Dishwashing Powder

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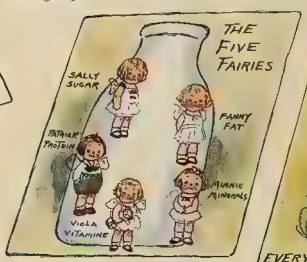
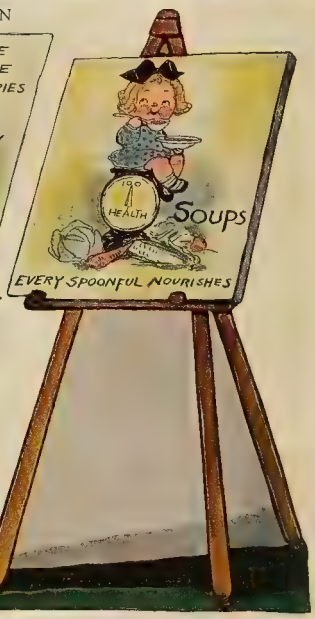
DOLLIE DINGLE SHOWS HOW TO KEEP WELL

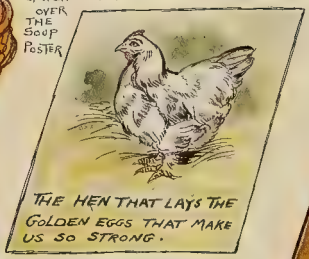
DOLLIE AND THE PIGG BANK
DOLLIE said to Bobby, "Now Just listen and I'll tell you how To save your pennies, one by one
And make big dollars. Oh! what fun! They went into a lovely store. With toys on shelves and walls and floor They bought a little doggie bank, And Fido they will always thank
One day while Dollie crossed a brook She raised her eyes and chanced to look
Upon a child so pale and thin That Dollie cried, "Oh! what a sin! Why, this poor child's so wan and pale It makes me want to sob and wail!"

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

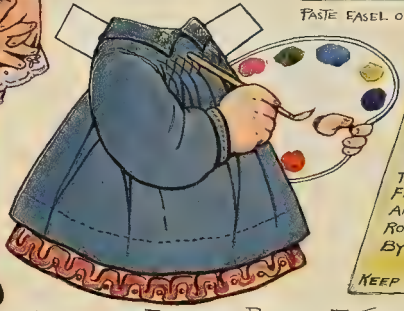




CATCH EACH POSTER WITH PAPER CLIPS OVER THE SOUP POSTER

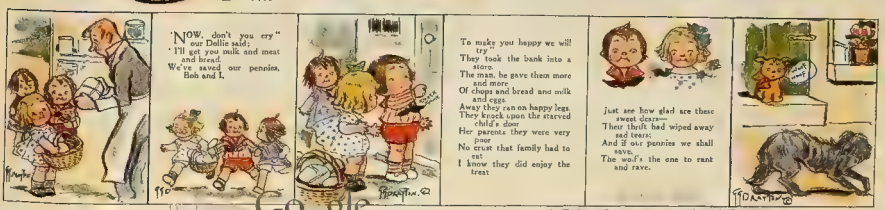


G. G. DRAYTON. ©



PASTE EASEL ON HEAVY CARD-BOARD AND PASTE STAND ON BACK

DOLLIE DINGLE PAINTS HEALTH POSTERS TO TEACH CHILDREN HOW TO KEEP WELL


"NOW, don't you cry" our Dollie said; "I'll get you milk and meat and bread We've saved our pennies, Bob and I,
To make you happy we will try They took the bank into a store. The man, he gave them more and more Of chops and bread and milk and eggs. Away they ran on happy legs. They knock upon the starved child's door Her parents they were very poor No trust that family had to eat I know they did enjoy the treat
Just see how glad are these sweet dears— Their thrift had wiped away sad tears; And if our pennies we shall save, The wolf's the one to rant and rave.

Google

MIMI PALMERI
Photograph by Fach Bros

MISS PALMERI HAS THE LEADING FEMININE RÔLE IN "THE RAGGED EDGE" HAROLD MacGRATH'S NOVEL WHICH HAS BEEN MADE INTO A PHOTOPLAY BY DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORPORATION. SHE PLAYS RUTH ENSCHEDE, BEAUTIFUL, UNSOPHISTICATED DAUGHTER OF A SOUTH SEA ISLAND MISSIONARY THE FATHER HAS ALWAYS DENIED HIS CHILD THE LOVE AND SYMPATHY SHE CRAVED, AND SHE FLEES FROM HIS HOME, BOUND FOR AMERICA. IN CANTON, CHINA, RUTH'S PATH CROSSES THAT OF A YOUNG FUGITIVE FROM THE UNITED STATES AND ROMANCE PROMPTLY ENTERS BOTH OF THEIR LIVES. THAT IS, AFTER TRIALS, TRIBULATIONS, AND SUFFERING CO-STARRED WITH MISS PALMERI IS ALFRED LUNT, FAMOUS OF THE LEGITIMATE STAGE. OTHERS IN THE CAST ARE GEORGE MacQUARRIE, CHRISTIAN FRANKE, AND CHARLES FANG

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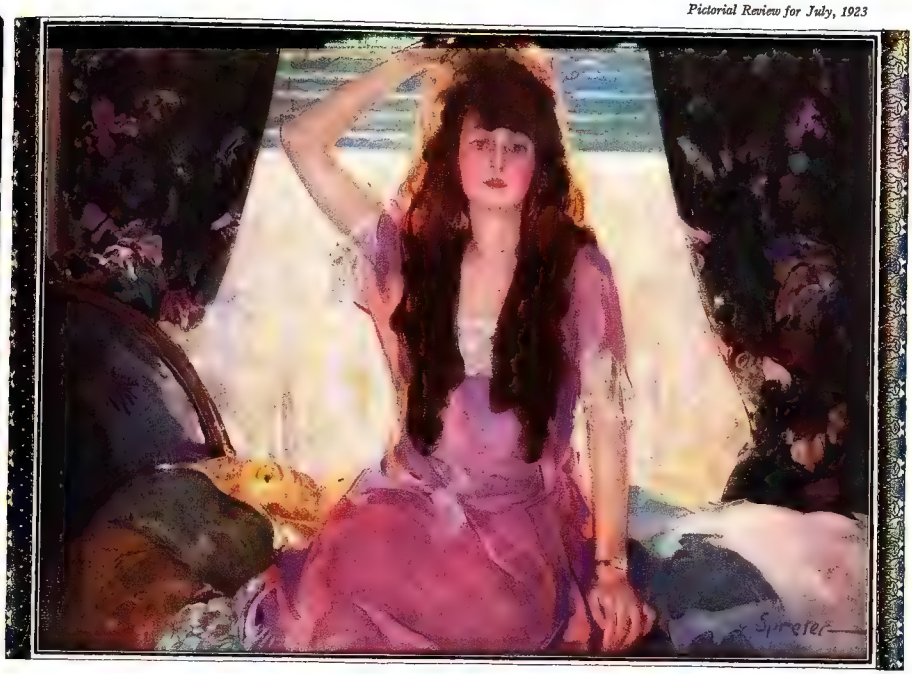

My wife asked me to do this

Now I offer you a new delight —an olive oil shampoo

By V. K. CASSADY, B. S., M. S., *Chief Chemist*

My wife told me she wished someone would invent a shampoo that would not leave hair dry and brittle. She said all women wanted it. And asked me to try my hand—I am chief chemist at Palmolive.

Now I have one—Olive Oil as advised by world authorities on hair beauty.

I should esteem it a favor for you to test it. And then to give me your opinion.

A more gentle way

I found that most shampoos were too harsh; that while they cleaned they took the life and lustre from the hair. Scores of women told me this. And, too, famous specialists of the scalp. So I set out to perfect a thorough cleanser, yet one mild and gentle, which would leave that dainty sheen which adds so to one's charm.

A scientific creation

Thousands of women, many famous beauties, have written me already. They say results are a revelation.

Your hair clean.

The scalp tingling—dandruff-free and healthy.

Yet gleamingly, gloriously alive, immediately after a shampoo!

I think you will thank me for offering this scientific way to you.

PALMOLIVE

SHAMPOO

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Clean Hygienic

Refrigerators Insure Wholesome Food

You are naturally most particular about cleanliness in your refrigerator. Cleanliness means not only clean, but sanitary as well. Old Dutch Cleanser solves the problem of keeping your refrigerator clean, odorless and hygienic.

Old Dutch is so wonderfully efficient because its very fine, flat-shaped particles erase the dirt and wipe it away completely and easily, without scratching, making the surface clean and sanitary. Being a natural cleanser, it contains no hard, sharp grit to make scratches which collect impurities.

These are the reasons, too, why Old Dutch is so economical—a little does so much work. Use it for all cleaning.

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THE STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Coming out of his door, Naye sought out Selim, his father-in-law, and the chief of the tribe.

"I must have speech with our people to-day, my father," he said as soon as he had seen him. He was excited. Fired by the importance of his self-imposed mission, his voice was masterful.

"You shall have it after sundown. I myself shall call them," Selim answered, wondering what had come over his son-in-law.

"Good! Call them all in front of my house after sundown, Father."

THEN Naye went quickly to the Roumanian settlement. "I must see the officer, the captain, the general," he pleaded with the sentinel guarding the door.

"Not to-day, Tzigany. He is not to be disturbed. Two other officers are inside, and they are talking together. They will raze the whole Tatar village to the ground."

"Tell him that I must see him; I must, I must," Naye pleaded.

Then he went among the workmen and spoke to them. "Because two or more fools were setting fires to a few houses it was not right to destroy a whole village," he argued.

"Look at the Gipsy taking the Tatar side!" they scoffed. But he was so earnest, so persuasive, so eloquent, that some of the older workmen began to say that there was some sense in what the Tzigany spoke. The whole day long he spoke.

He cried with hot tears as he explained the Tatar side, the impending misery of the Winter, the death of horses and cows, children in the cold, death and starvation. He spoke to the men who drilled and to the men who manipulated the hand-saws, to the ones who loaded the stones on the two-mule carts and to the ones who chopped wood for the steam-engine. At the end of the day, exhausted, feverish, hoarse, he was convinced that he had gained the others in favor of a truce. The most difficult task was accomplished. He returned home.

Entering his hut, he wondered why Para was so nervous!

"Don't worry, dear; whatever comes, they shall not destroy our nest. The whole day I have been among them to prevent the burning of our hut, and I have begged and cried for the others also"; and as he spoke his eyes embraced in a glance all that his home contained. Para did not answer.

Selim, grown considerably older, curved, bent, as if the woes of the whole world had suddenly descended upon him, unshod himself at his daughter's door, but did not dare enter. Naye waited indoors for a little while, full of buoyant expectancy at first and then wondering why the father of his wife did not appear. He opened the door.

"Why art thou waiting outside, Father?"

Selim replied, not looking at Naye, "I have called, but they will not come to listen to thee."

"Why should they refuse to listen to me when I have only good news to give them?" Naye questioned.

"It is because their faith in you, which was never very strong, has weakened even more of late."

"And why?" Naye asked, standing off so as to bring his full stature to bear upon the old man and his wife.

"It is because you are a stranger, and you see the other people too frequently. It is because my people feel that you are the friend of the others." Selim answered, and his words dragged as if they had long been imprisoned within him.

"Allah be merciful!" cried Para, as she threw herself into her husband's arms.

Naye disengaged himself from her and pushed her into her father's arms.

"Wait outside, both of you, until you see me again," he advised. Then he closed the door behind him as he entered his hut. When he was alone he emptied the kerosene-lamp, the only one in Kara Murat, upon the divans, high with cushions of silks of all colors. He tore down all the hangings, curtains of heavy Damascus cloth and rugs from Smyrna and Tientsin, and made piles of them, strewing them upon the divans. His eyes were full of tears, but his face was set with the decision he had so suddenly taken.

A match cracked. He applied the flame to the silken fringe of a divan. When Naye was certain that the fire had set in he slowly opened the door and faced his wife and her father.

"Man, what have you done?" Selim cried, seeing the bursting flames when Naye came out of the door. The old man wanted to rush inside, to put out the fire. Naye, calm and collected, barred the door.

"Now it will be light enough for me to see the faces of the ones I am speaking to. Go call them outside my door. I have paid for the right to speak to them," Naye answered.

And they came. While the hut burned Naye spoke to the pale faces of the assembled men, who looked up to him like sinners to a saint.

WITHIN the new year a new village was built by the Tatars. When all was restored Naye and his wife departed to live with his own people at Cumars.

In the center of Kara Murat stands a roofless ruin of a mud hut. It is known as "The Stranger's Hut."

THE CHILDHOOD OF A STAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

comedy. You wouldn't think it possible in a form of dramatic entertainment in which, the moment you get lines and a situation that you might make something out of, along comes a music-cue and you have to break off and try to put over a song-hit from Tin Pan Alley.

Shall she keep on with musical comedy or shall she try to break into the straight drama? Opera is out of the question, because even if it were her ambition, her name is not Annunziata Bacigaluppo or anything that remotely resembles it, and that settles that, things being as they are.

She hasn't seen the handkerchief blossom out in "Maytime," in "Buddies," and in "Marjolaine," without learning that she can command her audience's emotions, and can bring the tear of sympathy whenever it is called for. The ambition has risen in her to become one of the world's great actresses. That seems to call for a straight dramatic play, full of appeal to the primal, raw emotions, and seems to contra-indicate a musical comedy with its tinkling prettinesses.

Yes, but shall she deliberately throw out into the alley the voice that she has labored so to get? The people like to hear her sing. Her voice is an asset, yet if it holds her back—

Oh dear! What shall she do? What do you think?

You others, whose children also have their names in electric lights, so to speak, have also had the question asked you: "Aren't you proud to have such a young one?" You know how foolish it makes you feel. It does me. I don't know what to say. In my most unpity moments I may concede to myself that I have given to her an appreciation of what is artistically sound and beautiful. There is always one parent that does that. But you have doubtless noticed that there are generally two parents.

When Opportunity comes along and knocks at our offspring's door we want him or her to be right there with the goods. And what call have I to be proud who could never by example or precept inculcate that in my young one? How can I feel proud when it was the other parent that fixed that habit; that had not only the artistic temperament in every fiber but the judgment and the firmness to say continually: "Now, my lady, you march right back and do your task-work or I'll put you at stenography", that put her foot down firmly that even better than to acquire dazzling waits, a good method of bridge, is to stand in the wings and watch every part so as to be up in it, in case of need.

There was one such parent in this case, and you can pretty well guess who it was. She was the one to be proud. And the consciousness that she had done her part of the job well and truly helped, I know, to smoothe the pillow on her dying bed.

ALL these triumphant openings in successes were discounted long ago by events the public has forgotten or never knew of.

You and the Missus were sitting up waiting for the girls to come home from the theater. You were knitting on that everlasting green sweater, and you combing the evening paper for the last crumb of news. "Most time they were here, isn't it? Ah, here they are now. Well, how'd it go to-night?"

And then you notice that they're both looking kind of solemn. Aunt May especially so. What's the matter?

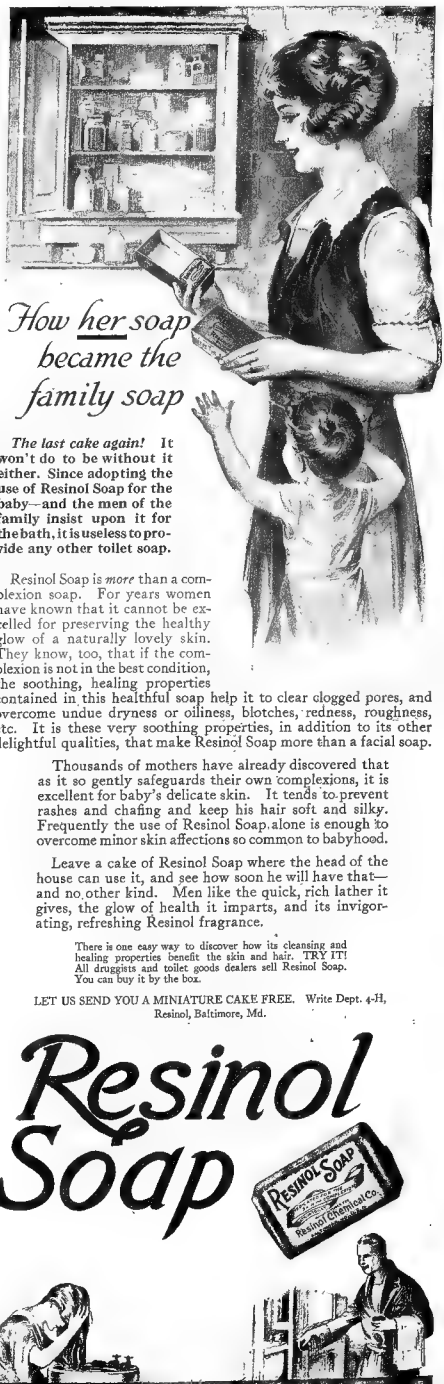
"Oh, nothing much," says the baby, "only I jumped in to-night and played the lead and got away with it. Every laugh that she got was a found one."

And Aunt May, usually so self-possessed, can't keep the tears back any longer. I suppose that you and the Missus say: "Well, well, is that so? Better eat this little bite, and get right to bed. Ho-hum! It's getting late."

Yes, you do. YES, YOU DO! I'll tell you what you do.

You cut such a kind of a whimpering breath while your jaw drops in amaze. Why, the little skeezicks! Why, she's only beginning her second season, and to play *the lead!* You grab her and hug her, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, and making a very poor out at both.

Why, doggone! Tell us all about it! And she tells about it, you acting as if every word were pearls and diamonds, and then you make her go back and tell it all over again.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WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE A CENTURY OR TWO?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

blood were exposed to X-rays of a certain intensity the weak cells were killed while the strong ones remained uninjured.

The German professors made their experiment, and set forth the results—and stopped. Where they stopped Professor Pearl began.

"Impaired cells can be killed by X-rays," he mused. "Cells are potentially immortal. We should live forever—or indefinitely at least—if it were not for the impaired cells that break down the good ones."

Was it possible that the German professors had unconsciously shown him the way to do for human beings what Dr. Carrel had done for a piece of chicken embryo? Could the disadvantages of life in a highly specialized body be overcome by turning X-rays on impaired cells and killing them before they could kill the whole body?

Professor Pearl wondered. He had always believed that the normal limits of life were fixed by heredity; that we either did or did not inherit a strong, well-balanced physical machine; that if the machine were weak it soon broke down, but that in any event the wear and tear of life would in a hundred years or so break down the strongest machine. But the discoveries of Carrel and others with regard to the potential immortality of cells extended his horizon. Doubts began to peep over the rim. Was it true, after all, that man must inevitably soon die? Was the greatest of all scientific miracles destined to be performed in his own field of biology?

The news of what two German professors had been able to do with X-rays therefore hit a hot spot in Professor Pearl's mind. Convinced as he was, that cells that are potentially immortal are killed by other cells that break down, it at once occurred to him to see if he could not employ X-rays to kill weakened cells before they killed the whole body. He would not experiment upon human beings, of course. The experiment would be too dangerous, and, furthermore, their normal span of life is too long. He wished to observe what effect X-rays would have, if any, in prolonging life, not only of a single generation, but of many generations. So banana-flies were employed as subjects and the experiment begun. A banana-fly normally lives about as many days as we do years; it is old at seventy days.

It is too early yet to say more of this experiment than that it is under way and that the results so far are encouraging. Professor Pearl says that it is an experiment that may take twenty years to complete, but results have come in much less time. To state the nature of the task is sufficient to indicate its complexity.

If Professor Pearl's experiment shall eventually prove successful it will mean that as rapidly as we develop weakened cells in our organs we may have the cells killed before they kill us and replaced by the division of strong cells. Cells grow by dividing and forming new cells. If the strain of life in our specialized, complex body should impair some of our lung-cells X-rays would remove the worn cells while nature furnished new ones. The problem would be to detect worn cells and destroy them before they could impair our other potentially immortal cells. To develop the technique for the performance of such operations would require an enormous amount of experimentation, but if the reasoning be correct the technique can be achieved.

"NATURAL death, as distinguished from 'accidents,'" said Professor Pearl, "occurs normally and necessarily only in animals composed of many cells. Organisms composed of a single cell seem do not die. They are immortal. . . . We may therefore say that normal death is a comparatively recent development upon earth. Normal death is the price we pay for having complex bodies in which there are many groups of highly specialized cells.

"The cells themselves are potentially immortal. We know this from many experiments. Dr. Woodruff kept a group of cells alive for 8,500 generations without loss of cellular vitality. If the life of the cellular generation had been the same as that of man it would have represented a period of about a quarter of a million years. That is why we say that cells are, in themselves, immortal. Time has no power to impair them. We die because the strain on one group finally breaks it down. The other groups are thrown into more or less disorder, but try to accommodate themselves to the changed situation. But they are able to do this only for a time. Eventually the disorder within the body becomes too great and death comes.

"We did not always know this. It was believed that the lapse of time impaired cells. In youth the nucleus of a nerve-cell is fat and plump; in old age it is shrunken. This was believed to be the effect of age. It is not. It is the result of trying to maintain cellular life in a complex, specialized body.

"An entirely new aspect was placed upon death when Loeb, Burrows, Carrel, and others demonstrated that cells are potentially immortal. The problem of maintaining life indefinitely if not forever is only one of preventing one group of cells from breaking down and harming other groups. Cells properly placed where they can not be injured do not die. Burrows demonstrated that a chicken embryo's heart-muscles beat rhythmically when placed in a culture-medium. Carrel and Burrows discovered that cells that showed signs of what is called 'age' need only be placed in a new culture-medium to become 'young' again, to multiply and to grow. These and other wonderful discoveries convince me that further research will teach us much that we do not yet know about the prolongation of life. We have learned much in a great field that we have just begun to study. The potential immortality of all the essential cells of the human body has been fully demonstrated.

"We have already learned enough to know that what may be called the literature on senescence or old age is of no value. It is behind the times. It is based upon a fallacy. It places the cart before the horse. It brands as causes what are really effects. It says death is caused by the impairment of cells due to age, when the truth is that age has nothing to do with the impairment of cells. We die because we are a complex machine, the parts of which are not equally strong, or because the strains of life bear unequally upon the parts—or because the parts do not harmoniously co-operate. We should live indefinitely if we could but find a way to supplant worn cells with good ones.

"The human body may be compared with an automobile. Each part of an automobile is not equally strong. In the human body the heart is stronger than the lungs, and the brain will outwear either. This is because we are products of evolution, which is a haphazard process of trial and error called natural selection. The process makes each part good enough only to 'get by.' Evolution, so far as workmanship is concerned, is like the average automobile repair man. Evolution has no objection to working with good materials if it has them, but in their absence it will use the shoddiest. This is because evolution is purely a mechanistic process instead of being an intelligent one."

BIOLOGISTS never talked this way before. Instead of comparing the human body to an automobile they compared it to a clock. We were told that at birth we were "wound up" for seventy years or so, and must then run down and stop. By replacing parts an automobile can be kept running forever. It is precisely this that Professor Pearl is experimenting to see whether he can do for the human body by killing weakened cells, as they break down, with X-rays. It is a noble experiment. It may fail utterly or it may succeed in part. It can not fail, however, to add to our store of knowledge, and knowledge is the great implement with which science works. Or it may be that the real clue is with Carrel, who discovered that cells so old that they were about to die were made young and vigorous by placing them in a fresh culture-medium. Our organs make the medium in which our cells live. We should always be young if our organs never deteriorated. Science is now considering the possibility that such deterioration can be prevented.

That is the greatest news that ever came from the house of science.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the preface to "Back to Methuselah," discovered the tragic absurdity of the present duration of life. Professor Pearl, by the way, mentioned Shaw's preface and said that the biology upon which it is based is, for the most part, good. Pearl gave me the impression that he differed from Shaw only on minor details.

Of the average human being's 40 years, at least 20 years are spent in preparation for life. It is the fortunate and perhaps the exceptional woman who is squared away for life at 20, and the average man is not prepared to do anything worth while until he is well on toward 30. Nineteen years of feverish activity puts youth a mile from the grave. Only the woman or man of the exceptional one who lives beyond 40, the age of 60 sees life's sun shining far toward the western horizon. Infancy, youth, maturity, and age come whizzing by at such blinding speed that we rub our eyes and can not hardly believe that the years have passed.

Professor Pearl is considering the possibility that the duration of life can be extended indefinitely. In order to have a figure that may be used as a basis for discussion, suppose that it should be made possible for all of us to live 200 years. Twenty years would still be enough to place us where we are now at 20. With our organs coordinating so well, the full flush of youth might last until we were 100 years old. That would give youth time in which to combine wisdom with vitality, and youth would be even more enjoyable than it now is. Then might come 70 years of such life as we now know between 30 and 50. And then 30 years of slowly gathering twilight!

Perhaps life then would be what Metchnikoff believed life was intended to be. Metchnikoff believed, as we learn from a book written by his widow, that the function of life was to satisfy the desire to live; that fear of death is but the expres-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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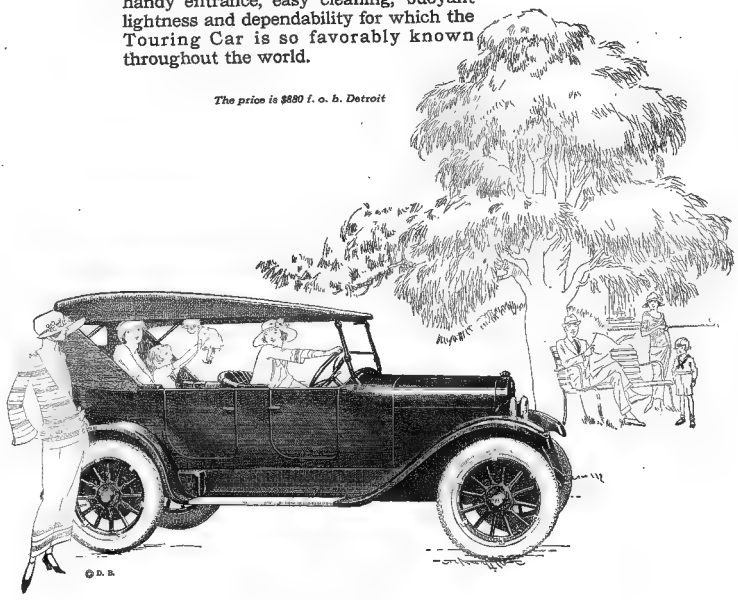

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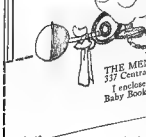

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE A CENTURY OR TWO?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

sion of our desire to go on, and that if the duration of life were extended—as he believed it ultimately would be—fear of death would cease. When one has remained at a concert as long as she cares to, she is always glad to go home.

With the duration of life extended even 30 years, the population of the United States would be doubled in less than a century. Professor Pearl says that in the present state of agriculture America can produce food enough for only 197,274,000 persons, who, in the ordinary course of events, will not be here until the year 2100.

GIVEN the fact that the cells of which we are composed are "potentially immortal," anything up to immortality itself becomes theoretically possible. It is all a matter of adjustment. Scientists have already adjusted some things in nature. Burbank has grown black flowers. The body of Caruso lies in its crystal coffin in Naples, but owing to the genius of Edison, Marconi, and others, in adjusting natural forces, the voice of the dead Caruso is nightly wafted through the darkness by the radio to hundreds of thousands of homes in many States.

What if the genius of man, armed perhaps with a greater store of information, should actually intervene in the duration of life? We need not assume immortality. What if we should only go "Back to Methuselah" and live just short of a thousand years? Twenty years of adolescence, 500 years of youth, 300 years of middle age, and about 150 years of gradual slowing down. Biologists have kept cells alive for 8,500 generations, which, in terms of human life, would mean much more than 1,000 years.

I asked Professor Pearl this question: "What if we should live 1,000 years?" He replied "Read Bernard Shaw's preface to 'Back to Methuselah.'"

We might try birth-control. We might fight for food. Certainly, if we were to live so long, so many could not come. So many could not be born. There would be neither room nor food for them. Human nature would have to change, we may be told. But human nature is always changing. Human nature is always adjusting itself to environment. Instinct is always veering toward necessity. If a lower birth-rate were a necessity may we not assume that human nature would gradually develop a new instinct that would take care of the race? Or, rather, modify an old one? We have always developed instincts as they were needed.

Parentage may some time become a privilege, or a reward—or both. The fit and the good may inherit the earth. Society may say that space here below is too valuable to be parceled out indiscriminately.

Better human beings, too, may be produced. Mature mothers have the best children. The older a mother the more she has of intellect to give her child. Benjamin Franklin was the youngest son of an old mother and "the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back," as he says in his biography. What if women were to spend the first 500 years of their lives in developing their bodies and their minds and then, if they were deemed worthy to have children, become mothers? We might expect incomparably better children. Women would certainly have to devote but a small fraction of their lives to motherhood. A woman who becomes a mother at 20 and dies at the average age—40—devotes about 40 per cent. of her life to bearing and rearing children. A few years devoted to motherhood, out of a life of several hundred years, would not amount to much. It is difficult to see how women, in any other way, can get a fair chance at life. The present life-span is too short.

Professor Pearl told me something else from which our longer-lived descendants may learn a lesson. Activity kills! Do too much and you are soon done. We have but a certain amount of energy in the bank and the more rapidly we spend it the sooner we are "broke."

This is what a biologist named Slonaker did with some rats: Four rats were placed in four revolving cages. One rat took life so seriously that it ran 1,265 miles in 25 months—and died. The next rat moved a little more leisurely and lived 26 months, during which it ran 1,301 miles. The third rat was relatively quiet and lived 32 months, but notwithstanding its slower pace it broke the other two records by traveling 2,098 miles. The fourth rat was lazy, but outlived and outtraveled the other three. It lived 34 months and ran 5,447 miles. Forty other rats, kept in cages where identical climatic and food conditions existed, but which permitted the occupants to move about only to a limited extent, broke all records by attaining an average age of a little more than 40 months.

The requirements of this industrial civilization are racing us off our feet. We could do more in a lifetime if we did less each day.

Perhaps we are near the time when "bearings," if burned out, can be replaced. What Ponce de Leon could not do, other men, of greater information, are trying to do. This has become a world of wonder.

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THAT CHOCOLATE TASTE

The Tenth Article in Our Marketing Series

By JENOISE BROWN SHORT and GLADYS BECKETT JONES

EVERY one knows that Holland is famous for its cup of chocolate; but do you realize that the United States is the greatest cocoa-consuming country in the world? Witness the popularity of chocolate flavor at the soda-fountain as well as in general cookery, and you know the reason.

Both cocoa and chocolate combine so well with milk and cream to make a rich beverage with real food value that a cup of either can furnish a large part of a meal. One of our favorite drinks in hot weather is an iced chocolate; but we had never tried it for breakfast until one very hot Summer's morning when we dropped into a famous old restaurant on lower Fifth Avenue. At the suggestion of our waiter we made our morning meal of fruit, crisp rolls with fresh butter, and a tall glass of iced chocolate of just the right sweetness. We found this a very refreshing drink on a hot morning.

Cocoa was the first of the three great beverages—cocoa, tea, and coffee—to find its way into Europe. History says it was brought there in 1528 by the Spanish, the great navigators of the sixteenth century. The commercial history of cocoa and chocolate began when Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, returned to the court of Spain, carrying with him a collection of minerals, animals, and plants to show his monarch a few of the resources of the new country. Before this cocoa beans were used by the Aztecs as currency, and a slave could often be bought for as few as a hundred beans.

Cocoa and chocolate are very closely related. Both are made from the cocoa-bean. Chocolate is the ground roasted bean from which the outer husks have been removed. It is very rich—a good grade often containing as much as fifty per cent. of the fat which we know as cocoa-butter. The cocoa we buy is like chocolate, except that it has less fat, for a large part of it has been removed during the process of manufacture.

You find many kinds of chocolate on the grocer's shelf. Cooking chocolate comes in cake form, as bitter chocolate, sweetened chocolate, and sweetened and flavored. Both sweetened and unsweetened chocolate are sold also in powdered form. It is sometimes advantageous to buy a powdered chocolate, but for general cooking the unsweetened cake is the best purchase.

Chocolate by the Cake

WHEN the cracked roasted beans are ground, a thick oily liquid is produced, which is cooled to the right temperature and put in molds to solidify into hard cakes. This is the bitter chocolate we buy for general use. Vanilla, sugar, and sometimes spices are added to make what is called "vanilla chocolate." Sweet chocolate has more cocoa-butter than the bitter variety and contains sugar. A well-known brand of bitter chocolate sells at eighteen cents for a half-pound package, and the same brand of sweetened cooking-chocolate costs two cents more for each half-pound. You are paying four cents a pound for sweetness and do not have as strong a chocolate. Is the seeming convenience worth the difference in price and strength?

Perhaps you have noticed that your cake chocolate is sometimes white on the outside. Have you thought that your grocer was trying to sell you old stock? He is not. What has actually happened is that the cocoa-butter has become overheated (this usually occurs in the Summer-time) and the fat has risen to the surface. When the chocolate becomes cooler this thin covering of fat solidifies and appears white compared with the brown of the chocolate. The quality is not affected (and a reliable brand never gets rancid) because cocoa-butter keeps its sweetness indefinitely.

Good cocoa is smooth in texture and never at all gritty. A cocoa-buyer tests it between his teeth to detect grittiness. The beans vary so much in flavor that in order to make the best possible product they are blended very much like tea and coffee. Pure cocoa, as we buy it, is a rich reddish color. When dark it is usually made from beans of an inferior quality which have been improperly cleaned or artificially colored. Sugar, brown shells of the cocoa-bean, or even roasted acorns and chestnuts are all used at times to increase the bulk and weight and so reduce the richness of the cocoa. A cheap substitute of the more expensive cocoa-butter is sometimes used in an inferior quality of cocoa to bring up the percentage of fat.

We have said that a rich reddish color is characteristic of most good cocoas. However, the Dutch cocoas, made in Holland, and the Dutch process cocoas are darker. Dutch process cocoas are treated by an alkali, such as sodium carbonate, and contain an increased amount of mineral matter. It is claimed that they are more soluble than the ordinary varieties.

Besides the unsweetened powdered or breakfast cocoa found on every grocer's shelf, there are ready-prepared cocoas, which can be made into a drink by simply adding boiling water. These are sweetened and sometimes contain dried milk. Campers and travelers find cocoa in this easily prepared form a great help. It is a convenience in an emergency, or when one does little cooking.

But there is a difference worth considering in the price per pound of the prepared cocoas and the unsweetened package varieties in favor of the latter. Your marketing problem is: Does your family like the two kinds equally well, and if so, do you want to pay the extra price for the prepared product for general use? There are also ready-to-serve cocoas, containing malted milk, which are especially adapted for invalid cookery.

Differences in Cocoas

WE FIND that there is some difference in the richness of the cocoas on the market. Some of the richer ones are of exceptional quality, and are no more expensive to use than many of the cheaper brands, less quantity being required to obtain the same and even better results.

Cocoa keeps so well that there is no reason why it should not be purchased in fairly large quantities and so make quite a saving if one is buying by the package. It is a very small shelf indeed that will not take care of a pound of cocoa, and yet our grocer tells us that the fifth-, quarter-, and half-pound tins are the best sellers. There are, however, many housekeepers using considerable cocoa who take advantage of the reduced price of the five-pound container.

A well-known brand costs 10 cents, or at the rate of 50 cents a pound for a fifth-of-a-pound tin, 21 cents for a half-pound tin; 40 cents for a pound package; and $1.80 when you buy a five-pound container. While the difference in price may seem unfair, remember that it costs the manufacturer almost as much to make and pack the small container as the larger ones, and when we buy the smaller packages we are paying a relatively larger price for production.

Perhaps you have opened a can of cocoa and found that it is not completely filled. Did you wonder if you were getting full weight? Cocoa is particularly fluffy when it is first ground and packed, and after it has been in the tin for a while settles down with no loss of weight—but a decrease in bulk. This is responsible for the space at the top of the can. The net weight is correct, however.

It is possible to buy good cocoa in bulk at a very reasonable price, and many hotels and restaurants take advantage of this. The last we bought cost us twenty-five cents a pound, and we have seen it as low as ten cents a pound. A good grocer buys bulk cocoa in comparatively small quantities and keeps it in a closed container so that it goes to his customer clean and fresh and with a full flavor. Bulk cocoa for household use should always be bought in small quantity, and stored in an air-tight container as soon as it comes to the kitchen.

Your grocer probably carries cocoa-nibs and shells. Cocoa-nibs, which are sometimes sold as cracked cocoa and cost about thirty-five cents a pound, are the cocoa-beans which have been roasted and cracked, and have the shells and chaff removed. A drink made from cocoa-nibs is often prescribed by doctors for their patients to use instead of coffee. To prepare a beverage

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

How can child-happiness be built?

GOOD health brings the greatest happiness of all, and a child's good health comes through proper feeding. Above all else, a growing child must have nourishing food.

That is why oatmeal is so preferred by mothers. No other cereal has so much solid nourishment. But there is a *great difference* in rolled oats.

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Oatmeal made from H-O (Hornby's Oats) has distinctive color, flavor and texture, unlike any other oats.

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BLACK FLAG is a pure, powerful vegetable powder that kills flies, fleas, roaches, waterbugs, bedbugs, mosquitoes, ants; and lice on animals, birds or plants. They breathe it and die. It is packed in red-and-yellow wrapped sealed glass bottles that keep it strong and fresh. It is sold by drug, department, grocery and hardware stores; three sizes—15c, 40c, 75c. (except west of Denver, Col., Canada and foreign countries).

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Buy plain white materials (cheesecloth, unbleached muslin, voile, etc.), and dye them in charming colors of your own selection with SUNSET.
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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

THAT CHOCOLATE TASTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

from the nibs use one-quarter of a cupful to three cupfuls of water, pour the boiling water over them, and steep gently for two hours. Do not allow it to boil. Strain and serve with sugar and milk or cream.

The cocoa-shells which are taken from the beans are very inexpensive, costing about fifteen cents a pound. They make a very cheap and pleasant drink. The shells have very little food value, but contain the characteristic flavor of cocoa. Use from one-half to one cupful to a quart of water, simmer for two hours, and serve with milk and sugar.

No drink can be more delicious than well-made cocoa or chocolate. There are several ways of making cocoa and chocolate, but we suggest cooking each with the water and sugar to make a sirup, and then adding to the milk. When preparing cocoa for a breakfast beverage, use two level teaspoonfuls to each cupful of liquid. For a richer drink, increase the amount to one tablespoonful to each cupful of liquid. Use from one-half to one ounce (one square) of chocolate to each cupful of liquid, depending on the richness desired.

We have talked mainly about cocoa and chocolate as beverages, but either can be used in a variety of cakes, cookies, puddings, and confections. There is no flavor more popular in the average family than chocolate.

The Book-Shelf

OUR Candy Recipes," by May B. Van Arsdale, Day Monroe, and Mary I. Barber (Macmillan Company, New York).

Are you interested in making candy at home? If you are, "Our Candy Recipes," recently written by three of the members of the staff of the Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University, will help you to make better and a greater variety of candies than are usually attempted in the home kitchen. This book was written "in answer to the constant request of housewives and students for good recipes for home-made candies."

A glance at the chapter-headings shows some of the candies which are practical for the amateur. There are clear directions for Fondant, and what can be done with it; Fudge, Penuchi and Operas, Caramels, Divinity and Nougat, Taffies, Brittles, Butterscotch and Toffies. Clear Hard Candies and fascinating Lollypops. There are also chapters on the making of Maple Candies, Cocoanut Candies, Nuts, Fruits, and Chocolate Dipping (a difficult art), and Decorative Sweets for the Candy Box. If you are interested in in arranging and packing attractive boxes, you will enjoy the chapter called "The Candy Box."

Both a large and a small recipe are given for each kind of candy, and the yield of the large recipe is stated. The temperature to which each recipe should be cooked, as well as the "cold-water test," is given, so that no one should have difficulty with candy which "just won't harden," "overdone Fudge," or any one of the pitfalls that come from not knowing when to take candy off the stove.

There is also space given to "Suggestions from Our Experience in Teaching Candy Making," which should be very helpful to the teacher who wishes to put candy-making into her cookery courses.

HOME-MAKERS WANTED

THE home woman takes her place officially this year in the program of the American Home Economics Association. At its sixteenth annual meeting, which is to be held in Chicago July 30 to August 3, one session will be devoted to the interest of the new Home-makers' Committee, of which Mrs. Mildred Weigley Wood is chairman. Before her marriage Mrs. Wood was head of the Home Economics Department of the University of Minnesota.

The association is seeking the co-operation of the home woman. This professional organization, whose primary interest is the American home, needs the active support of those who are actually engaged in the "business of home-making" right in their own homes. Besides the ten thousand or more housekeepers throughout the country who have had scientific home economics training, there are thousands of other women who have learned to apply the best principles of nutrition and home management in their housekeeping.

The Home-makers' Committee will meet in Ida Noyes Hall at the University of Chicago on July 31, when the significance of the home-makers' group to the Home Economics Association and to the home-maker will be discussed. The general practical topic for the meeting will be "The Time Element in Home-making," which will be taken up by home-makers from three different States and a representative from the Extension Department of Iowa State College. There are also many subjects on the general and section programs which will be of particular interest to the home woman. For further information concerning this meeting, address Home Bureau Editor, Pictorial Review, New York City.

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School and College Bureau

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Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

This year many young people will again be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to select a school hurriedly on mere hearsay—then expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at

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The phosphates in RUMFORD BAKING POWDER make foods *more* delicious, nutritious, easily digested—foods that feed the body and tissues those *vitalizing phosphates* so necessary to the preservation of health.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

MORE vegetables, more vegetables! The oftener and in the greater variety that they appear upon the table the heartier should be their welcome. At the same time that they furnish flavor for an otherwise possibly dull meal, they provide the daily tonic which aids appetite and health.

"V" FOR VEGETABLES

OUR appetite for vegetables is increasing with our appreciation of their food value. Perhaps their larger use was begun for the sake of health, but a better acquaintance of hitherto unknown vegetables has made them liked for their own sakes. Grown-ups are like children in their dislike of being introduced to a new vegetable—and are even more snobbish! If, however, they can be induced to give new vegetables a chance we will usually find them welcome guests thereafter at the table.

While the use of certain vegetables, uncooked, should be encouraged many depend upon proper cooking to bring out their best. Probably steaming is the best general method for cooking, as the largest amount of flavor and food value is retained in this way. If vegetables are boiled, some of the juices should be treated differently from the delicately flavored. Cabbage, for instance, cooked in an open kettle with much water, will have just as delicate a flavor as the more aristocratic cauliflower, and thus may obtain a high place in the family favor.

Steaming

STEAMING is the ideal method for cooking vegetables to preserve flavor, color, and minerals. This method takes slightly longer than boiling. Steamer-tops which fit your kettles may be purchased, or a sieve with straight sides which will fit into a saucepan may be used.

Boiling

STRONGLY flavored vegetables, such as turnips, cabbage, and onions, should be cooked uncovered in a large amount of water to prevent a strong flavor and odor as well as a dark color developing.

Delicately flavored vegetables should be cooked covered in a small amount of water to preserve the flavor. Cook spinach without any water, pressing the leaves with a wooden spoon until enough juice develops for cooking. Cook vegetables only long enough to make them tender.

Vegetables should be moderately salted during the boiling.

Serve delicate vegetables without draining, and season with butter, pepper, and more salt if necessary, or use the small amount of water remaining instead of part of the milk for white sauce. Drain strong vegetables and serve with butter seasoning or with white sauce.

Scalloped Celery

BOIL the celery until tender. Place in a greased baking-dish a layer of celery and a layer of cheese cut in small pieces; alternate to the top of the dish. Fill the dish with white sauce. Cover with buttered crums and bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until the crums are brown.

Stuffed Cabbage

CHOOSE a small, firm head of cabbage. Scoop about half the vegetable out of the top and steam the remaining "shell" until tender. Fill with boiled rice mixed with tomato sauce or with canned tomato purée. Serve on a platter surrounded by cheese sauce.

Creamed Onion-Tops

3 Bunches Young Onions
2 Cupfuls White Sauce

CUT the onion-tops into one-inch pieces. Cook in plenty of boiling water (salted) about ten minutes until tender. Add to the white sauce and serve on toast.

Creamed Fried Onions

1 Dozen Medium-sized Onions
3 Tablespoonfuls Fat
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
2 Cupfuls Milk

SLICE and fry the onions in the fat. When light brown dredge with flour, stir well, and add milk and seasoning. Cook until thick, and serve on French toast made by dipping bread in milk and frying until light brown.

Baked Tomatoes

REMOVE thin slices from the stem-ends of smooth, medium-sized tomatoes. Take out the pulp, and an equal quantity of bread-crums or rice, season with salt, pepper, and a few drops of onion-juice, and refill the tomatoes with the mixture. Place in a buttered pan, sprinkle with buttered crums, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.).

VEGETABLES (Continued)

Fried Corn

RAW corn or left-over corn may be used. Cut from the ear and fry in fat. Two or three sliced onions may be added if desired. Season with salt and pepper.

Corn Fritters

3 Cupfuls Grated Corn
2 Eggs
¾ Cupful Flour
Pepper
Salt

BEAT the eggs, add the corn, flour, and seasoning. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-greased griddle and cook like pancakes on both sides.

Corn Pudding

3 Cupfuls Grated Corn
2 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
1 Tablespoonful Melted Fat
1 Pint Milk

BEAT the eggs slightly, add the other ingredients, and pour into a greased baking-dish. Bake in a slow oven (300 degrees F.) until firm. Chopped green pepper may be added if desired.

Spinach Loaf

3 Cupfuls Spinach (Canned or Cooked)
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Fat
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
Salt
Pepper
¼ Cupful Milk
1 Loaf Bread
Butter
2 Hard-cooked Egg Whites

CHOP the spinach fine and add to the hot melted fat in a frying-pan. Cook three minutes, add the flour and seasoning, stir thoroughly, add the milk, and cook five minutes. Remove the crust from a small loaf of bread, hollow the center, and refill with the spinach mixture. Butter the outside of the loaf and place in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) to brown. Garnish with sliced hard-cooked egg.

Scalloped Carrots and Onions

6 Medium-sized Carrots
6 Good-sized Onions
Seasoning
Butter
1 Cupful Milk
Bread-crums

SLICE the carrots and onions into a greased casserole in alternate layers, seasoning each layer with salt, pepper, and butter. Pour the milk over the layers, cover with fine bread-crums, and bake in a slow oven (250-300 degrees F.) about three-quarters of an hour.

Beets with Sour Sauce

1 Pint Beets (Cooked or Canned)
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Tablespoonful Corn-starch
½ Cupful Vinegar
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

CUT the beets into slices. Mix the sugar and salt and corn-starch, add to the vinegar, and boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Pour over the beets and let stand half an hour. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, reheat, and serve at once.

Stuffed Eggplant

1 Eggplant
1½ Cupful Bread-crums
2 Tablespoonfuls Onion
Salt
Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat

COOK the eggplant in boiling water fifteen minutes. Cut a slice from the top, remove the pulp carefully, and to it add the bread-crums and seasoning. Melt the fat, add the crums, stir well, and refill the "shell." Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) ten minutes.

Fried Eggplant

PARE the eggplant and slice one-fourth inch thick. Soak several hours in salted water. Drain and dry with a towel and dip in flour or in crums, egg, and crums, and fry in deep fat.

Baked Winter Squash

CUT in five or six pieces, remove seeds, and place in a covered pan. Bake in a slow oven (250 degrees F.) about two hours until soft. Remove from "shell," season with butter and salt, and beat well. Cream may be used instead of butter.

Creamed Oyster-Plant

SCRUB and scrape one root at a time and slice into water to which one tablespoonful of vinegar to each quart has been added. Cook in boiling salted water until soft. Drain and serve with white sauce.

However inexperienced you may be in jelly—making

You will equal the most experienced by following simple CERTO recipes. CERTO is the key to perfect jams and jellies. CERTO is the actual "jell" property of fruit, concentrated and bottled.

CERTO contains no gelatine nor preservative

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Make a lot of jam and jelly this summer. Use any available fruit. Jams and jellies are healthful, wholesome and appetizing.

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Crushed Strawberry Jam

For this jam it is necessary that *each berry* be broken up. Therefore, crush about 2 quarts ripe berries in separate portions, so that *each berry* is mashed. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil. Measure 4 level cups (3 lbs.) crushed berries into large kettle, add 7 level cups (8 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. *Boil hard* for one full minute, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) CERTO. From time jam is taken off fire allow to stand not over 5 minutes, *by the clock*, before pouring. In the meantime skim, and stir occasionally to cool *slightly*. Then pour quickly. If in open glassed paraffin jars seal at once and invert for 10 min. to sterilize tops.

Use same recipe for *Raspberry, Blackberry or Loganberry Jam.*

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Soothe Baby's Path to Summer Safety—

BABIES have a hard road to travel these hot summer days. It's full of obstacles—rashes, chafing, fiery irritations of the skin. Babies need all their energy if they are to avoid summer illness—and reach the final goal of safety.

One splendid way to help babies is to use JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER. It's more to their liking than less comforting talcs. They love to feel its delicious coolness on their perspiring, itchy skins.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN BABYCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE BABY'S SECOND SUMMER

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Judging from your quarterly report, just received, you seem to be getting along very well with little Paul. I shall be glad to answer your questions according to number.

1. Paul is just eighteen months old now. Is this his second Summer? Why is it so dreaded by most mothers, and what must I do to help little Paul through this period?

Ans. This is Paul's second Summer, but there is no reason to fear it. In former days when very little attention was paid to a baby's correct diet and hygiene the second Summer was dreaded with some reason. In the first place, a baby old enough to be in his second Summer was usually given the same food as the adult members of the family. Somewhat smaller quantities of adults' food were fed him, but the average baby of some years ago generally had at least "a taste" of everything on the family table.

These "tastes" did much harm, often causing serious indigestion in hot weather, when the little stomach and intestines should have been spared all extra work. The resulting attacks of vomiting, diarrhea, and even convulsions in some cases, were then laid to teething and "the second Summer" when in reality the troubles were brought on by food totally unsuited to the baby.

Another thing that often upset the baby of long ago was keeping him up until late at night in Summer-time. His usual bed hour was disregarded, and he naturally grew tired and cross, or even sick, with too little sleep and the excitement of visiting among the neighbors when he should have been asleep in his own quiet room. "The second Summer" was again blamed for all this, and the idea got started that this was the period of all others for mothers to dread most.

To help Paul through his second Summer adhere as much as possible to his routine. Keep him as cool as possible and feed him nourishing, easily digested food, prepared especially for him. Give him a full tub-bath every day and one or two extra sponge-baths with one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to a small basin of tepid water. Dress him lightly—on very hot days with only the thinnest, gauze-like silk-and-wool shoulder-strap band, a cotton "skeleton" waist, onto which thin crêpe or muslin drawers button, and rompers or dress, shoes and stockings.

At nap-time undress him and put on a thin night-dress, letting him take his long nap from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M either in a cool, darkened room, or under a shady tree, or on the plazza, in a large baby-carriage or little crib. Use a mosquito-netting to prevent flies and other insects from troubling him.

Take him out early in the morning before the ground gets heated up and late in the afternoon, but see that he is in his bath for the night not later than 7 P.M. If you are in the country or at the seashore he will be able to have more out-of-door air than if you are in the city, where the pavements retain the heat longer. He will enjoy the country much more this Summer than he did last year, before he could run about. See that he has at least eight ounces of cool, boiled water to drink during the twenty-four hours.

2. Now that Paul is eighteen months old and has twelve teeth and two stomach-teeth almost through, what changes should I make in his diet?

Ans. Paul should now have only three meals a day and a drink of milk between breakfast and dinner. When he first wakes up at 6 A.M. he may have his fruit-juice. At 7 or 7.30 A.M. he should have his breakfast, consisting of cereal and milk, thin crisp toast or half of a stale yellow cornmeal or Graham muffin with a little butter, and eight ounces of milk to drink. At 10.30 or 11 A.M., just before his nap, he should have six to eight ounces of milk to drink.

At 1 or 1.30 P.M. he should have his dinner, which should consist of soup or broth, one tablespoonful of a green vegetable, one tablespoonful of a starchy vegetable, like baked potato, macaroni, rice, or spaghetti, and one tablespoonful of finely shredded white meat of chicken, scraped beef-pulp, soft-boiled or coddled egg, or a lamb-chop, with a piece of thin whole-wheat bread and butter. For dessert he may have two tablespoonfuls of junket, Irish moss blanc-mange, soft-boiled custard, orange jelly, or stewed or cooked fruit. Once weekly two tablespoonfuls of home-made vanilla ice-cream, with one or two lady-fingers, may be allowed. No milk to drink is to be given with this meal; only water.

His supper should come at 6 P.M., and should consist of milk toast, or bread and milk, or cereal jelly and milk, also a piece of zwieback, or else a slice of thin bread and butter. For dessert one or two Graham or whole-wheat crackers, or else one gingersnap or two small lady-fingers. Eight ounces of whole milk should be given with this supper; it should be taken from a cup or glass, never from a bottle.

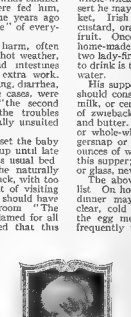
The above makes a well-balanced diet-list. On hot days the broth mentioned for dinner may be given in the form of a clear, cold jelly. In very warm weather the egg mentioned should be used more frequently than the meat. No beef-juice nor oatmeal should be allowed in hot weather.

I am sending you a printed diet-list, which will give a little more detail than is possible in a letter. Any other mother who wants a copy of this list may have one if she will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request.

Most babies at the age of eighteen months can digest cereals without having them strained, but they must be very thoroughly cooked. It is best to mash green vegetables through a sieve until the child is two years old.

A child with twelve or fourteen teeth is old enough to be taught to masticate his food thoroughly. This does not mean he should be allowed to take an unreasonably long time and play with his food; half an hour for each meal is sufficient.

3. Paul weighs 24½ pounds now and is 31¾ inches tall. He says a number of words very plainly and puts a few words together.



EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class, and you will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

No letters will be answered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Is he chubby? Is he a fine, sturdy boy? Is he a good sleeper? Does he eat well? Is he cutting any more teeth? Is he walking yet?

Ans. Yes, he is just about the average for his age. Little boys often talk rather later than little girls, and if there are other children in the family the baby is apt to talk earlier than if he plays alone or only with adults.

4. May Paul bathe in the ocean now?

Ans. Yes, he may have a dip two or three times weekly, provided he is not allowed to play in his wet suit afterward but does not talk as much as I think he should at this age. His fontanel has just closed. He walks very surely and runs quite fast too, loves his picture-book of animals, and tells what they all say, he amuses himself well with blocks or in his sand-pile. Is he progressing as well as the average little boy of his age?

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FROM Seville, in sunny Spain, where climate and soil combine to make the finest olive growing district in the world come Heinz Queen Olives. The same region produces ripe olives for olive oil. And in the midst of these olive groves there is a Heinz establishment where the fruit is prepared under our strict supervision and the ripe olives are pressed for Heinz Imported Olive Oil.

Olives and raisins from Spain, currants from Greece, figs from Turkey, spices from Java and India, fruits and vegetables from the garden spots of America! The whole world is drawn on for the products used in making the 57 Varieties. And wherever quick handling is necessary to preserve freshness, Heinz kitchens are located right on the spot.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

PLANNING THE BIG PICNIC

BY FRANCES LOWE SMITH

THE urge of July heat and August sultriness makes the picnic call irresistible. The ideal picnic is the little impromptu one when you and a congenial friend, or you and your family, on a hot morning or a Saturday afternoon, turn your backs on lesser duties and sally forth for a day of rest and recreation. And then the joy of doing nothing, of wandering along woodland paths or scrambling over rocks, and of breathing air laden with the scents of Summer and sunshine instead of stale food or musty offices.

There are times, however, when a picnic on a larger scale is desirable—a Sunday-school picnic, perhaps, or a family reunion, a Grange picnic, or even a Community Day affair. How such a picnic can be made successful is an important question. It is to the forethoughtfulness that grasps and plans for every detail that much is due.

THERE are three types of picnic—the basket picnic, at which each individual or family provides its own lunch; a general picnic, for which each individual or family provides one or more dishes to be served from a common table; and one at which the food is provided by caterers or a designated group of workers who are responsible for the whole meal.

The first type is sometimes varied by the serving of all of some one thing, as lemonade, hot coffee, or ice-cream. This kind has several things in its favor: families or groups are more independent and perhaps congenial; two or three families can combine and thus simplify the preparation of the lunch; they can eat when and where they choose; and they are responsible for their share of clearing away afterward.

The second type requires the preparation of fewer dishes by the housewife, and it is less work to prepare a larger quantity of a few things than several things in small quantities, as is necessary for the basket picnic.

The third type is the most satisfactory of all—for those who have "nothing to do but eat!" To those who have the work it is an undertaking of considerable magnitude if the picnic is a big one. If the work is not to be done by regular caterers there are two methods of arranging for the preparation and serving of the food.

The work may be divided as equally as possible among volunteer workers, or it may be done by a group of paid workers, the money to be provided by a picnic fund. In almost every community there are women who are glad to do such work. In this way the picnickers are relieved from work which makes a really hard day if done by themselves.

Whatever the kind of picnic decided upon, a committee of both men and women should have charge. The picnic grounds will probably be chosen by the group or organization interested, and much depends upon that—whether near or far, in the woods or at the shore, or at some pavilion-and-merry-go-round resort. The men of the committee should attend to all arrangements connected with transportation and the grounds, such as furnishing tables and seats, carrying heavy packages, providing drinking-water, and so on.

The women will have their hands full with the dinner, whatever plan is decided upon. There will be the menu to plan, the assignment of work to the group that is to prepare and serve the meal, and the ordering of supplies. If the work is done by volunteer workers ask one group to do the cooking, another to serve the meal, and a third to clear away and do any necessary work when it is over.

THE menu will, of course, be restricted wholly or chiefly to cold dishes. For meats, boiled or baked ham, pressed or roast chicken, meat loaf, salad of meat or chicken or fish, are all good. Hot or cold baked beans, potato chips, vegetable or fruit salad, crisp radishes or cucumbers, furnish vegetables from which to choose.

Bread-and-butter sandwiches or hot buttered rolls are really nicer than sandwiches with fillings, if salads and relishes are served. If there is no salad, use salad dressing with various fillings in a portion of the sandwiches. Sweet and sour pickles, olives, jellies, and jams always appeal to the picnicker. Even on a Summer day hot coffee is delicious with a cold dinner, and it is part of my picnic creed that it is more healthful to have something hot. Lemonade is appetizing, and good drinking-water essential.

As for desserts: I am sure no Grange picnic would be complete without pie, and there may be others who have similar cravings. If so, by all means have pies, but not juicy ones that can not be eaten gracefully nor without mixing with other food. Turnovers and Banbury tarts are nicer than pies on that account, but are more work. There is nothing that "goes to the spot" like ice-cream and cake, and when practicable let that complete the menu.

If it is not advisable to have ice-cream, fruit jelly is a delicious accompaniment for cake, and is not difficult to serve. If care is taken to make it only moderately stiff it may be served without cream. All things being admissible at picnics, the jelly may be chilled in large bowls and passed without using individual dishes.

Cakes and cookies of various kinds are suitable for the picnic dinner, but do not have any with a sticky or very soft filling. To serve with cream or jelly have sponge-cake, cream cookies, dark cakes with plain white- or brown-sugar frosting, white cakes with chocolate or mocha frosting, choosing icings and flavorings that combine well with the cream or jelly.

The following menus are merely suggestive, and may be varied indefinitely:

COLD MEAT LOAF VEGETABLE SALAD
SANDWICHES:
PLAIN, CUT THIN AND JAM,
PEANUT BUTTER, NUT BREAD
SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES
COFFEE
ICE-CREAM CAKE

FOR the meat loaf use equal quantities of beef, veal, and fresh lean pork. Prepare the vegetable salad and add French dressing or melted butter, salt, pepper, and vinegar to moisten; wash and shred lettuce without drying it, and put in a tightly closed receptacle. Just before serving mix the vegetables, lettuce, and dressing. If the ice-cream is in brick form it is easier to serve than from a freezer.

If perchance the picnic is held where real picnic coffee is possible, let the Boy Scouts, with an older man in command, make it.

COLD ROAST PORK HOT BAKED BEANS
SANDWICHES:
LETTUCE WITH SALAD DRESSING,
CHEESE AND CHILLI SAUCE,
PLAIN, RAISIN, OR BOSTON BROWN BREAD
SLICED CUCUMBERS WITH
MAYONNAISE DRESSING
PIES OR TURNOVERS CHEESE
LEMONADE

USE fresh ham for the cold pork. The beans may be Boston or New York style, but in either case should be neither very juicy nor very dry. Juicy ones are objectionable because of mixing with other food on the plate, and dry beans are less popular than moist ones. Cut the pork for the beans in inch cubes. The beanpots or casseroles can be wrapped in newspapers to keep hot, or packed in boxes of clean hay. If pies are served be sure to have non-juicy kinds, and to cut them carefully, loosening them from the sides and bottom of pie-plates to facilitate serving.

COLD ROAST CHICKEN OR TURKEY
POTATO SALAD
OLIVES SWEET PICKLES
COTTAGE CHEESE
HOT BUTTERED ROLLS
FRUIT JELLY CAKES COFFEE

THE chicken can be roasted with or without stuffing. Serve the potato salad without lettuce, and mix the dressing with it beforehand, altho it is well to have some extra dressing in case the salad seems dry when time to serve. Rolls can be kept hot for some time if packed in boxes well lined with newspapers. It is sometimes possible to have an oil-stove oven over a bed of coals to reheat the rolls. Just before serving split the hot rolls open on one side and insert a lump of butter, pressing the sides together again. Make the cheese into balls, or serve from a bowl.

VEAL OR SALMON SALAD
POTATO CHIPS
SANDWICHES:
PLAIN, BROWN BREAD AND CREAM CHEESE,
PEANUT AND RAISIN
DOUGHNUTS CHEESE MARMALADE
COFFEE

SALMON makes a delicious salad, but as there are always some who do not like fish, it is well to have veal or chicken (or a combination of the two) also. For the peanut-and-raisin sandwiches use equal

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Hale and Hearty —from youth up!

Nourishing, body-building, blood-making whole-wheat KRUMBLES should be in the children's diet each day. For KRUMBLES—ready to serve—contain every atom of whole wheat, with its wonderful mineral salts; and besides, KRUMBLES give you the full, delicious flavor of whole wheat for the first time in food history!

Puny children will grow strong and sturdy on Kellogg's KRUMBLES—they delight in the crispy, delightful flakes served with milk or cream.

KRUMBLES should be eaten at least once each day by every member of the family, for they renew the strength of the workers and sustain the aged as no other food can. KRUMBLES are wonderful. Sold by all grocers.

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The only whole-wheat food with a delicious flavor!

French's Cream Salad Mustard

RICH, creamy and piquant in flavor, FRENCH'S MUSTARD makes sauces, salads, and savories more tempting. Use it in cooking as well as on foods. Order from your grocer — and be sure it's FRENCH'S—backed by 87 years' experience.

For only four cents in stamps (postage and mailing expense) we will send you our new illustrated Recipe Book, "Made Dishes, Salads and Savories," containing unique recipes, which have been sent us by appreciative housewives. The edition is limited. Write today.

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Let Your Hair Be Naturally Wavy This Summer

Permanently Wave Your Hair With the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit

From a photograph submitted to us showing the pleasant time these two girls are having while permanently waving each other's hair in their home.

The girl "After"—hair beautifully and permanently waved. Ready for rain or surf.

YOU may dress your prettiest and be your most vivacious self, but if your hair droops sadly after a dance or a stroll in the misty night air, what a contrast you are to the happy girl whose hair responds in delightful teasing little curls to even a suggestion of moisture.

Thanks to the Nestle Home Outfit, thousands of girls and you too, may now enjoy vacation days—rainy, muggy, or warm—as never before. You may have the comfort of knowing that your hair can only look pretty, prettier, prettiest!

It Is Simple and Safe

No matter where you live you can enjoy the famous method that is practised at the great Nestle establishments in New York where over 300 waves a day are given to New York's smartest women. With the Nestle Home Outfit you can have a genuine Nestle Wave in the privacy of your own home. Hair that is "straight as a poker" may be transformed in a simple, pleasant manner, into beautiful waves that will withstand shampooing, salt water bathing, fog, perspiration or rain, just like naturally curly hair.

The dainty apparatus illustrated here is fun to operate. Send for it and see for yourself! We give you free supplies, and thirty days to test it on your own hair and we take all responsibility for your success or failure and the cost is only $15.

Thirty Days Free Trial Offer

Send money order, check or bank draft for $15 today, or if preferable, deposit it with your postman when the Outfit arrives. Should you decide within 30 days' trial that your waves do not meet with your expectations, you need only return the Outfit; the entire $15 will be refunded immediately without deduction for postage, free trial supplies, or use of the Outfit.

Hundreds of women and girls have written us enthusiastically about the results of the Home Outfit. Send today for this wonderful little invention. Remember the Nestle Lanoil Outfit will last a lifetime and can be used on as many heads as you desire.

For particulars, write for our free interesting booklet on Nestle Waving by the Lanoil Process.

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I would like you to send me the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. It is distinctly understood that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Home Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.
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PLANNING THE BIG PICNIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

parts of peanut butter and finely chopped raisins, mix with about an eighth as much softened butter, and spread on rye or entire-wheat or white bread. For the cheese sandwiches mix cream cheese (Neufchâtel or cottage cheese may be used instead) with salt, paprika, and cream to make of a consistency to spread nicely. Use orange or any marmalade that is thick enough not to run when taken on the plate.

For the big picnic it is advisable that the committee be responsible for buying the supplies, but one or two members of the committee should attend to it. Buy at wholesale places as far as possible. Meat, vegetables, fruits, dairy products, coffee, bread and rolls, ice-cream, should be ordered in sufficient quantities for all purposes, and delivered to the workers, or at the picnic grounds, if possible, in case of ice-cream, hot rolls, or other prepared food. Pastries, cakes, and doughnuts may be obtained at bakeries if there are no women in the community who will make them with the home flavor which is as desirable at picnics as elsewhere.

Whether the work at the grounds is done by paid or volunteer workers, certain things should be kept in mind by the committee. It is so easy to overlook some essential even if blessed with a good memory, that it is well for the chairman or a designated member to make a list of the articles required: dishes, cutlery, napkins, large receptacles for water and lemonade, sugar for coffee, towels for the workers, and so on. Table-cloths may be wanted, but paper napkins and dishes (even including cups) are perfectly satisfactory, and can be destroyed afterward.

And last, but not least in importance, be sure that the grounds are left in good order, even if no policeman haunts the spot.

Destroy or take away all paper, bones, and other refuse; return articles borrowed of persons in the neighborhood; be absolutely sure that no trace of fire is left; and be careful not to injure or destroy shrubs and trees or property of any kind. So will you be welcome when next you go there a-picnicking!

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

from the literal to the romantic—sometimes pursues Fairbanks to the drawing-room one can forgive this self-dramatization to the man who has given us such unforgetable pictures of ages far removed from our own.

When in Hollywood about four years ago I learned to know by sight a young man who frequently stood around in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria. He was very dark and slim, and his eyes had the somberness of the Latin. I was especially struck by the grace of his walk and of his gestures. Even when he leaned up against a cigar-case he did it with a certain statelmess, and you felt that the [column of some ruined temple overlooking the Mediterranean would have been much more appropriate than his present background.

Quite evidently he was looking for a job. In fact, before I was introduced to him I heard him approaching various people in the industry.

"Anything doing to-day?" "Have you finished casting So-and-so?" "When do you start shooting?" These questions, so familiar in the lobby of a Hollywood hotel, were made more touching in his case by a very naive manner, in a slightly foreign accent. He always looked so eager when he put the question and so disappointed when he got the answer.

Not long ago when I was in Hollywood I saw this same young man at a near-by seashore resort. On this day he was in a bathing-suit and he was leading three police-dogs. The dogs were not a protective measure, but certainly the scene that day might have required some sort of guard. For as the young man walked out toward the waves, as the sun shone on his swarthy skin, the hundreds of women and girls who had come to Long Beach pressed onward for a more satisfactory glimpse of the bather. And as they did so an awed whisper passed through the feminine multitude.

"That's he—that's Valentino."

In all film history, replete as that is with instances of meteoric success, there has been nothing quite equal to the rise of this young Italian pantomimist, Rodolph Valentino. The beginning of the breathless ascent may be traced to a reception given one afternoon by a certain Mr. Cole, a painter living in Hollywood. To this reception came Jane Ingram, then lately returned from overseas service in the Flying Corps. Came also in company with Paul Troubetzkoy, Rodolph Valentino. At this point I shall allow Mr. Ingram to tell the story just as he related it to me one evening last Summer while we sat chatting on the porch of Mae Murray's and Bobby Leonard's home at Great Neck

"I was attracted at once by Valentino's face and by his remarkable grace of movement," said Ingram, "and I made immediately a mental note of him. There's a fellow, thought I, who would be great in pictures, and if I get my job of directing back I'm going to use him. I was pretty confident then, you see, that this experiment was due for the very near future. Little did I think that months—yes, almost a year—would go by and find me just as idle as I was that day when I walked into Mr. Cole's reception.

"I remember remembering much about Valentino in those days, I can tell you. I was so poor that I had to hock all the civilian clothes I had left behind me in my storage-trunks. This left me nothing but my uniform, and the uniform proved, as it did to so many ex-service men, anything but a talisman. The only effect it seemed to produce was to prejudice any possible employer against me. At last—of course that's the way it always happens —I had two jobs offered to me at once. In the meantime, tho, I had been obliged to give up my little two-dollar room. In fact, when I got my double offer I was owing two months' rent for it.

"The job I chose was with the— No sooner had I started to work than I discovered Valentino was on the same lot under Holubar. This second contact with the young foreigner deepened my confidence that he would be a great success on the silver-sheet, and when 'The Four Horsemen' came along I thought of him immediately.

"Of course it was obvious that he was the exact type for the young tango-dancer hero of the story. Even after I started work with him, tho, I had no idea how he'd go—not at the very first. But when we came to rehearsing the tango, 'Rudy' did so well that I made up my mind to expand this phase of the story. I did this by means of a sequence in a Universal picture I had made several years before. The sequence showed an adventurous youth going into a Bowery dive and taking the dancer after he had first floored her partner. Bones and marrow, I transposed this action to South America—yet only a few of my wise Universal friends recognized it.

"This bit of acting not in the book gave Valentino a chance for one of his showy pieces of work. I rehearsed it very carefully for three days right on the set, and I think the result covered it."

At this point in the director's story I asked him if he thought, as so many people do, that Valentino was a mere flash in the pan.

"By no means," rejoined he promptly; "he's very ambitious and careful, and if he doesn't take what the fans say too seriously he will live a long time as a picture idol —provided, of course, that he is kept in good stories and has a capable director."

Here at this point I can not refrain from quoting the most famous of all directors on the subject of the present-day idol. In talking to Griffith one day I asked him what he thought of Valentino.

"I declare I don't know," replied he; "all the time I was looking at him in 'The Four Horsemen' I kept asking myself, 'Is this fellow really acting or is he so perfectly the type that he doesn't need to act?'"

The existing impression that this famous novel effected Valentino his first part in pictures is erroneous. Not only had the young Latin worked with Holubar, as Ingram mentioned, but he had been cast with Mae Murray by Bobby Leonard. And, of course, he had rounded out his experience as an actor. All it not been, however, for Rex Ingram and for the materialization of a story so exactly adapted to his talents, Valentino might still be standing around in the lobby of some Hollywood hotel—one of the thousands of young men and women whose hearts are suffocating with that one cry, "The chance! If only they'd give me the chance!"

"Hail, Czar of Hollywood!"—thus some woman addressed Charlie Chaplin not long ago.

"Oh, no," smiled Charlie, "that no longer. Valentino is the present ruler."

And then he went on to say, "I like the fellow, you know. He's got a lot of color and charm. I went around to see him the other day and it just delighted me to see him stepping about on his thick, beautiful rugs among his gorgeous bric-à-brac and his incense-burners. They seemed to suit him, you know, and he was so pleased with all his new splendor—just like a child.

There is Chaplin for you—always delighted with the colorful, the imaginative, anything which sets his imagination going.

In line with Charlie's approval come the words of another man I know, a man well read, cultured, and charming. "Any one who thinks Valentino is an illiterate young foreigner with a handsome face and a talent for dancing is mistaken"—so protests this witness. "I know him well and I am always interested in his comments on film and work.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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Beautiful Nazimova Finds MINERALAVA Perfect in its Results

NAZIMOVA

the ideal "Salomé" says, "MINERALAVA is unique. There is nothing equal to it in the world. I have never used a product for the complexion so sure and gratifying in its results."

by HECTOR FULLER

IN a throng of women noted for their good looks, the beautiful skin, the radiant complexion and the firm contour of the face and neck of Nazimova (whose "Salome" is her greatest work in motion pictures), shine out "like a good deed in a naughty world."

And the beauty that is Nazimova's is within the reach of every woman, for she attributes the wonder of her complexion to the consistent use of the great Nature specific MINERALAVA the Beauty Clay, and MINERALAVA Face Finish. By its use she has been able to counteract the evil effects of the constant use of stage cosmetics and she says:

"MINERALAVA is unique. There is nothing equal to it in the world. I have never used a product for the complexion so sure and gratifying in its results."

For twenty-four years MINERALAVA Beauty Clay has held its place as the supreme corrective for all the ills that mar the beauty of the complexion and the contour of the face and neck.

It was Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the famous British skin specialist who first demonstrated that blemishes of the outer skin were due to an ill-nourished condition of the Dermis or under-skin. He called this Skin-Malnutrition.

MINERALAVA the Beauty Clay, medicinally pure and chemically perfect, is the one thing to clear away Skin-Malnutrition and all its attendant ills. By the natural power of MINERALAVA penetrating the myriad pores of the skin and re-vitalizing the tissues and stimulating the blood circulation. It corrects too-oily or too-dry skin; it eradicates pimples and blackheads and coarse pores; smooths out the incipient wrinkles, prevents sagging muscles and preserves and makes firm the contour of the face and neck. MINERALAVA Face Finish is a colorless fragrant liquid that should be gently patted into the face after the MINERALAVA has been washed away. It is a perfect skin food and tones up the entire face and neck, besides being a perfect base for powder.

MINERALAVA the Beauty Clay, and MINERALAVA Face Finish are enthusiastically endorsed by thousands upon thousands of women and men who use it two or three times a week at home.

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Julia Sanderson, Mary Nash, Nazimova, Lenore Ulric, Marjorie Rambeau, Marion Davies, Zitelka Dolores, Elizabeth Hines, Irene Bordoni and others proudly endorse and recommend the regular use of MINERALAVA.

MINERALAVA draws out impurities from the pores like a vacuum cleaner draws dust from a curtain.

MINERALAVA smooths out lines and wrinkles by its firm but gentle stimulating action.

MINERALAVA brings the blood to the surface of the face and neck to circulate freely, nourishing the cleansed tissues and keeping the muscles firm.

MINERALAVA penetrates the myriad pores of the skin and cleanses thoroughly clear to the base of the skin. It is this perfectly clean skin that is stimulated to new and radiant health.

When MINERALAVA was first used by its discoverer, Mrs. M. G. Scott, treatments in beauty shops were expensive. Women gladly paid as high as $15 or $20 for a single treatment. Today it is sold, under a positive money-back guarantee that it will do all and more than is claimed for it, at $2.00 a bottle and with each bottle there comes a soft brush for applying. Each bottle contains enough MINERALAVA for eighteen full treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. The MINERALAVA Face Finish is $1.50 a bottle.

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And MINERALAVA has a special appeal to all women and men. After the day's fatigue you will find it wonderful to allow yourself twenty minutes for a MINERALAVA treatment. While the fragrant mask is drying you can rest. When the mask is washed off you will see at once how the lines of care and worry have vanished. You will see a fine evening's freshness in the face; an alert, youthful look; for MINERALAVA the Beauty Clay, and MINERALAVA Face Finish are the great and speedy rejuvenators of tired faces.

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Go to your dependable Druggist or Department Store. Ask for MINERALAVA, the Beauty Clay. If the store does not happen to have it write direct to the manufacturers and they will see that your dealer is supplied to fill your requirements. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.

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It is gayety and life; enticement and lure. The subtlety of a Pompadour. The charm of a LaValliere. The wisdom of a Josephine, in every precious drop!

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1923

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

You've got to remember that 'Rudy' doesn't come from the lower classes in Italy. His father was a scientist and his family connections are with professional people."

The Four Horsemen" carried not only Valentino high into the ether of popular success. Altho Rex Ingram had made successful pictures before this, he had never so thoroughly demonstrated his capacity for that difficult union of finely knit narrative and sweep of vision as did he in Ibañez's masterpiece. To my mind the skill with which the personal element is presented against the background of great epic disaster places Ingram in the very foremost rank of screen directors. As for Alice Terry, her rôle of the wife in the story afforded her the first satisfactory avenue for that exquisite something which differentiates her.

THE story of Alice Terry has the same fairy-tale quality as Valentino's own. Like him, she had worked hard as an extra for many years, and the hard work had resulted in little recognition. However, discouraging as had been her experience, it was not without results. For Rex Ingram happened to see her in New York when, as a girl still in her mid-teens, she played with Bessie Barriscale in "Not My Little Sister." The promise which she gave impressed the young director almost immediately. When, under, he moved from New York to the Coast he welcomed the fact that she, too, had shifted from East to West. Had it not been for the West, in fact, Alice Terry would probably have been his leading lady some years before.

When Ingram on his return from overseas service finally located the job which put a roof once more over his head and ovulan ebbed from his cheek back, he was to resume his slight acquaintance with Miss Terry. For she came to his office then and applied for a position as script girl, the functionary who, standing on the set, chalks off the scenes as they are made and notes the new ones extemporized.

He looked at her in amazement. "What," cried he, "you don't mean to say that you've given up acting, do you?"

She looked at him somewhat sadly "Oh, dear, yes," she replied. "I did that some time ago. It was too discouraging—I wasn't getting any place, you see. No matter how hard I worked nothing seemed to come of it. And of course being an extra or getting some bit now and then doesn't keep you. So I decided I'd just get a regular job."

"And what have you been doing since?" inquired Ingram.

"I've been working in the cutting-room," replied she, "and that was fine—I mean it was fine—knowing just what you were going to get each week. But the ether commenced to get into my lungs and that's why I'm looking around for something else."

Ingram promised to give her the desired position in the picture following, "Shore Acres." However, something changed his plans and instead he cast her for a wild and woolly Dream Dare melodrama called "Hearts Are Trumps." To his surprize she seemed loath to accept this chance of returning to the screen.

"Oh, no, I don't want to try—I've given it all up, you see," she kept protesting in a way that proved how completely previous discouragements had shattered her self-confidence

But he finally succeeded in overcoming her fears, and since then she has been his leading woman in every story except "Trifling Women." It was not, however, until the appearance of "The Four Horsemen" that Alice Terry, the girl who, heartsick from her discouragements on the set, had wanted to retire to the comparative obscurity of script work, won the wide recognition which her beauty and her screen personality had so long deserved.

All this I have just related I heard from Miss Terry, now Mrs. Rex Ingram, on the same evening when Ingram told me of his experience with Valentino On this same occasion she and her husband mentioned that for the next appearance will be in John Russell's "Passion Vine." In this her support will be Ramon Navarro, another dancer from whom Ingram predicts a success which may even duplicate that of Valentino.

Anent both Valentino and Navarro, Ingram made an interesting observation. "A good dancer," said he, "frequently makes a good screen actor. Why? Because he has both poise and repose, and I don't know any better start than these."

In this connection do not forget that Chaplin is one of the most graceful of dancers. Altho not a professional, he might easily have become so.

ANOTHER film triumph won only after a lasting siege of discouragement is that of Von Stroheim. Born of an old and distinguished Viennese family, the Baron von Stroheim was in another day one of those picturesque young officers who swaggered about the Ring Strasse, partook of café melanges and faultlessly whittled cakes at the smart confectioners' on the Graben, sunned themselves where the bands play "The Beautiful Blue Danube" and other Strauss waltzes—in brief, lent themselves to that atmosphere, at once sprightly and sentimental, which made the fascination of prewar Vienna. Perhaps he lent himself to it somewhat too thoroughly, for he always smiles when you ask him how he first happened to come to this country. And the smile seems to hint at some youthful escapade.

When he arrived in this country he had no more equipment for making known livelihood than is suggested by this background of frivolity, of leisure, and of rigid caste etiquette. he was penniless now. Soda-fountain attendant and groom in a stable—these two jobs are only a few of the milestones passed in the wanderings of Von Stroheim from his hereditary environment. He was, in fact, almost starving when Griffith's war-pictures presented to him an opportunity. His Austrian uniform, his scars, his typical Teutonic appearance—all these were utilized in a screen presentation of the hated German officer.

After the vogue of the war-picture had passed, however, Von Stroheim found himself in a plight almost as bad as that from which these pictures had delivered him. No use to him now was the uniform the scars, the typical Teutonic appearance. Quite the reverse. For days he would sit in those depressing anterooms which guard the presence of the great. I used to see him in the Goldwyn Studios and, remembering with admiration his work in the war-pictures, I wished only that the change in popular taste had not prohibited my employment of him in a characteristic rôle.

"I knew all the time that I had something in me which might be valuable to the screen," Von Stroheim told a friend of mine in reference to this period, "but I couldn't get myself over. I lacked the American push. I took my first answer far too easily, and so I might still be sitting around in dingy anterooms had not something happened to me. I became deeply infatuated with a girl. But she said to me, 'No—not until I see if you can ever make good.' Then for the first time in my life I made up my mind to succeed."

THE rest of his story is known by those who follow the history of screen celebrities. He had long been fired by an idea for the screen. Maddened by his inability to get an audience for the story of the downfall of Viennese aristocrat resolved upon forceful measures. He literally broke into Laemmle's room in a hotel, and with all the fire of desperation set forth his great idea. The result was "Foolish Wives." This picture, notable—even notorious—among screen folk for the tremendous costliness of its production, is also set apart by the fact that Von Stroheim's activities in it were threefold. He wrote the scenario, he directed it, and he took the leading part. His subsequent work shows the same correlation.

The first time I ever saw this picturesque figure away from the studio was at a café where he was the object of concentrated attention on the part of the other diners. Men glared at him, women whispered to each other, whispered as if an ogre had suddenly walked in upon the feast. "There's Von Stroheim—look at him; oh, isn't he too horrid!" I understood then why I had so often heard him called "the most hated man on the screen."

He must have been conscious of the antagonism of these strangers surrounding him, but if he was he gave no sign. Unconsciously as if the many hostile eyes had been directed toward some other person, he went on talking to the woman who was with him. Was he really insensitive or did he command his face to be a mask?

Afterward I heard that Von Stroheim is quite aware of the personal odium with which his professional characterizations of brutal German officer and villainous foreign aristocrat have surrounded him. Some say, indeed, that he cherishes this reputation, that not for worlds would he lift his finger to soften the hated impression. Yet as against this I have heard what Von Stroheim has said to his intimate friends.

"When Elinor Glyn or Bess goes into a café or some other public place," he once remarked, "people exclaim delightedly, 'There he is—oh, isn't he charming!' But when I come in it's 'Ugh, there's Von Stroheim; and if it's a man who notoriously in the American people—to think that they can be so childlike as to confuse me, Von Stroheim, the man, with Von Stroheim, the actor, to imagine that because I play the parts I do I must be that kind of a man."

Of course this confusion itself is a testimony to the excellence of his work, to that dramatic insight which had made numerous fellow professionals regard him as the ideal actor on the screen—with, most finished actor on the screen—with the exception of Chaplin, to whom, of course, because of the different character of their rôles, he can scarcely be compared As to his personal manner this has all the traditional grace of the cultured Continental But there is more to Von Stroheim than the clicking of heels, the bows, the gestures, the precise phrasing with its slightly foreign accent, the air of attention which isolates the person to whom he is talking from all the world There are many products of this mold, and, the over the American mind they usually exert the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

fascination of strangeness, such mannerisms do not explain the arresting quality of his personality. This lies in an expression which, both sad and gay, thoughtful and vivacious, reproduces the blend achieving the charm of his own Vienna.

Ex-nobleman and present film star! Surely no story on the screen could present greater contrasts of fortune than this story behind the screen. He himself is thoroughly conscious of it, and one day, sitting in his shirt-sleeves in his office, he remarked to some one I know, "Strange, strange, what America does for you! Do you know that if my old self, the Von Stroheim of Austria, were to have met my present self, the Von Stroheim of Hollywood, he would have fought a duel with him? For I'm everything now that I was brought up to despise.

"When I was a young man at home I remember that one day at the dinner-table I unhooked the high collar of my uniform—just the top hook, you understand—because the day was so warm and the collar so tight. My stern old father glared at me across the table and then he sent me away from the room. 'Low-born,' 'vulgarian'—these were some of the words he hurled at me as I went out. And now, behold! I sit here without any collar and in my shirt-sleeves, and when I go home to-night I shall sit down to dinner without putting on either collar or coat. My wife doesn't mind—neither do I. There you are."

Because of his own struggles Von Stroheim is often exceedingly kind to those trying to get a foothold in the profession. Mae Busch, for example, speaks glowingly of Von Stroheim's helpfulness and says that it is to him she owes the chance which proved a turning-point in her career. The mention of Mae carries me to one of the most forceful examples of the fact that few screen careers are achieved without experiencing reverses.

IN ABOUT the second year of the Lasky Company's existence Mae Busch, a little Australian girl with big hazel eyes fringed by incredibly long lashes, was acting in one of Lasky's vaudeville companies. For some reason or other she bolted the show in Los Angeles, and soon after this she made her first appearance in pictures as one of Mack Sennett's famous bathing girls. While she was in Sennett's organization she became involved in a drama of love and jealousy and revenge which had nothing to do with screen performance. The situation, familiar to many of the Hollywood colony, resulted temporarily in her professional overthrow. A pathetic little figure, she wandered from studio to studio in search of work. Unable to find it, she finally married. Perhaps, as one of her friends has suggested, the marriage was the result of gratitude on her part to the man who did not let the world's desertion shake his love for her.

Be that as it may, the marriage proved disastrous, and for some years the pretty little Australian girl went down under the deep waters which have submerged so many others in the profession. Poor, unhappily married, the victim of several severe illnesses, who could have believed that Mae Busch would ever come back?

Those who found this belief difficult did not reckon with the mettle which is her distinguishing quality. One day she said to herself—this is the story as she tells it—"This has got to stop. Only I'm not getting away with it. Why not I?" This crystallization brought her to Von Stroheim, who gave her a part in "Foolish Wives." Small as the part was, she made it stand out. Von Stroheim praised her work. So, too, did no less a person than Charlie Chaplin. The latter, in fact, promised her a big part in his next picture.

It was about the time when she had come to an agreement with Chaplin and the Goldwyn Company was absorbed in the problem of finding an ideal *Glory Quayle* for its production of "The Christian." This search is an answer to those who complain that the picture organizations are content with inferior dramatic talent and with types falling short of any real characterization. We literally sifted the country for Hall Caine's heroine. Beautiful and near-beautiful, famous and obscure, East and West, young and middle-aged—all were represented in those four thousand women of whom we made tests.

Of course everybody in the industry had heard of our search, but it was not until the contest had been going on for some time that the idea of entering it occurred to Mae Busch. When she did finally come to the studio she has often said that it was with no expectation of being victorious. Nobody was more surprised than she herself when out of those four thousand applicants we chose her for *Glory Quayle!*

How did she do it! This is the way she herself tells of the experience: "When they told me I'd have to be a fourteen-year-old girl in one test I just almost swooned. Imagine me—after all I had been through—trying to look a child like that. But I thought to myself, Well, you're here now and you might as well stay by. So I put on the short dress and—funny!—I guess I was just in the mood for it—but when I stood in front of that camera I got to feeling just exactly the way I did when I was a youngster out in Australia. Of course," she adds quickly, "there was a great deal in this. I didn't really care whether I won out or not—I mean I wasn't all keyed up and nervous about it—for, you see, Charlie had promised me that part and so I didn't have everything at stake."

These last remarks draw attention to one of the acid experiences of the screen performer. No matter how often he or she has been subjected to these tryouts, the latest challenge always seems to make them feel uneasy as the first. They become rigid with fear of what the new director may think of them and, so, naturally, defeat the very results they so much desire.

In speaking of Mae Busch, Charlie Chaplin once said, "I always remember Mae at a party one evening when she suddenly thumped herself on the chest. 'It's here,' she said fiercely, 'something inside me—something I've got to get out!' That impressed me a whole lot," added he, "for I haven't heard so awfully many screen actresses in my time complaining of any inner weight of talent oppressing them."

It was, of course, this real fire of histrionic energy which burned down every obstacle before Mae. That together with all the suffering she had undergone counts enormously in her work on the screen and removes her many degrees from the puppet types which have cast discredit upon the profession.

The moment you meet Mae you recognize her as "good copy." This is so because she is perfectly natural, and being natural with her means saying exactly what she thinks. She says it graphically, pungently, often slangily, so that almost every sentence she utters lingers in your mind as a vivid picture of some phase of experience. Far from being a highbrow herself, she is one of those vivid types in which the real highbrow delights.

Another screen performer who sailed a few choppy seas before coming into port is that delightful young comedian, Harold Lloyd. The first time I ever met Lloyd was at a dinner at which Chaplin was also present. The latter was talking on one of his favorite themes, religion or economics—I forget which—and his words, always clipped just enough to reveal his English birth, were coming thick and fast. I noticed that as he spoke a rather tall, rather serious-looking young fellow, who was one of a group in an opposite corner of the room, was looking at him wonderingly, almost wistfully. He himself was not saying a word.

"Who is that chap over there?" I asked of the man next to me.

"Oh, don't you know him? That's Harold Lloyd, the comedian."

"Quiet fellow, isn't he?" I remarked. "I've hardly heard him say a word."

"He's usually like that at parties," replied the other man. "I've been around with that boy a lot and I've never once seen him cut up like Buster Keaton or Charlie Chaplin. He says he doesn't feel that way when he isn't on the set—that it isn't until he gets on the old horn-rimmed spectacles and the rest of the make-up that his comedy catches up with him."

"What sort of a chap is he, anyhow?" asked I a few moments later.

The answer was prompt and incisive. "The nicest, kindest, most wholesome, most sincere young fellow in Hollywood. Harold Lloyd—why, he's the sort of kid you'd just sit around and pray your daughter would marry!"

I hasten to say that there is nothing eccentric about the view of Lloyd just presented. All that I have since heard of the brilliant young comedian corroborates this first glowing account. When later on, too, I came to have a long talk with him my vestige of that skepticism normally induced by such universal praise vanished.

WHEN I had this talk there was no trace of the silent young man who had first aroused my curiosity. In fact the shyness which sometimes overwhelms him at a party disappears entirely in a tête-à-tête or in a small group of friendly spirits. Then he talks a great deal. He expresses himself well and every word has a drive, the drive of his tremendous earnestness.

Lloyd, I think, would make a poor subject for psychoanalysis. He seems to have no complexes. He probably never caught any colds in his subconscious. A fine balance is the outstanding effect of his whole personality.

He is very much interested in athletics. He is a fine baseball player, and I suppose he gets more fun out of his swimming-pool than out of almost any other possession of his. In this he presents a great contrast to Chaplin, who doesn't care for Hollywood's "chilly pools," as he calls them.

If you go to Lloyd's studio you find almost everybody calling him "Speed." Even the youngsters on the lot make use of this nickname. These latter all seem to love him, and he is often followed by such a troop that he resembles the Pied Piper of Hamlin.

There is a great deal of the old-fashioned gentleman about this lovable young fellow. He is so earnest about his work, so determined that he is going to do everything which will make him a better actor, so modest of his achievements, and then, too,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Hair like spun gold

THEY had been in bathing for hours. Yet, as she took off her bathing cap, her hair was like spun gold.

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No. 310—Crocheted Hat and Pantie Dress

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 310, 15 cents—9d, require 7 balls blue, 2 balls corn Shetland floss, 1 bone hook No. 3 or steel hook No. 1.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12835, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, contains 3 yards of 6-inch border with design for cap. Shown on dress 1264, sizes 1 to 4 years, 30 cents—1/6. This design is also used for the little cap shown below, a detail of which is given.

No. 12835 on Dress No. 1264

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 2 each of several designs and extra patch pieces for appliqué for cunning little feeding bibs, the pockets of little rompers and small aprons; they may be used with as much effect on sunbonnets.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12684, blue only, 30 cents—1/6, contains 4 yards of 1-inch border, 10 and 10 reverses of 1 motif, and collar and cuff set, shown on dress 9574, sizes 3/4 to 4 years, 30 cents—1/6. The dainty sprays are worked in satin, eyelet and buttonhole stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12685, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 2 each of 8 motifs and 1 reverse of 1 motif with extra patch pieces. This design is practical and easily worked.

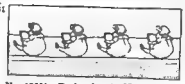
No. 311—Knitted Suit for the Small Boy

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 311, 15 cents—9d, require 4 balls buff yarn, 1 ball brown yarn, and 1 pair knitting needles No. 4.

No. 12834—A Charming Design on Dress No. 9574

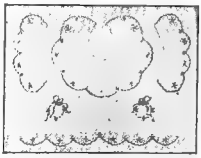
No. 12835—Motif for Cap (Above)

No. 12331



No. 12331—Design for the Nursery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12331, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, furnishes 2 yards of each design suitable for feeding aprons, and other nursery uses, especially for decorative effects. Huckaback towels are shown above with this decorative design.



No. 12836—An Exquisite Yoke Set for a Tiny Frock

No. 12682

No. 12685

No. 12826 (Above)

No. 12832—A Refreshing Tea Cloth for Dainty Refreshments with Pillows to Match for Comfort (Below)

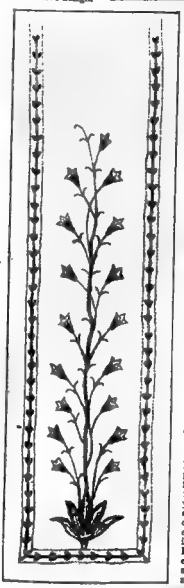
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12832, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 1 and 1 reverse of 6 motifs and 2 each of 4 different ones.

No. 12831—Fancy Motifs Pose as Pockets

No. 12835—Effective for Baby's Dress and Cap

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12826, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, contains 2 each of 2 designs. An exceedingly dainty decoration for carriage cover and pillow top. The design could easily be adapted to towels or pillow-cases.

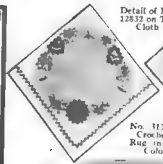
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12832, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes 4 each of 2 wreaths and 12 motifs with appliqué pieces. These are suitable to be used on table-cloths, pillows, and curtains.



No. 12825—Especially Designed for an Oriental Skirt and Blouse

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 312, 15 cents—9d. The crocheted rug requires 6 balls crochet twine (3 blue, 2 buff and 1 black) and 1 crochet hook No. 10.

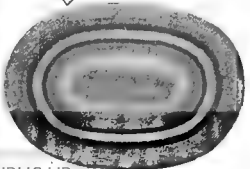
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12825, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, contains 2 each of a most interesting Egyptian panel for a skirt and motif for a blouse.



Detail of No. 12832 on Tea Cloth

Detail of No. 12832 on Pillow Top

No. 312—Crocheted Rug in Soft Colors



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The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12831, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6. Illustrated on Apron 1747, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 36, 40, and 44 bust.

No. 306—Crocheted Hat and Scarf

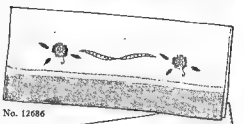
The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 306, 15 cents—9d. The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 307, 15 cents—9d. The sweater is run with satin ribbon.

No. 307

No. 12831—On Apron 1747

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12827, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 6 each of 10 names in floral effect suitable for the marking of lingerie and handkerchiefs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12820, blue only, 50 cents—2/6. Illustrated below at left.

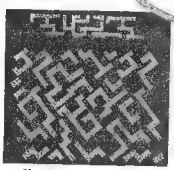


No. 12686

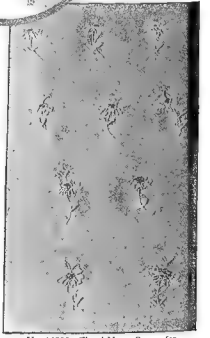
No. 12811

No. 12686

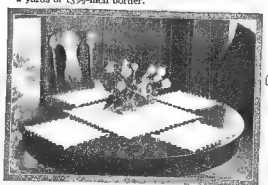
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12686, blue only, 30 cents—1/6. Section of design shown on two towels above. The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12811, blue only, 30 cents—1/6. The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12830, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—, furnishes 6 yards of a 2¼-inch border and 2 yards of 13½-inch border.



No. 12830—Egyptian Borders

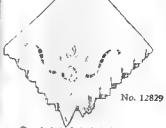


No. 12827—Floral Name Sprays for Handkerchiefs

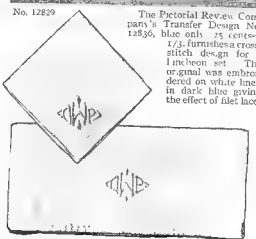


No. 12829

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12836, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes a cross-stitch design for a luncheon set. The original was embroidered on white linen in dark blue giving the effect of filet lace.



No. 12829



No. 540—Simple Monogram to Give That Personal Touch to Linens

No. 12836

The Pictorial Review Company's Perforated Design No. 540, for monograms in sizes 2¼ to 3 inches high, 60 cents—3/—. The simple design may be worked in satin stitch.

No. 12836—Cross-stitch Design for Luncheon Set

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Fill in and mail the coupon below and we'll send you this Lorain Oven Canning Chart.

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 4 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Every Housewife Should Have a Copy of the Lorain Oven Canning Chart

THE Lorain Oven Method is without doubt the easiest, quickest and best way to can fruits and vegetables at home. Why? Just because ——

You don't have to stand over a hot stove and stir and pour, and lift heavy pots, kettles and wash boilers. In fact, you don't even have to remain in the kitchen while things are cooking.

When you use the Lorain Oven Method you just pack the fruits and vegetables into ordinary glass jars; fill the jars with boiling water or syrup; place them in the oven; set the Red Wheel at the required temperature —— and do what you please until the process is completed—that's all.

Moreover, fruits and vegetables canned in this manner retain their fresh-from-the-garden flavor; hold their original color, and stay almost as firm as when picked.

But, Oven Canning isn't the only unusual thing that you can do with a Gas Range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, the famous device that enables you to "set" and maintain the heat of the oven at any desired cooking temperature.

With a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you will never again undercook or overcook anything that you entrust to this magic oven.

Also, by being able to maintain the heat of the oven at very low temperatures, you will be able to cook Whole Meals in the oven, at one time—and while you're miles away enjoying yourself.

A Lorain-equipped Gas Range is certainly the greatest saver of food, fuel, time and labor ever offered Womankind.

Wherever gas is available, are dealers who'll gladly demonstrate the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator to you, and show you one or more of the unusual cooking accomplishments which Lorain makes possible. For the sake of your future health and happiness, don't delay.

And don't forget to send for your copy of the Lorain Oven Canning Chart. It explains how to can 37 different fruits and vegetables by the Lorain Oven Method. You'll find it very, very interesting.

Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, forceful heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

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Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Regulator
CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
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NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio.
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
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American Stove Company
67 Chouteau Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Check your favorite stove

Clark Jewel	New Process
Dangler	Quick Meal
Direct Action	Reliable

(1923)

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Lovely Designs, Easily Worked, to While Away Summer Hours

No. 308—The New Knitted Jacquette for Sports

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions, No. 308, 15 cents—9d. Trimmed with an Egyptian cross-stitch design.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12831, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, contains 10 different motifs for appliqué, shown at left below, on bloomer dress and hat 1092, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 2 to 6 years; another motif is seen on the pockets of dress 1264, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 1 to 4 years; still another idea is seen on rompers 1084, center, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 2 to 6 years, and on the adorable rompers 9014, 25 cents—1/3, sizes 1 to 4 years (at right center) with their little barnyard pockets that even include the baby chickens. Some of these little frocks and rompers are made up in gingham, with appliquéd designs of blue, pink, and green chambray, or again the wee member of the family will prefer a chambray frock or rompers with the nosegay or the appliquéd pocket of the checked gingham.

No. 309—A Charming Knitted Deauville Sweater

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 309, 15 cents—9d. Charming is this slip-on sweater with Angora trimming.

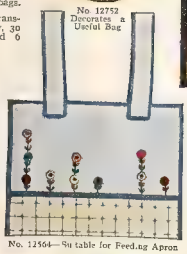
No. 12833—Motifs for Many Uses

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12833, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, contains 2 yards of 13½-inch and 4 yards of 3-inch borders This design was carried out in one-stitch and beading.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, contains 3 basket designs which may be used for scarfs, curtains, or bags.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, contains 15 motifs and 6 duplicates of each.

No. 12752 Decorates a Useful Bag



No. 12564—Su table for Feeding Apron

No. 12616—Detail of Bedspread Design

No. 12616 Detail of Pillow Design

No. 12616—Equally Effective for Curtains, Bedspread, and Bolster Roll

No. 12831 on Rompers 1084

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12828, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, contains 4 each of 4 Egyptian designs, which are used so much for handkerchiefs, these are also applicable to household linens.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12616, blue only, 50 cents—2/6, contains designs suitable for bedspread, bolster roll, and curtains. Details are shown.

No. 12831 on Rompers 9014

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12580, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, contains 10 different motifs with 2 duplicates of each, to be worked in the fascinating cross-stitch that is so easy and so effective. Shown at the right on the little quilt of gingham and chambray.

No. 12580 Below

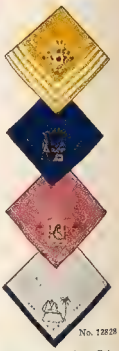
No. 12831 on Dress and Hat 1092

No. 12831 on Dress 1264

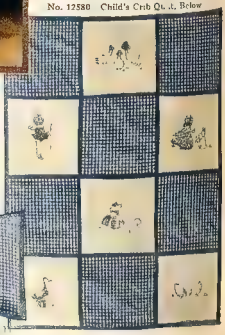
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12812, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes several appliqué motifs.

No. 12812

No. 12767



No. 12828



No. 12580 Child's Crib Quilt, Below

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Oriental Influences Stamp These Blouse Models as Very New

1732—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch blue printed silk—5¼ yards blue ribbon for sash ends and trimming. Very little trimming is needed when a printed fabric is used. In this case ribbon furnishes the only decoration, it being used to bind the oval neck, short sleeves, and for the tie strings.

Blouse 1732

Blouse 1468

Blouse 1490

Blouse 1300

1468—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch Paisley — ¾ yard 40-inch white organdy. Crisp white organdy is used for the pointed collar, inserted vestee and for trimming the turn-back cuffs. The lower part of the blouse is gathered to straight waist - bands which close at the sides.

1658—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. An elaborate embroidery border, design 12816, is applied to the blouse and may be carried out in satin, outline, or darning stitches in silk floss in bright Bulgarian colorings.

Blouse 1658
Embroidery 12816

Jacquette Blouse
1430
Embroidery 12820

1300—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch blue crêpe-knit — 2½ yards bias binding. The lower part of the blouse is gathered to a three-piece band which buttons at the left side-front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

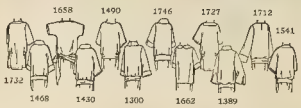
Blouse 1662
Embroidery 12820

Blouse 1712

Blouse 1727

Jacquette Blouse
1389

Blouse 1746
Embroidery 12820



Blouse 1541

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Stunning Frocks That Are Favorites in Latest Summer Styles

1700—Ladies' One piece Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch green and white printed éponge—⅛ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards frilling—2½ yards ribbon for sash. For afternoon or street wear this would make an ideal little frock to slip on. An Egyptian motif, design 12820 which is so much in vogue this season, is applied to the center-front of the sash. The motif may be cut from chambray or linen outlining the design in white.

1697—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch tan figured cretonne—1¾ yard 7-inch figured banding—⅛ yard 36-inch tan voile for collar—1¼ yard pointed edging—2⅛ yards blue bias binding—5 yards blue ribbon for tie-strings. Novelty is given to the short kimono sleeves by the slash on the shoulders which is finished with bias binding.

1741—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch henna printed silk—¼ yard 40-inch gray silk—1⅛ yard novelty edging—2½ yards ribbon for sash. This model chooses the very newest thing in printed fabrics—the Egyptian printed silk. The cuffs and trimming-band of gray silk give a soft touch to the frock.

1711—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch daybreak (orchid) Georgette crêpe—2¼ yards 40-inch blue satin for bodice and skirt—9½ yards ribbon for binding and streamers—1 yard ribbon for girdle. The scallops, design 12177, are bound with ribbon. A cabochon is placed at the center-front.

1709—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch navy blue flat crêpe—1¼ yard 6-inch cream lace for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining.

Dress 1741

Dress 1709

Jacquette Blouse 1135
Frock Skirt 1608

1499—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 40-inch cowslip (yellow) taffeta—4½ yards grosgrain ribbon—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. The gathered pointed ruffles add a girlish charm to this frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

Dress 1711
Sca op 12177

Dress 1700
Appliqué 12820

Dress 1697

1741 1709 1135 1608 1711

1700 1697 1628 1499

Dress 1628
Embroidery 12820
Appliqué 12798

Dress 1499

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Costumes That Vary Their Straight Lines with Plaits and Drapes

1727—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Side-plaited Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2 yards 40-inch mephisto (red) Canton crêpe—3⅛ yards 40-inch white Canton crêpe—2½ yards insertion—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The combination of this overblouse and plaited skirt makes a smart-looking costume for sports wear. The skirt is attached to a long-waisted bodice which closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The Egyptian motif, design 12820, which adorns the front of the overblouse, may be worked in raised or flat satin stitch with silk floss.

1732—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1616—Ladies' and Misses' Side-plaited Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2 yards 40-inch printed crêpe—7¾ yards ribbon for tie-strings and to trim—3¼ yards 40-inch cinder (gray) flat crêpe—1 yard 36-inch lining. This attractive sports model combines an elaborate figured overblouse with a frock skirt of a soft gray crêpe which is attached to a bodice.

1737—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch blue and white printed crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—1½ yard insertion—3¾ yards satin ribbon for sash. The back of this frock extends over the shoulders and joins to the band of plain crêpe de Chine giving it a square neck-line. The sleeves are of the three-quarter type also finished with bands of the plain fabric. A bloused effect is given by elastic inserted through a casing which is stitched underneath the dress and concealed by a sash of satin ribbon with fringed ends.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

Overblouse 1727
Frock Skirt 1608
Embroidery 12820

Overblouse 1732
Frock Skirt 1616

Dress 1742

Dress 1737

Dress 1659
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1733

Dress 1739

Dress 1740

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Frocks That Mirror the Newest Modes for Matron and Maid

1486—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch blue and white check gingham—1⅜ yard 40-inch voile. Cool as well as practical is this smart little street frock of gingham combined with voile. The bloused effect is given by elastic which is inserted through a casing stitched underneath the dress. To conceal the stitching a narrow belt of the gingham is worn. The frock owes its decoration to the Egyptian motif, design 12820, which is embroidered in raised or flat satin stitch.

1735—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch navy blue tricotine—4¾ yards green braid. This practical dress has the advantage of being closed on either side as one prefers. Rows of green braid trim the long collar and the braid also is used for binding the short sleeves and bands which form tiers on the skirt.

Dress 1486
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1710
Appliqué 12820

Bloomer Dress
1507
Initial 12031

1507—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch red dotted percale—1¼ yard plaiting. The little girl's initial may be embroidered on the left patch pocket of this cunning bloomer frock. The design 12031 may be worked in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton floss.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

Dress 1742

Dress 1735

Dress 1698

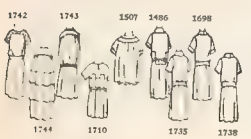
Dress 1738

1698—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch green and white figured crêpe—½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—2⅞ yards frilling—4¾ yards ribbon—1 yard 36-inch lining. The waist of this dress closes at the left side of the inserted vestee, while the attached skirt closes at the left side seam. The long collar, turn-back cuffs, and vestee, trimmed with hemstitching and frilling, give a dainty touch of contrast to this otherwise plain frock. Ribbon is worn around the waist and falls in streamers from a novelty ornament at the left side.

1738—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 40-inch sheepskin (tan) voile—1⅛ yard 12-inch lace banding—1⅞ yard 12-inch pointed lace banding—1½ yard 6-inch lace banding for lower part of waist—2⅛ yards 6-inch pointed banding for upper part of skirt and sleeves. This model is smartly trimmed with lace banding. A slip of the dress material is worn underneath.

1742—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch navy blue figured foulard—2¼ yards 40-inch navy blue crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining

1710—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch tan and white check gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white linen. An appliquéd Egyptian motif, design 12820, is applied to the front of the belt. The design may be cut from colored linen and outlined in white



Cape 1744

Wrap 1743
Embroidery 12612

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Beguiling Fashions for Full Figures and for the Kiddies

Dress 1256 · Bloomer Dress 1701
Monogram 537
Scallop 12567

1256—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch blue crêpe de Chine—4 yards frilling. The closing of this frock is arranged on the shoulders. Frilling edges the large collar which is in two sections and also the short sleeves.

1701—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch citrine (yellow) linen—4¼ yards yellow bias binding. The lower edge of the dress is cut in a scalloped outline, design 12567, and finished with bias binding. A touch of handwork is supplied by the monogram, design 537, which is embroidered in raised satin stitch on the yoke.

1697—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch novelty printed crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch henna Canton crêpe. The material used for the upper section of this frock is so elaborate in itself that no trimming is required save a fancy buckle or cabochon on the belt.

Dress 1697

Dress 1553

Dress 1703
Embroidery 12757

Dress 1737
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1466

Dress 1698

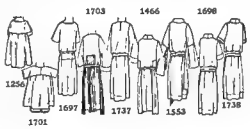
Dress 1738
Embroidery 12820

1698—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch navy blue dotted swiss—¼ yard 18-inch tucked vesting—4¾ yards pointed edging—5¾ yards insertion. Practical as well as smart is this little Summer frock of cool dotted swiss that is so appropriate for the mature woman. A dainty touch of contrast is provided by the fancy vestee which fills in the deep V opening and by the pointed edging.

1738—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch fallow (tan) voile—2⅜ yards 40-inch congo (brown) voile for slip—10 yards insertion. The brown slip which is worn underneath the dress is finished with shoulder straps in camisole style. The girdle is laid in plaits and is fastened by a novelty buckle. An Egyptian motif, design 12820, carried out in raised satin stitch is embroidered on the left side-front. This makes an exceptionally good frock for the well-proportioned woman as it tends to give long, slender lines.

1708—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch black satin—2¼ yards 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 27-inch vesting. The closing is arranged at the left side of the inserted vestee which extends below the belt. The plaited panels add much style to this otherwise plain frock, the side ones extending below the hem-line. The flowing sleeves in three-quarter length are finished with turn-back cuffs. The embroidery, design 12757, may be worked in darning stitch in rope silk, or if preferred, beading may be substituted, using bugle or seed beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75



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Egyptian Designs Used in Costumes for Youthful Wearers

1481—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch white linen—1¼ yard 36-inch daybreak (orchid) linen. The skirt of this attractive little composé frock has tab extensions, front and back, which button onto the waist. A novel motif, design 12820, which has proven such a fad this season, is embroidered on the front of the dress carried out in raised or flat satin stitch.

1626—Girls' and Juniors' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yards 40-inch figured voile—⅜ yard 40-inch white voile—2 yards grosgrain ribbon. Any little girl will be proud to own a dainty bloomer frock like this made up in a cool voile. The collar and cuffs are buttonhole scalloped in mercerized cotton floss following design 11659.

1671—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch mephisto (red) linen—⅛ yard 36-inch white linen for pocket and binding. An appliquéd fruit motif, design 12672, cut from colored linen is blanket-stitched onto the dress.

1661—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 40-inch dotted voile—⅜ yard 40-inch blue voile for pockets, sash and trimming. Every girl will want at least one cool voile dress for her vacation wardrobe and what could answer the purpose more than this simple frock?

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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Just the Wraps and Suits Smart Women Will Want for Cool Days

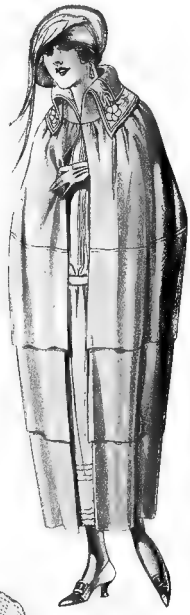
Wrap 1743

1743—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch navy twillcord—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. This very new and smart model combines the protection of a coat with the graceful lines of a cape. In the wide circular sweep at the lower edge and the fashionable side closing there is much smartness.

Coat 1652
Embroidery 12817

1652—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—4¼ yards 36-inch figured silk for the lining. The vogue for embroidery is smartly exploited in the handsome design 12817, that borders the coat and forms an attractive trimming for the collar and sleeves. This wrap-around model has the modish side-closing effected with a tie-sash of the material. A most desirable coat for cool Summer days at home or the mountains.

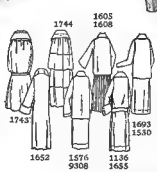
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76



Cape 1744
Embroidery 12816

Jacket 1576
Skirt 9308
Embroidery 12715

Jacquette Blouse 1605
Frock Skirt 1608
Embroidery 12612



Jacket 1136
Dress 1655
Embroidery 12718

Jacket 1693
Skirt 1530

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Slender Creations That Adopt Plaits, Tiers, and Bustle Draperies

Dress 1709

Dress 1695
Beading 12574

Dress 1657
Embroidery 12820

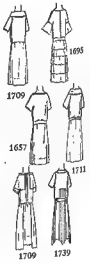
Dress 1742

Dress 1742

Dress 1711
Scallop 11694

Dress 1709

Dress 1739



1742—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. As illustrated at left of page, size 18 requires 4 yards 40-inch brocaded crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining. As illustrated at right of page, size 18 requires 4 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch allover lace—1¾ yard 6-inch lace banding.

1709—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. As illustrated at top of page, size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe-back satin—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard 36-inch lining. As illustrated at foot of page, size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch taffeta—1¾ yard 6-inch lace banding for panels—1½ yard 3-inch banding for collar—¾ yard narrow banding for sleeves—1 yard 36-inch lining. Youthful indeed is this charming frock with its close-fitting bodice and front or side panels.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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Variations of the Straight-Line Frocks and Chic New Wraps

Dress 1737
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1740

Dress 1699

Dress 1702
Embroidery 12820

Cape 1744
Dress 1596
Appliqué 12797

Dress 1718
Embroidery 12820

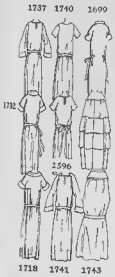
1709—Misses' One-piece Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—2½ yards pointed edging—1¾ yard ribbon for tie—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder. Pointed edging trims the collar, turn-back cuffs which finish the short kimono sleeves, and the pockets. The motif, design 12820, on the front of the dress may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1737—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¼ yard 40-inch organdy—3⅜ yards ribbon for sash. Simplicity is the keynote of this modish frock, the attractive motif, design 12820, supplying the only mark of decoration carried out in raised satin stitch.

1740—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—½ yard 36-inch allover lace—1⅝ yard 7-inch lace banding. An attractive frock of crêpe meteor combined with lace for afternoon wear.

1699—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch printed crêpe—½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—5 yards ribbon. The dress closes on the left shoulder, has an open neck finished with a collar, and short kimono sleeves which are slashed across the shoulders. Being cut on such simple lines, this design would also make up well in one of the new Egyptian printed silks which are so much in demand this season.

1741—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch Paisley—¼ yard 36-inch plain silk—2⅝ yards figured ribbon for sash.



Dress 1741

Wrap 1743

1744—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 10-inch caracul banding—3 yards ribbon for tie-string—2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. No. 1596—Ladies' and Misses' One piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch printed silk. The appliquéd motif, design 12797, may be cut from colored silk and blanket stitched.

1718—Misses' One-piece Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch flat crêpe—4¾ yards frilling. The motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch with silk floss.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

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!

rude

She thought him rude for staring at her but he had a reason

If she could have read his mind she would have known why.

At first glance, the girl opposite him in the train appeared exceedingly neat and well-groomed. But the moment she opened her lips to speak, he noticed that her teeth were dull, cloudy and untidy looking.

It was like seeing a well-dressed man wearing a soiled collar.

So many otherwise fastidious men and women forget that their teeth are probably the one most noticeable index of real gentility. Every word you utter fixes someone's eye upon your lips. And your teeth often have more to tell about you than what you actually say.

Only the right dentifrice—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy (25 cents) or the free sample (mailed to you by the makers upon your request) will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the *safe* antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the *safe* dentifrice. It cleans, yet it cannot injure the enamel.

Maybe you will need a little help from your dentist first, depending upon how long you have neglected your teeth. It is better to see him a few times a year anyhow. He should remove old tartar and watch for decay.

What are *your* teeth saying about you today?—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

IT'S MORE THAN A MATTER OF GOOD TASTE

What the New Silhouette Is in Youthful Styles

Dress 1733
Appliqué 12630
Scallop 11661

1733—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch French voile—2⅛ yards insertion. The round neck, sleeves, and patch pockets are finished with scallops. The design, 11661, is worked with mercerized cotton floss in buttonhole stitch. Another touch of handwork is provided by the floral appliqué motifs, design 12630, which is cut from colored organdy or linen and couched down in buttonhole, outline or blanket stitches.

1493—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch batiste for blouse—2½ yards plaiting—1 yard 36-inch linen for trousers. Suit consists of a blouse and side-closing knee trousers. The blouse has a round collar, short one-piece sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs, and is trimmed with narrow plaiting. The extension on front of trousers is buttoned to the blouse. Pearl buttons are used for the fastenings and a tiny ribbon bow finishes the neck.

Suit 1493

Bloomer Dress 1721

Dress 1622
Appliqué 12820

1701—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch black sateen—4¾ yards bias binding. The lower edge of this bloomer frock is cut in large scallops in design 12177, finished with bias binding, which is also used for the round neck and short kimono sleeves. The appliquéd motifs, design 12808, give a smart touch and may be cut from colored satin and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1594—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cretonne—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy—1⅞ yard plaiting. The deep tuck gives the effect of a dress. Frilling edges the collar and turn-back cuffs that finish the short sleeves.

1721—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cretonne—¼ yard 36-inch linen. Rows of shirring are arranged on either side of the slash, and also at the back.

1622—Child's One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—2 yards frilling—4⅛ yards insertion—2 yards ribbon for sash. The appliquéd Egyptian motif, design 12820, is cut from colored linen and outlined in floss.

Dress 1450
Embroidery 12175

Bloomer Dress 1701
Appliqué 12808
Scallop 12177

Bloomer Dress 1594

Dress 1707
Appliqué 12797

Dress 1708
Appliqué 12820

Dress 1710

1707—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch dotted voile—⅛ yard 40-inch plain voile for collar, cuffs, and sash—1⅝ yard 36-inch linen for skirt section. Appliquéd leaves in design 12797, cut from contrasting linen, are couched down in blanket stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

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Charming Summer Clothes for the Younger Set

1592—Child's One-Piece Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 3 requires 1⅛ yard 32-inch gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham for collar, cuffs and bands on dress and bloomers. This most attractive little costume closes at center-back and the becoming round neck is finished with a two-piece collar. Appliqué in design 12798 forms an effective trimming. The motif may be cut from colored linen and couched down in buttonhole, chain or outline stitches.

1584—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch linen for blouse—1 yard 36-inch contrasting linen for trousers—1 yard frilling for collar. The side-closing knee trousers of this good-looking little suit button onto the blouse, and the slip-on blouse has a deep open front with an inset shield. The collar is a very attractive feature with its pretty frilled trimming, and the sleeves are short combining comfort and freedom.

Bloomer Dress 1590

Bloomer Dress 1592 Appliqué 12798

Suit 1584

Bloomer Dress 1667 Embroidery 12820

1590—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 3 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch dotted voile—¾ yard 40-inch batiste for collar and knee-bands—2 yards frilling—2⅝ yards insertion. This one-piece bloomer dress has an attached three-piece gathered skirt and the costume closes at center-back with buttons and buttonholes. The lower part of the bloomers is gathered to straight bands. The three-piece skirt is attached to the bloomers thus effecting a very practical garment simple and easy to make.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

1667—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 3 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed silk—⅓ yard 40-inch plain silk for pointed collar and cuffs. This charming frock follows grown-up fashion in its silk of printed design and motif, design 12820, embroidered in raised satin stitch.

Dress 1263 Embroidery 11339 Scallop 11661

1263—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook. When the dainty frock is hand embroidered and scalloped in designs 11339 and 11661 the effect is lovely worked in satin and stem stitches.

Dress 1636 Scallop 12567

Coat 1675

Cape 1705 Dress 1633 Appliqué 12797 Scallop 12567

Dress 1671 Appliqué 12820

Cape 1745

1592 1584 1667 1590 1263 1705 1633 1671 1745 1636 1675

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Drawers 1713

Drawers 1715

1714—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch batiste — 1⅞ yard insertion—4 yards edging. The embroidery, design 11569, which is worked along the lower edge of this slip may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches with mercerized cotton floss.

Slip 1714 Embroidery 11569

Combination 1725 Initial 11997

1725—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch nainsook—⅞ yard beading—2 yards edging. The initial, design 11997, gives an individual touch to this practical garment, and is carried out in raised satin stitch

Drawers 1729 Embroidery 11751

1713 — Girls' and Juniors' Side-closing Drawers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch nainsook—⅞ yard frilling—⅝ yard insertion.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

Combination 1728 Embroidery 11976

Underwaist and Drawers 1717 Embroidery 12206

Drawers 1731

Apron 1747 Appliqué 12629

Dress Sleeves 1704

Bathing Suit 1046 Embroidery 12820

Bathing Suit 1621 Embroidery 12820

1714 1728 1713 1729 1747 1621

1725 1717 Original from 1046 9418

Bathing Suit 9418 Initial 11997

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Last-Minute Modes Interpreted in Various Ways

Drawers and Waist 1719 Embroidery 12081
Combination 1730 Embroidery 12175
Combination 1725
Drawers and Underwaist 1724 Embroidery 12081
Combination 1723 Embroidery 12236
1719—Child's Drawers and Underwaist. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch longcloth—2⅞ yards frilling. The embroidery, design 12367, gives a dainty trimming touch to the little girl's lingerie. The design may be worked in raised satin and outline stitches.
1722—Misses' Slip. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard 5-inch lace banding—1 yard lace insertion for shoulder straps—1¾ yard insertion for lower edge of slip.
Drawers and Underwaist 1726 Embroidery 12206
Pajamas 1706
1724—Girls' and Juniors' Drawers and Underwaist. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch nainsook—3⅛ yards frilling. The embroidery design 12081 may be carried out in raised satin and stem stitches.
Slip 1122
Bathing Suit 1619
Maid's Set 1454 Embroidery 11572
Bathing Suit 1048
Bathing Suit 1050 Embroidery 12820
Apron Dress 1474 Applique 12796
1719 1723 1730 1726 1048 1619 1474
1722 1706 1050 1454

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

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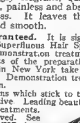

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In Praise of LADY MARGERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"You didn't lay your money?" he said.

"I did."

"How much?"

"Ten pounds."

"Ah, well," he decided cruelly, "it'll teach you."

And he passed on.

"Well, the devil scald you!" she called after him, "And your thick ignorance!"

Last race and the end of the day. He swung her lightly to the side-car. Firm elbows, rounded arms, and how light she was, elastic! A woman in a shawl and a battered sailor-hat stood with folded arms and began a street ballad:

Bold Robert Emmet, the darling of Ireland!
Bold Robert Emmet, he died with a smile!
Farewell, my company-lons both loyal and loving!
A hero I'll die for the Emerald Isle.

Margery was grinning above the press of the people. O'Conor turned and dug his hand in his pocket. Threw the woman a large silver coin.

"Well, may God keep and preserve you, my fine noble, red-headed man! And the sweet lady beside you, may God bless her! And may you live comfortable and die happy, the both of you, and leave behind you a dozen of the finest children—"

"Drive on! Drive on!" O'Conor implored.

"Is it over the heads of the decent people you'd have me drive, then?" asked the jarvey in abrupt horror.

"—and of the twelve may six of them be like yourself, fine and red-headed, and six like herself, jet black. Ah, 'tis the fine man you have, my sweet mistress!"

O'Conor saw the scarlet of her face against the black hair. Eh, Lord, how beautiful she was!

THE click of the wicket-gate and he was gone, and down the frosty road his firm step was echoing. She stood at the long drawing-room window and listened. Eh, what a man! And to-night the hare would be out on Three Rock Mountain, and the red fox pad toward the chicken-runs. The rogue of the world! And on the mountain lakes southward there would be a lid of mist hovering, blue mist and dark mountains and the white moon!

And under the moon her own garden, her own house, lay so quietly, sleeping. Crisp lawn and the graveled paths, and the high wall and the greenhouses glistening, and the yew-trees against the wall. And the bigger trees of the garden, the oak and ash, and the rowan-trees—the mountain-ash, they called it in England—all the trees that were silent now, even the wind being still. The low dining-room that spread out at right angles, and was thatched like an old-time cottage, how sweet it seemed from here! And the stables, where the horses were in their stalls, and the coachman and groom slept. The little lodge where the gardeners were, a huddle of ivy. Oh, the sweet domain!

It seemed to her, when the old place and the servants slept, and the dogs were curled up sleeping, and the horses in their stalls, that she somehow was the guardian and protector of all this. The old servants were not afraid because a Kyteler still lived, and they knew they would be cared for, their whimsies understood. There being no strong man to stand against the encroachments of the world, what was better than her own sweet virginity? She could conceive of nothing harming the place or people when she was there.

Would she always protect it—or would there be some one else, she mused? A big man. She turned from the window and went toward the fire. The face she had seen all day in reality was with her now in vision of the fire, the face with the strong jaw, the gray eyes, bronzed head, and red curls. How every one had looked at him, she remembered vaguely, at the race-course to-day! How fine he was! How strong, too! She had been a feather to him when he lifted her up on the car. And when his hands had caught her elbows and her feet left the ground, her heart jumped, fluttered.

And how nice he was! When the old rip of a battered singer had wished them a multitude of children, he had blushed like a girl.

And when he had lifted her from the car, he had held her in the function of a second in the air. He had thought she didn't notice it—and she had been afraid he would hear her heart beating, so loudly did it hammer in her breast. When she had turned him over to Rose Ann, to bring to her fallen old woman, and turned and gone into her own, she had closed her door and leaned against it, and said to herself, "Margery, this man's in love with you!" and then, in a lower, hushed tone, "and, Margery, you're in love with him!"

And she had blushed and had blushed terribly, and felt in a wild panic, "He will see it," she said; "he will know." But then she said, "No, he will not; I won't let him." And a song had come into her heart. A great pride and wonder filled her. She felt she should be dressed in soft scarlet robes, in some symbolic vestment of wonder and joy. But she came down to dinner in a demure white frock, her hair done very demurely, her eyes demure. And all the time her heart was bubbling with sweet, low laughter, and saying, "Do you know,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

1480—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch white Canton crêpe—2⅞ yards frilling. On the left side-front a novel motif, design 12820, is embroidered. The design may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch.

1490—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Venetian rose and white figured Georgette crêpe.

1662—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch otter (brown) roshanara crêpe—2 yards red and 2 yards blue silk braid—1⅜ yard 4-inch novelty banding for lower part of blouse. This model also displays the novel motif, design 12820, which is embroidered in flat satin stitch.

1712—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch novelty printed crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch black satin for trimming.

1746—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch cornhusk (yellow) crêpe de Chine—2⅜ yards novelty trimming. The effective motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch.

1797—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch printed crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette—1⅜ yard scalloped edging—3⅛ yards novelty ribbon for tie strings—2⅛ yards ribbon to trim.

1880—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed crêpe—3⅛ yards ribbon for piping—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar.

1541—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch green figured crêpe—⅜ yards flat silk braid for binding.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

1185—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1606—Ladies' Side-pleated Frock Skirt. Designed for 24 to 30 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2 yards 36-inch Paisley—2¾ yards 40-inch sheepskin (tan) Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards ribbon to bind—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

1685—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch tarragon (green) crêpe de Chine, Appliqué, in design 12798, forms a border on the lower part of the frock, while an interesting motif, design 12820, is embroidered on the front of the dress.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

1742—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch oakwood (brown) moiré—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining.

1682—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch mignon (lavender) plaid gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy—2½ yards ribbon for sash—1⅝ yard ribbon for bows. Following the mode of the grown-ups, this little frock also displays a motif in design 12820. It may be embroidered in raised or flat satin stitch.

1708—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch red dotted voile—2½ yards red bias binding.

1739—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 36-inch figured foulard—⅜ yard 45-inch cream tucked net—½ yard 40-inch satin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

1744—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch black roshanara crêpe—3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

1748—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch gray crêpe—3½ yards 40-inch silk for lining. The embroidery design, 12619, may be carried out in darning stitches.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

1787—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch viola (orchid) crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine. The embroidery, 17he motif, may be worked in outline or satin stitch.

1406—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch figured foulard—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy—6⅝ yards frilling.

1688—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch black crêpe-back satin—⅝ yard 36-inch lace for yoke—1⅝ yard edging—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections—1 yard 36-inch lining.

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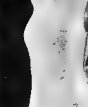

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

1502—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yard 32-inch green and white plaid gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch voile—2 yards bias binding.

1351 —Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch gray chambray.

1507—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch cornbusk (yellow) georgette—1¾ yard ribbon for bow. The appliqué motifs, design 12672, may be cut from linen and couched down with buttonhole stitch.

1701—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch old dotted percale—1¼ yards red bias binding The lower edge of the dress is cut in scallops, design 12177, bound with bias binding. An appliqué fruit motif, design 12672, may be cut from chambray and couched down in outline stitch.

1617—Girls' Set Junior Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch navy blue linen—1¾ yard 36-inch figured cretonne.

1706—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch sandlewood (brown) camel's hair—8¾ yards silk braid—3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

1707—Girls' 1ctd Junior Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch voile—2⅝ yards 32-inch henna plaid gingham. A novel motif, design 12820, is embroidered in raised or flat satin stitch in mercerized cotton.

1694—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch blue figured cretonne—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy—1⅜ yard plaiting

1684—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch black satin—1 yard 36-inch check silk—¼ yard 36-inch white satin for shield.

1526—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch lavender figured voile—⅝ yard 40-inch white voile.

1708—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch sand (gray) handkerchief linen—1¾ yard 36-inch green linen for sash and trimming. The motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch in mercerized cotton floss.

1710—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch novelty crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch beige crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 40-inch blue crêpe for sash and trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

1744—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch light weight velours—3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. This tiered cape is brought right up to date by the embroidery design 12826, carried out on the collar in gay colors.

1576—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back about 29¼ inches. No. 9308—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2¾ yards 54-inch homespun for jacket—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin for jacket lining—¼ yard 54-inch Poiret twill for skirt. Embroidery in design 12715 is extremely modish, worked in silk floss.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—yards ribbon for the tie-strings. The allover embroidery in design 12612 is most effective. No. 1608—Ladies' Side-plaited Flounce Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

1136—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 1655—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards The three-piece suit requires 3 yards require 2 yards 40-inch satin crêpe for jacket—2 yards 36-inch satin for jacket lining—3¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill for dress. Both belt and collar of the jacket are modishly embroidered in design 12718, in silk floss.

1698—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back about 27 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch brocaded satin—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk for lining. No. 1530—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 2 yards 54-inch velours.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The beading, in design 12574, may be carried out in gold or glass beads.

1657 -Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch dotted voile—⅞ yard 40-inch plain voile—1¼ yard narrow ribbon for bows—3 yards ribbon for sash. The motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitches in silk floss.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

1711—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin for slip—3⅛ yards 36-inch allover lace—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—1 yard ribbon for girdle. The scallops in design 12604 may be finished with picoting or bound in self-material.

1739—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch brocaded satin—2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor for panels.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

1748—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch camel's hair—1⅝ yards fancy braid—3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

1450—Child's Dress. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—2½ yards insertion. Embroidered sprays, in design 12175, may be carried out in satin and outline stitches.

1708—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. The novel motif, design 12820, furnishes the only note of trimming and is cut from silk, outlining the design in floss.

1710—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 40-inch flowered voile—2¼ yard 40-inch plain voile—2¼ yards ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

1705—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch serge—1⅝ yard 40-inch satin for lining.

1635—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—10 yards plaiting. The cape sections are cut in an appliqué design 12797, and may be cut from bits of colored organdy couched down in buttonhole stitches. The scallops, design 12597, are outlined with plaiting.

1671—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 40-inch figured crêpe. The motif, design 12820, may be cut from plain silk and couched down in buttonhole stitches.

1745—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch satin for lining.

1636—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe—3⅝ yards frilling—3⅝ yards ribbon. The scallops, design 12597, are outlined with frilling which is a dainty finish for this charming frock.

1675—Child's Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch covert cloth—2 yards 36-inch silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

1715—Child's Drawers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch longcloth—1⅛ yard lace insertion—1¼ yard edging.

1789—Girls' and Juniors' Drawers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—1⅛ yard lace insertion—1¼ yard ruching. The motif, embroidery, design 11751, may be carried out in raised satin and stem stitches.

1728—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook—3 yards lace insertion—3⅝ yards frilling. The attractive embroidery design, 11976, is worked in raised satin and outline stitches and trims the front of the combination.

1727—Girls' and Juniors' Underwaist and Drawers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch Nonsdale cambric—1¼ yard insertion—2⅜ yards pointed edging. The front of the combination is embroidered in design 12206, carried out in raised satin and outline stitches.

1751—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth—⅞ yard lace insertion—1⅜ yard edging.

1747—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch unbleached muslin. An appliqué fruit motif, design 12659, cut from chambray, is couched down in buttonhole stitches.

1704—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires from ⅝ yard to 1⅛ yard 36-inch material, according to the style of sleeve selected.

1046—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch jersey cloth—⅛ yard 32-inch check gingham. The embroidery design, 12820, is carried out in raised or flat satin stitch. The use of embroidered motifs on bathing suits is now a fad of the season.

1021—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 36-inch sateen. The motif, in design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch in mercerized cotton floss.

9418—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch black satin—1⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting for waist. The initial in design, 11907, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

1728—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook. The lower edge of the combination is embroidered in design 12236, carried out in raised satin and stem stitches.

1732—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste—4⅛ yards insertion—4¼ yards edging.

1730—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch Nonsdale cambric—2¼ yards lace insertion—2⅝ yards frilling. The embroidery design, 12175, may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitch in mercerized cotton floss.

1726—Child's Drawers and Underwaist. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting for trimming.

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 32-inch plain gingham.

1026—Women's Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch Jersey cloth—⅝ yard 36-inch satin. The attractive motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch.

1619—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch figured satin—3⅛ yards 40-inch plain satin.

1466—Maids' Set. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste. The lower edge of the apron and the patch pocket are embroidered in design 11572, worked in raised satin or lazy daisy stitch.

1474—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch voile. The motif, design 12796, may be cut from colored linen and blanket stitched.

Dorothy Speare

Whose stirring novel, "The Excitement-Eaters," will begin in Pictorial Review for August, is perhaps the most brilliant of the group of very young writers who have arisen to interpret their generation to the world.

But Miss Speare is more than an interpreter; her philosophy of life and a deep spiritual undercurrent, appearing first in "The Excitement-Eaters," hold the promise of a still larger career.

Miss Speare graduated from Smith College in 1919 and knows intimately the "smart set" she depicts.

"The Excitement-Eaters" will be found to have a serious purpose—a great, big moral. It will be complete in four numbers.

Elinor Glyn

How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "The Philosophy of Love," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world, translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised photoplays featuring such famous stars as Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

YOUR Life May Be a Gold Mine of Ideas

MANY people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or, the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They will pay you *well* for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—far more than is paid in salaries.

Why Shouldn't YOU Succeed If OTHERS Can?

I HAVE shown hundreds of people how to turn their ideas into cash—men and women in all walks of life—the mother worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeepers, salesmen, reporters, doctors, lawyers, salesgirls, nurses, housewives—people of all trades and temperaments.

One busy housewife, who didn't *dream* she could write, sold her first photoplay for $500.00.

Janett Burrows, a Cleveland, Ohio, stenographer, followed my suggestions and earned over $4,500.00 in six months.

Peggy Reidell, a clerk in Chicago, sold her first story for $250.00.

One young man quickly sold three stories to Canadian magazines.

The wife of an Ohio farmer sold an article to Woman's Home Companion and a story to The Farmer's Wife.

A Massachusetts housewife sold forty manuscripts in two years! Just imagine how much she earned!

I believe there are thousands of other people, like yourself, who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in the absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

he has all the old-fashioned reverences. Mother, country, religion—all the unities so often exposed nowadays to the critical mood—are accepted by Lloyd unquestioningly.

"I can't understand how any man could ever dissect his own mother's character," he once said in speaking of somebody who had engaged in this modern pastime. "After all—whatever she does, whatever her faults—she is your mother."

No rebel, not in the least degree introspective, Lloyd is essentially a thoughtful person. He has been made more so by the accident—an explosion in his studio—which so nearly cost him the loss of his sight. Nowadays when he loses his perspective he tells me that he often visits a hospital.

"I go into that grim white place," says he, "and I put myself back into those weeks and months when I lay with a bandage over my eyes, when everything that I had or wanted—youth and success and work—seemed to be vanishing, and I think I can see—what does anything else matter?"

It is due to the old-fashioned gentleman in Lloyd that he will tolerate no suggestion of anything broad, anything Hogarthian in his comedy. One day one of his advisers came to him and said, "I've got it. Speed, a bit of business that will go over big!"

When he heard what it was Lloyd retorted promptly, "Not on your life! If I can't be funny and clean, too—why, then I'll decide to be just clean."

THIS year Lloyd tells me he expects to make about a million dollars. Yet it was not so many years ago when, according to his own amused word, his most cherished ambition was to be able to buy a silk shirt. His start toward this goal is as original as anything offered in the annals of motion-picture success.

When just a youngster out of high school Lloyd came to Hollywood with the intention of going into motion-pictures. Motion-pictures, however, seemed to have an equally firm intention of keeping him out. Every studio to which he applied turned him down, and finally he hit upon a unique "open sesame." Noticing that everybody who was in costume passed through the forbidden portals without challenge, Harold decided that there was nothing obligatory about a sack coat. So he got himself a costume, and from that time forth he has stayed on the inside.

While working as an extra in one of the studios he met another young extra named Hal Roach. After some time the two of them, with only several hundred dollars to sustain their resolution, decided to go into business for themselves.

"I wasn't any meteor, I can tell you that!" comments Harold in relating his experiences of these early days. "But we did succeed in selling a few pictures the first year. The next we sold more. Still, that limited success of ours did not seem to get me much nearer to the silk shirt. The fact of it is that we were terribly poor in those days, for every cent we made we put back into our pictures."

This indomitable desire to improve his films makes every one feel that even "Grandma's Boy," that story where his irresistible comedy is developed from the most vital psychological situation he has yet chosen, is merely a starting-point in the triumphs of characterization that await him. Anent that picture of his, Lloyd told a friend of mine that the tribute to "Grandma's Boy" which he appreciated came from Charlie Chaplin.

"Charlie wrote to me as soon as he saw it," he confided to this friend, "and what do you suppose he said? Why, that the story was an inspiration to him to do his own very best work, to be contented with nothing else for himself." And then, his dark eyes glowing with pleasure, he added, "Just fancy what that meant to me—coming from Chaplin!"

Lloyd is an ardent admirer of Charlie's work. And of his personality.

Harold Lloyd is to-day one of the five or six greatest drawing-cards of the screen box-office. From him I proceed logically to another name in this limited peerage—that of Norma Talmadge.

My introduction to the work of this, the greatest emotional actress of the films, came about in a way that was altogether personal and exceedingly sentimental.

One day I went up to the office of Joe Schenck, a theatrical man, who had been associated with Loew and Zukor in their earlier theatrical ventures, and whom I had known for some years. When I found him the first thing he did was to point out a velvet box on his desk. It was open, and inside curled a beautiful bracelet.

"H'mph!" exclaimed I, "what's all this?"

"It's a present," retorted he. "Do you know I'm engaged to be married?"

"Well, well!" answered I. "This is news. Who's the unfortunate lady?"

"Come around to the Rivoli to-night," he responded with a look brimming over its pride and happiness as even an outsider like me, "and I'll show you her work Her name is Norma Talmadge."

Stories of Miss Talmadge, Madge Kennedy, Gloria Swanson, and others will appear in next month's "Behind the Screen."

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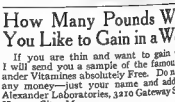

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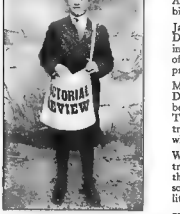

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In Praise of LADY MARGERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Margery, this man's in love with you, and he doesn't know you know it? And you're in love with him, and he doesn't know that either. And we won't tell him, Margery, will we? We'll let him find out for himself."

All through dinner and after, she got him to talk of where he had been, Brazil and China, and of New York, where he was born and which he loved. She watched him over the sullen saffron candle-light, and she thought, "He's got a noble head," and again irrelevantly, "You couldn't muss that hair of his, no matter how much you tried. Those short red curls would spring back. I'd like to try." And again she wondered, "Will he try to kiss me when he says good night? And what shall I do? Shall I kiss him back, or give him a piece of my mind? And if I give him a piece of my mind he may never come again. And if I kiss him he'll think very little of me. It's awfully hard." And again, "Ah, he won't try," she said. "He wouldn't in my own house. And, besides, he's really in love. I know it."

And he had only shaken hands with her, and said he was going soon, and might he come to see her before he went, and her heart sank, and she said, Yes, she'd be very sorry if he didn't. And he said, When? And she pondered over possible engagements that didn't matter at all, and said, Tuesday, then, and her heart murmured disconsolately, Two long days.

Through dinner and after she thought she had only been thinking of his strong, eager face, but now he was gone, all he had said she remembered. And she thought of hot China, and the sun-baked south, and the yellow rivers. And of Brazil with all its forests, and the speckled snakes, and the whistling monkeys, and the egrets standing by the fountains, and the little armadillo lumbering across the roads. And of New York, the vital city, with its houses challenging the thunder of Summer skies, its explosion of light when evening came, its hurrying myriads, keen-eyed, alert. Against all these backgrounds she could see his clean-cut, gray-eyed face, and she could see herself small and slight, looking up at him in wonder and pride.

"I could go with him anywhere," she whispered.

And then something seemed to call: "Margery!"

She looked up. There was nothing there, but the dimmed loved room obtruded itself upon her, and through the moonlit window she could see the antique trees, and the silver glint to the greenhouses, and in a clairvoyant instant she could see the old men sleeping after the day's work, and the ancient maids, and Fenian in his paddock, and poor Sheila, and the foxhounds. She knew what called.

"Margery!"

"Yes, dears."

"Oh, Lady Margery!"

"Hush now. It's all right."

She had thought that to-night she would sleep as a child sleeps, and try to recapture the magic day in dreams. And be so happy. But the voice of the trees, and the murmur of the old house, and the pleading eyes of dog and horse, and the wailing tyranny of the sleeping, aging folk shocked her into the knowledge that there was a sterner thing than dreaming before her. To-night she would not sleep.

"Margery! Lady Margery!"

"Yes. Yes."

"You couldn't, little mistress, you couldn't,"

"Hush, hearts, hush. I'll not go away."

HE WAS very handsome, very erect, very noble there, standing by the old fireplace. He was not merry to-night, so he was going to ask her to marry him, she knew. And in the black and white of evening things, bronzed face and curling hair, he looked the equal of any old Kyteler on the wall. And he had more than they had, she felt: abounding energy.

He was hurting her, hurting her badly, for he was speaking now of South Africa, where he was going. And he was carefully telling her how wonderful he had heard that country was.

"You'd like it, you'd like it ever so much."

"Oh, I don't know," she lied. "Ireland is a lot to me."

He was telling her clumsily, shamefacedly of another thing—of a lucky chance he had had in Brazil many years ago, a chance he had taken laughingly, and that had made him indecently rich, and he still a very young man. She understood.

She moved away, and began hunting for a piece of music, so that her back was to him.

"Did you ever think," she said, "of settling down in Ireland? You're Irish, you know."

"And it's not a bad place," she went on before he answered, "it's a sort of sportsman's paradise. Fishing and hunting and race-courses. And sailing. And if you get tired you can run over to London, or Paris, or Madrid."

"Oh, damn!" she said, "I can't find that thing at all!" She was trembling from head to heel. "Why don't you marry some nice Irish girl and settle down?"

"Oh, I couldn't settle down in Ireland."

"No?"

"There's my work to do."

"But you just said you were rich."

"That's no excuse for not working."

"I thought—I don't know."

"No, I'd be a very poor sort," he laughed, "if I stopped work because I was rich. I'd have no self-respect—"

"No?" she said dully. The trembling had passed now. She was just numb, numb and dead.

"But as to marrying an Irish girl, Lady Margery—Margery——"

She stood up and turned about. She was smiling quizzically.

"You're not proposing to marry me, are you?"

"Yes."

"Don't. Don't, O'Conor," she said. "Please don't."

"Why?"

"Because of this" -she looked at him squarely. "I like you. I like you immensely. To me you're everything a man should be, but just—I don't seem to see you that way. I don't love—Do you see? And I don't think I ever could. No. I never could."

"Well, that's straight. Thanks."

"Are we friends still?"

"Of course, but——" he smiled. "Do you mind if I go?"

"I'll see you out myself.

"O'Conor," she half whispered in the hall, "I'm an awful son of a gun. I should love you—you're so fine, so decent, so—so everything—but I don't. I'm sure I could never love any one. I'm a very selfish woman, I sometimes think. It wouldn't have been worth while marrying me."

"You're not selfish, and you're very sweet, Margery."

"No, no! Shall I see you again?"

"I'm afraid not. To-morrow I go to London, and from there to Africa."

"O'Conor, will you do something for me, because we are friends?"

"Yes."

"Will you send me pictures of South Africa, and an occasional one of you, because we are friends?"

"Yes, Margery."

"And, O'Conor, if twenty years from now you want to settle down, come to me and let me find you a nice girl to marry—oh! the nicest girl in the world; or if you are sick or crippled, come."

He smiled.

"Promise me."

"All right, Margery. I will." He put out his hand.

"O'Conor," she said. Again she was trembling, but her voice, thank God! her voice was all right. "I know you're disappointed, and—O'Conor, would it help if you kissed me?"

"No," he said "I'm afraid it would hurt more. So I won't."

"I suppose it would hurt more." She stepped forward and put out her hand. "I am always your friend, O'Conor, your assured friend. And good-by now, O'Conor, and God bless you wherever you go!"

"And you too, Margery."

"You'll come back, O'Conor, if you're sick or hurt, or want to settle down, and talk to me about it—your friend, O'Conor, your little Irish friend. You won't forget?"

"I'll never forget."

He went down the path under the cloud-touched moon. Would he look back? No, he wouldn't. He didn't. Oh, there went a man!

She heard the wicket-gate close, and in her heart she knew that she would never again see him. No gray eyes any more, nor curly hair. Her face had become now a white and quivering mask. She snatched a cloak up and, wrapping it round her, she went blindly into the garden.

She began to shake with great silent sobs. Her face was wet now and she couldn't see. She sank at the roots of the mountain-ash.

"Rowan-tree, Rowan-tree," she cried, "I shall never see him any more."

And as she sobbed, a little breeze came from the Three Rock Mountain, and all the trees in the garden murmured gently. The great ash unbent, the elm swayed, and the little apple-trees nodded with compassion. All the shrubs in the garden rustled.

"Hush -hush! Hush—hush! Hush—hush!

"Oh, Rowan-tree! Rowan-tree!

"Hush—hush! Hush—hush!"

The moon came gently from behind a great saffron-edged cloud and seemed to bend toward her. Its rays poured sweetly toward the dark head. A rabbit had come somehow into the garden and sat up near her, its ears lopped, its pink nose twitching.

"See—see! See—see! See—see!" The trees were like kindly mines. The sobbing ceased as she watched, as a child's sobbing might.

It scampered off now, for in the kennel the foxhound puppies had wakened—her step or some cry of hers; maybe—and were snuffling and whining to get at her. And from the stables came the rap-rap of Fenian's hoofs, uneasy in his stall.

"I must go in," she said.

Her hand patted the bark of the rowan-tree, and she turned to go into the old house that had been there so many centuries and was there still, sheltering the complement of aging, tyrannous servants in their peaceful sleep, and was beckoning her, she felt, beckoning her to its wide lap.

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

with me and seeing me. After all, she was all her father had to love or to love him. He had been the best, kindest, dearest father in the world. She could see and understand his point of view. My father had treated him badly. He was prejudiced against our family, she knew that, but almost any one would be under the circumstances. And she *had* deceived him.

"I broke in here and said she hadn't done anything of the kind; the judge knew we corresponded, because she had told him so, herself. It didn't make any difference. I gathered that he had argued with her and pleaded—and cried, for all I know. At any rate, she had been thinking it over that night and day and had decided that we wouldn't meet or write for a while. Perhaps never, but certainly not until her mind was quite made up what she ought to do."

"Too bad! Poor girl! Poor girl!"

"And poor me! Myl Doctor, it's frightful. And it is impossible. It sha'n't be!"

"I don't think it will be, Tom, if you refuse to let it be. But you must be as patient as you can. I confess I am a little surprised at Faith's—well, shall we call it meekness. The modern young woman is inclined to make her own decisions in matters like this, isn't she? When Faith was here, in this house, she seemed quite capable of making hers. And she had not at that time too much patience with her father's attitude."

"I know it. And I think now if he had blustered and ordered she would have told him where to get off. But he was too clever to try that. In fact she said as much. She said he told her that he would not say no to anything she really wanted—even me. But wouldn't she try not to want me, at least yet. To wait, and think it over, and—and— Oh, I don't know. I guess he told her something of what he had been through this last month or two. She said he looked so thin and worn and he seemed so broken and changed; and he had kept it all from her, she said; had sacrificed himself for her. She pitied him so. He told her he was not well; almost crazy, he said. If he had left out the 'almost' I should agree with him."

Nye pulled at his mustache. "Well, Tom," he said, "I think he didn't overstate his condition greatly. This epidemic coming from the water he was responsible for bringing to this town—his own town—was a tremendous shock to him. And he has worked as hard as any man among us, or any woman. It has had an effect upon his health. Parker told me he was worried about him."

Tom started to speak, went through another spasm of coughing, and then stared moodily at the fire-illumined panes in the stove door.

"I don't know that there is anything more to say," he observed. "And I don't know exactly why I came running to you, like a kid, with this. Had to get it off my chest, I suppose. You can't help me. I've got to wait, of course, and see how it turns out. She is coming home Monday or Tuesday; she promised Copeland that she wouldn't come before then. I've got to wait. But, suppose—suppose— No, by George, I won't suppose anything of the kind. She belongs to me. She cares for me; she as much as told me so. No fathers, nor any one else, are going to smash our lives for us."

"I don't think they will, Tom. I'm glad you told me about it."

"See here, Doctor Nye; you couldn't influence her in any way, could you? She likes you; she has said a lot of times, and she always asked about you in her letters. You couldn't— But no, of course you couldn't. I'm an awful cry-baby tonight. I feel rotten. This business, coming on top of mother's death and dad's illness, seems to have made me half sick. But I'll brace up. You go along and attend to your patients."

"I shall have to, I suppose. But, Tom, you take care of yourself. I don't like that cough. I'll give you some stuff for it and your cold now. If you feel worse to-night or to-morrow let me know at once. I'm too busy to have you on my hands just now, son."

Tom rose. "Oh, I'll be all right," he declared. "Don't you worry about me. But, Doctor Nye, you think it over, won't you? There *might* be some way you could help us. Think about it."

"I'll think. And you think about your health."

THE next day was cold and rainy, with a chilling, penetrating wind from the sea.

About half past two Tom Stone put in an appearance. He was flushed, his eyes were glassy, and his manner strange. He was carrying an umbrella, but apparently had not opened or used it.

Nye looked at him in alarm.

"For Heaven's sake, Tom," he exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

Tom blinked and smiled feebly. "Eh?" he queried. "—I don't know, Doctor, exactly. I feel—I feel queer, sort of wabbly. Do I look so? I came here a while ago. You were out."

Doctor Ephraim took him by the arm and led him into the sitting-room. Then

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

he stripped off Stone's wet overcoat and forced him into the rocking-chair by the stove.

"Where have you been? What have you been doing?" he asked, as he removed the coat.

Tom shook his head. "I—I don't exactly know, Doctor," he replied. "I was over at Wapatomac this noon. No, not to see her. No. About that bridge business. I felt queer and—and rotten then. Had a mean night, you know. I didn't want any supper, and I thought I'd—I'd come down and see you. I—I'm not sure when that was. Isn't it ridiculous? I—I can't remember. That's funny. Ha, ha!"

He began to laugh hysterically. The laugh changed to a gasp of pain. He put a hand to his chest.

"Got a—a mean sort of pain here," he muttered. "Head feels woozy. I've had a chill, too. Lots of chills. Ridiculous for me to be sick. I can't be."

Nye turned and shouted. "Henry!" he called. "Henry, come here! Get my bed ready. Heat some water. Get a suit of my pajamas. Hustle!"

Tom tried to protest. "Here!" he cried. "What's all this? What are you doing? I'm not sick, I tell you. Don't you understand that? I *can't* be sick—not now."

"Yes, I know. That's why I'm putting you to bed, so you won't be."

"But I can't go to bed here. In your house. What will dad think? What—O-oh, that pain!"

"Don't talk. And don't worry about your father. I'll keep him quiet. Sshh! Good Lord! your feet are soaking wet! Henry, is that bed ready?"

All that night Doctor Nye remained beside the bed of this, his most recent patient. All night he worked over him, and Henry Payson helped. Before midnight Tom was delirious, his temperature high, his pulse racing. In the morning the doctor turned to his helper.

"Henry," he said, "I'm going to leave him with you for a half-hour or so. I must go up to his house and give some excuse for his not coming home.

Before eight o'clock he was back and Tom Stone was a very sick young man.

OF COURSE Tom's illness could not be kept an absolute secret. Nye called Doctor Parker into consultation as soon as he saw how critical that illness was likely to be.

Doctor Parker agreed with his associate that young Stone's condition was grave. He promised to help by obtaining a nurse.

The only person I can think of who might be willing and able to come just now," he suggested, "is Mrs. Christopher Powell. She is at home again, you know."

Doctor Ephraim turned to look at him, looked away again, and shook his head.

Parker nodded. "I agree with you that it would be most unwise for her to do so," he admitted. "She has been a most faithful worker. She has spent days and nights in all sorts of relief work and she needs rest. I told her so, myself. She has been recently with the Snows at the Center. They are my patients. Very fine family—very fine family, indeed—people. Their daughter had the typhoid and the nurse left unexpectedly. Mrs. Powell graciously volunteered to take her place—partially, that is. She is at home again now, but as I say, she is very tired, almost worn out. Faith—Miss Copeland—told me to-day that—"

Nye interrupted. "Is Faith in town?" he asked.

"Yes, Miss Copeland is here. She came back yesterday. A great relief and comfort for the judge. He very wisely kept her in ignorance of the severity of your trouble here and did not permit her to return until it was safe for her to do so. My advice, her remaining in New York. Yes. Now, as I say, Mrs. Powell *might* come here; she is quite unselfish and unsparing of her own health, but—"

"She must not come here."

"No? Well, I think you are right. Of course there is no especial reason why she should."

"None whatever. Will you try the hospitals again? I have phoned them several times, but you may have more influence than I. Tell them to send a nurse—two, if possible—to-night. If not to-night to-morrow morning. Make it as strong as you can."

"Certainly. Certainly."

"And say nothing to any one about Tom's sickness or his being here. His father is still too weak to bear the strain."

All that day poor Tom tossed and muttered. It was Faith whose name he spoke continually, and Doctor Nye was, in one way, thankful that no Ostable resident save him and Henry Payson were there to hear. That evening the doctor was summoned to a typhoid convalescent in Ostable Center. Some disquieting symptoms had developed and the family were alarmed. He rattled off in the little car, promising to return just as quickly as he could.

It was nearly nine, however, when he reentered the house. To his surprize he found Henry in the dining-room, and Henry seemed embarrassed and frightened.

"Is he worse?" demanded Doctor Ephraim, sharply.

Henry shook his head. "He ain't no better, seems so," he replied. "But—but, Doctor Eph—"

"Well, what is it?"

"Doctor Eph, somethin's happened—somethin'—"

"What is it? What has happened? What are you looking like that for?"

Henry swallowed. "I couldn't help her comin' in," he stammered. "She would do it. I says to her, says I, 'You mustn't come in here,' I says. 'Tain't right for you to. Your pa wouldn't like it and Doctor Eph, he wouldn't like it. You go right along home again,' I says. 'What do you suppose the judge would say if he knew you was here along of him?' That's what I said to her, but it didn't make no difference. She marched right straight in, all I could do, and—"

Doctor Nye waited to hear no more.

"Faith!" he exclaimed. "Oh, dear me! this is too bad."

Faith, if she heard, did not seem to understand. "Oh, Uncle Eph," she cried. "He doesn't know me. He doesn't know me at all. Oh, Uncle Eph, he is *dreadfully* sick, isn't he? Oh, help me, please—*please!*"

EVEN at that moment, at that crisis, Ephraim Nye noticed that she called him "Uncle Eph." She herself was quite unconscious of having done so—he realized that—but he noticed it, and for the instant it gave him a strange thrill. It was the first direct, open acknowledgment of relationship, of kinship, that had been paid him in more than ten years.

A hasty examination proved that Henry's surmise was correct: Tom was certainly no better, nor could he be much worse—and continue to live many days, perhaps many hours.

He threw off his hat and coat and set to work. He and Faith must have a frank talk in which this discovery of her remaining there should be made plain—but there was no time for it just then. He bade her call Henry and, when she did so and he came, the doctor gave crisp, brisk orders. Faith laid a hand upon her Uncle's arm.

"I want to help," she whispered. "I am going to help. What shall I do?"

He told her. She was white and trembling, but she understood and obeyed his orders, promptly and capably. For nearly an hour they labored without ceasing. Then Tom's breathing became more regular and his groans of pain less agonizing. At last Doctor Ephraim rose to his feet.

"He'll do for a while now," he said. "Now, Faith, I want to talk with you."

But Henry Payson put in a word. "Just a minute, Doctor Eph," said Henry. "Cap'n Mark's out in the other room. He wants to know if there's anything he can do."

Nye considered. "Why, yes, perhaps there may be," he said. "I'll see him. Henry, you and Faith stay here."

Captain Bearse, his round face expressing acute anxiety, was seated in the dining-room. He rose as his friend entered.

"I stopped in a spell ago, Eph," he explained, "and Henry told me Tom was awful sick. Can't I help any way? How be he now?"

"A little easier for the present. Yes, you can help. Help I must have from somewhere. Go out and get me a reliable woman to come here now, to-night, and stay." Any one that is a woman—and respectable. Faith Copeland is here. Sshh! Don't ask questions. You haven't time. Faith came while I was out. She heard something—I don't know how yet—that Tom was very sick and she came and is in there with him now."

"Faith is? Faith Copeland! My glory! Why, what's she doin'—"

"Hush! She mustn't stay here, of course. I'm going to get her home again just as soon as I can—and I can. But she may refuse to go at all."

"But why, Eph? Why?"

"Never mind why. Get me a capable, sensible woman—no matter if she is a hundred years old—to come here at once. And get her *quick*. Never mind what you pay. Go—and bring her back with you."

The captain was at the door. "I'll get one if I have to tow her astern of the car," he declared. "Oh, my glory! If Matilda was only on deck! But she's over to the Center with her cousin-in-law, and the cousin's awful sick, and all alone. But I'll get somebody, Eph."

He rushed out of the house. Doctor Ephraim drew a long breath. Then he opened the bedroom door again. Faith and Henry Ward Beecher Payson were at the bedside.

"Faith," Doctor Ephraim asked, quietly, "will you come out here, please?"

Alone with her in the sitting-room Nye motioned to a chair. "Now tell me about it. Why did you come here?"

She retired his look without wavering. "I had to come," she said. "As soon as I heard how sick he was I came."

"Who told you he was sick—and here?"

"Our maid told me first. Then I telephoned Mrs. Lamb."

"Did *she* tell you?"

"Not much, over the phone. But she told me enough to frighten me, so I drove over there in my car. She told me the truth then. I made her."

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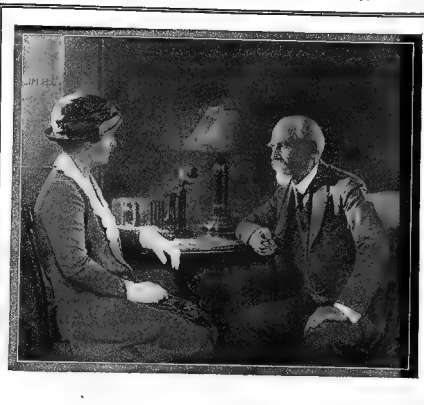

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

"Humph! That wasn't what she told me when she swore not to mention Tom's sickness to a soul."

"Don't blame her. She had to tell. I forced it from her."

"I doubt if it required much strength. But never mind that, Faith. Of course you realize that you must not stay here."

"I shall stay. Of course I shall stay! Oh, Uncle Eph, is he—is he very sick? Oh, I am not going to give way. I won't cry; I promise you I won't. But, tell me, please—*please!*"

He took her hand in his. "He is very sick—yes," he said.

"Dangerously so?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"Steady, Faith, steady. He is dangerously, even critically, ill, but we're not giving up the fight, by a good deal. We're going to pull him through—"

"Oh! Oh, Uncle Ephraim!"

"If hard work will do it; and we must think that it will. And you, of course, must go back to your own home; go now, because—"

She interrupted. "No," she said.

"Faith——"

"No, Uncle Eph, I shan't go. I shan't leave him now. I must stay here with him until—until he is better—or— Oh, of course I must! You know I must! What would you think of me if I didn't?"

"But, Faith, there is nothing you can do."

"Why not? Henry told me you had been crying everywhere for a nurse. I'm not a real nurse, of course, but I can help—I *will* help. I can do what you tell me to do and you can depend upon me, Uncle Eph. Oh, you can -you can! I *won't* give way! I won't break down! I'll— I'll— Oh, *please*, Uncle Ephraim!"

She was near to breaking, even as she said it. But she fought back the tears and made a brave attempt at a smile.

"I shall work," she declared. "Oh, you will see how I can work! You won't make me leave him? You know about— He has told you. He said he had."

"Yes, Faith, he has told me. But he told me, too, that your father was—"

"I can't help it! I can't help it! I love father dearly, but—but I know now that that doesn't matter beside—beside this. I thought perhaps it did—or should—but I know now that it doesn't. Nothing matters but Tom's life. And that may be only—only——"

"Steady, Faith. Tell me this: Does your father know you are here?"

"No, I suppose he doesn't know where I am. I didn't tell any one. I went straight to Mr. Stone's—and then I came here."

"I see. Well, he must be told, of course. He is probably very much worried even now. Why not go home and tell him just how you feel and what you mean to do? Then, to-morrow morning—or even to-night, if it were necessary—you could come back."

For a moment she hesitated. Then she shook her head. "No," she said, firmly. "My mind was made up when I came. Of course you can force me to go, but unless you do I shall stay here—with him. I will telephone father; I meant to do that, anyway. But I will not leave Tom. Oh, Uncle Eph, think—*think!* He may be with me only such a little time. If I left him now I might—I might never forgive myself. Think, Uncle Ephraim! Oh, think what this means to me!"

He had been thinking, of course, and only of her. But now he looked into her eyes and they met his, unwavering and unflinching. They were no longer the eyes of the pretty, rather spoiled girl he had known. They were the eyes of a woman now, a woman facing the great actualities —life, death, love. He looked into their depths—and yielded. Tenderly, at last. After all, what else mattered? He took her hand once more and said, quietly:

"Very well, Faith. Now I think you had better telephone your father."

THE telephone was, like the second-hand automobile, a comparatively recent addition to the Nye establishment. Faith rose to go to it, but just then Henry opened the bedroom door.

"Doctor Eph," whispered Henry, "he's pretty uneasy again. Don't you think you had better take a look at him?"

The doctor went to the side of the bed. Tom was tossing from side to side, muttering a name.

"Faith—Faith—" he repeated, over and over again. Nye turned to his niece, who had followed and was standing beside him. The tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh, Uncle Eph!" she whispered, chokingly. "He is calling me. Yes, Tom, yes. I am here—with you."

It seemed almost as if Tom heard and understood, his hand moved weakly across the counterpane. "Faith," he whispered.

She knelt and took the hand. "Yes, Tom," she whispered.

Her uncle stroked her hair. "You shall stay, my girl," he said. "I will get word to your father."

His conversation with Daniel Copeland was brief and to the point. The judge himself answered the phone.

"Yes, this is Judge Copeland," he said. "Who is it?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"Ephraim Nye. I called up to tell you that Faith is here at my house."

"What? Eh? *What?* Faith?"

"Yes. She is here. I think perhaps you had better come down."

"Here! Hold on! What are you talking about? Faith is at your house? Good Heavens! She isn't— Nothing has happened——?"

"No, Judge, she is all right, perfectly all right."

"Then what in the devil is she doing at your house?"

"When you come down I will tell you. Perhaps you had better come at once."

"Here! Stop! Wait! What do you mean? What are you up to? What is this business? I insist——"

"Better come at once, Judge."

HE HUNG up the receiver. Exactly nine minutes afterward the Copeland limousine roared up to the Dillingham gate and, one minute after that, the owner of that limousine was roaring in the Nye dining-room.

"Ephraim Nye," he began, but Doctor Ephraim peremptorily silenced him.

"Stop! Be quiet!" he ordered, sharply. "Come out into the kitchen. And don't speak until you get there."

It was not exactly the tone in which the Honorable Daniel Copeland was accustomed to being addressed, but it was a tone which startled him into obedience for the moment.

"What the devil does this mean?" he demanded. "Where's Faith?"

"In the other room. Sit down, Judge. I'll tell you about it."

"No, I won't sit down. What is my daughter doing here with you?"

"That's what I am going to tell you."

"I don't want you to tell me. She can tell me herself. Where is she? I want to see her."

"She is busy. You can't see her—just at this minute."

"Can't see her? *I* can't? What—Nye, what are you——"

"Hush! Hush! Leave me out of it. I am not the important element in the situation. Faith is here, but I did not bring her here nor ask her to come, in fact, if I had my way she shouldn't have come at all. But, as it happens, she is having her own way, and another young lady—is counting with her at all. We may not like it, but we'll have to make the best of it."

"Now, what do you mean by that? No, never mind. I'll find out for myself."

He was striding to the door, but Nye pushed him unceremoniously back.

"Stay where you are, he ordered, sharply. "Now—*hush!* And don't raise your voice again. There is a very sick man in there and your shouting may disturb him. This is a time for considerate— even yours, Judge," with a momentary return of his quiet drawl. "Tom Stone, Cyrenus's son, is in that bedroom critically ill with pneumonia. I kept him here because his father was sick, too, and their house was no place for another invalid. Faith heard of Tom's illness, made inquiries, and came here. She insists on staying—for a time at least. Now, if you are sensible, you'll understand and make the best of it."

"She—she is in that room with—with *him*?" he gasped.

"Sshh! Don't be foolish, man! Don't you understand yet? The boy is very sick —he may die. He—he cares. Now, just remember that and keep your head."

"Well! Well, I—I'm sorry that he is sick, of course. But—why should she be with him? What is he to her?"

Nye shook his head impatiently. "Don't talk nonsense," he retorted. "You what those two are to each other as well as I do. Yes, and you know that I know. Why pretend to fool me?"

Judge Copeland did not answer this question. His teeth snapped savagely together.

"I won't have her here!" he declared. "You hear me? I won't have it. Why, do you suppose I am going to permit my daughter to come here to this house—*your* house, Eph Nye—to play nurse to Cyrenus Stone's son? What do you think people will say? What sort of stories do you suppose will be spread from one end of town to the other? Haven't you any sense of decency? No, you haven't," bitterly; "and no one on earth has better reason to know it than I. But I'm a decent man and she's my daughter, and I tell you she shan't—she shall not! Lord! think of it! Alone here with three men. One of 'em the common drunk of the town, and another——"

"Sshh! Yes, Faith."

She had rapped upon the door of the kitchen and spoken to them. He bade her come in. She saw her father, but it was to Doctor Ephraim that she spoke.

"I think he is a little quieter," she said. "He seems easier now and Henry thinks the same. But won't you go and see, Uncle Eph? I'll come in a minute. I heard father's voice and I want to speak with him. I won't be long."

Nye nodded. He looked from her face to that of her parent and, in spite of the seriousness of the situation, the corner of his lip lifted. Then he hastened out, through the dining-room and sitting-room to the bedroom beyond. He found Tom resting more quietly. There was no real change in his condition, but for the time he was suffering less. The doctor was busy for perhaps a few minutes; then Faith touched his shoulder.

"I'll stay now, Uncle Eph," she whispered. "Father wants to see you before he leaves."

It was a changed Daniel Copeland whom Ephraim Nye found seated in the kitchen rocker. When the judge burst into the Dillingham house he looked liked one suffering from insipient apoplexy. Now he looked as if he had had a shock. He glanced up when his brother-in-law entered, but he did not speak. Nye waited a moment and then reminded him.

"Well, Dan?" he suggested. "What is it you want to say to me?"

The judge stared miserably at a corner of the sink. Apparently he did not want to say anything.

"Faith explained matters, I suppose?" the doctor ventured.

Copeland nodded. "Nye," he faltered, "I don't know what will happen to me next. I thought these last two months had given me about all the trials and troubles one person could stand, but I see there were even worse to come. I don't know what I have done to deserve them."

He groaned, the weakness of self-pity. The doctor made no comment. "I have tried to live an upright, Christian life. I have never knowingly committed a—a—an important sin. I have been a good father to that girl. I have! I swear I have! And now she's mixed up with this—"

"There, there, Judge! You're all wrong. She isn't leaving you."

"She is doing that. What else do you call it? She comes here—to this house —the one place on earth where one of her family should be ashamed—should scorn to come—comes here to stay and nurse a fellow whose father has been my worst enemy. Apparently she cares nothing about what will be said. She doesn't care for her reputation or mine. She pays no attention to what I tell her. She is going to stay here with Tom Stone—and that Payson blackguard. All alone with you; night and day. She is crazy—or worse."

"There, there, Daniel. Pull yourself together. You're tired and worn out and you don't mean what you say."

The judge put a hand to his forehead. "Tired!" he repeated. "I'm almost dead. No one knows what I've been through since this—this typhoid epidemic came. I wasn't to blame—that is, I can't see that I was. And—and I've done my best to make it right. Now haven't I? Haven't I?"

"Yes."

"God knows I have! But they don't appreciate it. They hate me. I can see it everywhere. Oh, you can't understand my feelings; no one can. You don't know what it means to have people that used to —used to bow and scrape to you—people that have borrowed money of you—you can't understand how it feels to have your own people whispering and grinning behind your back. You can't understand it."

Nye shrugged. "I suppose that I can," he observed, shortly. His visitor did not seem to hear.

"Tired!" he repeated, once more. "I'm almost dead, I tell you. Sometimes I wish I were dead."

"Yes, I know. But we can't die so easily. And you'll be back on the throne again before long. This will blow over. Now as for Faith——"

"She—she cares. Nye. She doesn't care at all. She says she shall stay with him, no matter what is said. Alone here——"

"Wait! You are wrong. She isn't going to be alone with Tom—and Henry—and the other neighbors. I appreciate that situation and I'm doing my best to straighten it out. I am going to get some woman to stay here. I have been trying to get one now—to-night. Mark Bearse is out hunting at this minute. He usually gets what he goes after, so far as that goes you needn't worry at all."

THIS should have been comforting, but apparently it was not. Again Copeland seemed to be thinking of something else.

"It is amazing," he said, slowly, "what an influence you seem to have over her. I can't understand it. Of all people—you! But—it is so!"

"No, Judge. I haven't any influence over her. That's your imagination."

"I know better. How long since she took to calling you 'Uncle Eph'?

"To-night was the first time. I was as surprised as you could have been."

"Oh, no! I'm sure you are at the bottom of all this. I believe you are to blame for it. I— Who is that?"

The outer door had opened and there were subdued voices in the dining-room. The doctor listened.

"It is Mark," he said. "He has come back. But who——"

He did not finish the sentence. There was a queer expression on his face. Stepping quickly to the dining-room door, he opened it.

"Mark—" he began; and again he did not finish.

Captain Bearse was in the dining-room. With him was a woman. She had already thrown off her coat and was removing her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Photograph of hand of Mildred McKamy of LaGrange, Ill., showing hand before wearing Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves.

Photograph of Miss McKamy's hand after wearing gloves just four nights.

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

hat. It was at her that Ephraim Nye was staring—and he continued to stare.

Captain Mark hailed him. "Oh, there you are, Eph!" he cried, in a triumphant whisper. "Well, I did it. I told you I'd ship a competent nurse aboard this craft afore the night was over, didn't I? And the night isn't half over yet and here she is. Say, Eph, isn't that Judge Copeland's car out by the gate? Is he— Oh; Um! Ah! Cecil Copeland, Judge."

Copeland had followed his brother-in-law to the dining-room. He did not acknowledge the Hearse greeting; he, too, was staring at the woman.

"Why, Mrs. Powell!" he cried, in astonishment.

She had removed her hat and was, in feminine fashion, patting her hair into place with her fingers. She turned toward him, smiling. "Good evening, Judge Copeland," she said. "Good evening, Doctor Nye."

Nye was too greatly taken aback for words. The judge might have asked a question, probably would have asked several, but Captain Mark, bubbling over with triumph, cut in ahead of him.

"Did a good job, didn't I, Eph?" he demanded. "I went right over in my mind the name of every possible female woman in these latitudes that I might lay violent hands on and bring here to stay along with Tom and—er—ahem—" glancing at the judge—"and the rest of you. I was goin' over 'em, and I give you my word I couldn't sight a sail. And then, thinks I, 'I'll stop in at the drug-store. Maybe Kilbin'll know of somebody.' So into the drug-store I went, and I'd no sooner got there than Mrs. Powell's car hauled up alongside and in she comes. I hove to her and told her what I was lookin' for. I told her the whole business, Eph; about how sick Tom was and—and all. She was here and all.

"So you see,' says I, 'I've got to have a woman right off and the right kind of a woman, too. Do you know of anybody?' says I. 'My glory!' I hope so.' And says she, 'Do you think I would be that kind?'

I looked at her. '*You!*' I sung out. 'Why——'

But Katherine Powell interrupted. "Captain Bearse seemed to think I would do," she concluded, with a smile. "So it was settled. I could come perfectly well. I was only too glad to come. I went home, packed a few things, and—here I am."

The captain grinned broadly. "Here she is, and a good job, too," he declared. "Ain't that so, Judge? Ain't it, Eph?"

Judge Copeland said nothing, but Nye took a step forward. "No!" he cried, fiercely. "No, it is impossible. Mrs. Powell, you mustn't think of such a thing. It is impossible."

She was quite unruffled. "It is the most possible thing in the world," she affirmed, lightly. "In fact, nothing else is possible, because I am already here, you see. No, Doctor Nye, you can't send me away, for I sha'n't go. Judge Copeland, may I speak with you a moment?"

She walked to the kitchen and beckoned to Copeland to follow her. He did so. Nye walked to the outside window and stood there, looking out into the blackness, his hands jammed into his pockets and a savage frown on his face. Captain Mark continued to exult.

Katherine Powell and Copeland soon entered from the kitchen.

"You're goin' to stay, aren't you, Mrs. Powell?" Captain Mark asked.

"Certainly I am. Judge Copeland is very anxious to have me. Aren't you, Judge?"

Copeland nodded gloomily. "I shall be greatly obliged if you will," he said. "And—and I rely upon you, Mrs. Powell, to—to look out for her, in every way, and—and——"

"I shall. And you will have her bag packed and sent right down. So that is settled. Now, Doctor Nye, what can I do to help? How shall I begin?"

Doctor Ephraim looked at her. He opened his mouth, then closed it. He shrugged a shoulder. "Oh, what's the use?" he muttered, wearily. "Come into the other room, Mrs. Powell. I will show you what to do first."

ON THE evening when Faith Copeland and Katherine Powell entered, as temporary residents, the old Dillingham house, a new and startling and revolutionary section of Doctor Ephraim's life began.

Tom Stone was his greatest anxiety. For three days and nights Tom's life was fluttering, like a dandelion-fluff in the breeze, between life and death and the unknown. There were hours when Nye, sitting at his bedside, scarce dared look at Faith Copeland sitting beside him and meet the agonized question in her eyes.

Then there came the morning when there was a change, very slight but still a change, for the better. He breathed easier, his fever was a trifle lower, he was less excruciating. Doctor Nye, himself hollow-eyed and weary, turned to his tired helpers, and admitted that things looked a trifle brighter. After this the improvement was slow, distressingly slow, but steady.

Miss Althea Bemis had noticed the unusual stir at the house of Doctor Nye. She it was who first discovered the presence of Faith Copeland. She bore the bulletins to sewing-circle and prayer-meeting and her arrival was eagerly awaited.

North Ostable, catching its breath as the typhoid epidemic waned, used that breath in discussing and speculating concerning the new scandal of Faith Copeland and Tom Stone. Mrs. Christopher Powell's presence on the scene was explained with commendative ease. Judge Copeland had asked her to be there.

As Tom began to turn again toward life and strength another female was brought to the Dillingham house to take up temporary abode therein. This was Mrs. Brady, the Powell cook. She came in Captain Mark's car and brought a suitcase with her.

Tom was occupying the little spare bedroom which Faith had occupied after her accident. Doctor Nye would have given his own room to one of the volunteer nurses, but Katherine would not hear of it. There were bedrooms enough in the old house, goodness knew, she said, and all they needed were a few sticks of furniture.

"Faith and I will be here only until Mr. Stone is out of danger," she added, with a hopeful smile, "and I'm sure neither of us is a bit fussy." So, without consulting the doctor, she had the "few sticks of furniture" brought from her own house and set up in a spare bedroom. That room was, of course, colder than Tom's bedroom, and an oil-heater helped to raise the temperature. It was camping out for the two women; also for Mrs. Brady, who, under protest, gave up his room to Mrs. Brady and took up a cot in the wash-room back of the kitchen.

WITH the establishment of the new cook, and the definite move toward recovery of Tom Stone, began the change, already alluded to, in the daily life of Ephraim Nye, M.D. The change came slowly. An atmosphere of tidiness began to pervade the household. The doctor's bed was made, not tumbled together. Meals were served and cooked daintily. The table-cloth no longer resembled a map of the South Sea archipelago. It was changed, when soiled, for a clean one. The patterns of the rugs became again visible.

It was a strange experience for him, who had spent his later years in quarters ranging from a prize-cell and a French dugout to the dusty, dingy rooms of the Dillingham house as it was under Payson's charge.

There were so many impossibilities connected with it. His niece's presence again beneath his roof was bad enough. Faith's accident had thrown her at his very door, had brought her and her father inside that door. When that was over, and the door had been shut after the departure of Katherine Powell—always Katherine Minot to him—had come to Ostable, to tear open the old wound and make his heart bleed harder. No one but him knew how close he had been to moving away that night following their meeting at the home of Manuel Cash. But he had stayed on, had avoided her as much as possible, and had found a degree of forgetfulness in his work.

But now came this new complication bringing Faith again to his dwelling and bringing, too—in a degree of intimate relationship which was sweet and bitter and joyous and cruel—the woman he had loved—yes, and would love until he died. Bringing her here to live with him in the every-day intimacy of a home. To sit opposite him at table, to ask his advice about this or that, to chat with him, and laugh with him, and plan with him, just as he had dreamed of her doing—as they had dreamed together—in those other days.

Well, devil or coincidence, it could not be borne. It should not be. And, more than all, it must end soon—for his sake very soon.

He hinted at the end one morning when he and Katherine were at table. Faith was with Tom, superintending his breakfasting, a ceremony which, now that he was practically out of danger, she jealously performed. It was a sunshiny Winter day and the shabby dining-room looked almost cheerful. Katherine was presiding at the coffee-pot, was cheerful also, and an unprejudiced male would have found her extremely pleasant to look at. Ephraim Nye sat the only gloomy shadow in the room. He had had a bad night, thinking much and sleeping little.

"You look very tired this morning, Ephraim," observed Katherine, who had been watching him. "Have you planned at her quickly, then in the direction of the kitchen.

"Careful!" he continued, rather sharply. She laughed. "Oh! Margaret can't hear," she declared. "She is making too much noise with the dishes."

"You shouldn't take the risk. No one must hear you call me Jim. You know it. There is too much talk already. This house is watched like a rat-hole."

"Be like a rat-hole, then."

"By her—and forty others. They are talking of Faith and Tom just now, which is fortunate for the two of us, but I am continually afraid that they may pick up a word which will put them on the track of the fact that you and I used to know each other. Once let them get a hint of that and—well, Heaven knows what may be said, or what stories told."

She seemed to find the idea amusing. "I am sure they would be interested in those stories," she observed, with a smile.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"Interesting! Yes, they would be at least that. And they must not be told. You must leave this house and go back to your own home. It is no use my saying you should never have come here. I have said that times enough already."

"You have. Too many times, I think. Your anxiety to get rid of me isn't very complimentary. I am having a rather pleasant visit, Ephraim. I am sorry I make my host so miserable. Come now; isn't this a better breakfast than Henry Payson used to provide?"

He shrugged. Words were unnecessary. "I am sure it is," she affirmed. "And it seems to me that this room is—well, a bit less grimy than it used to be. And *I* am enjoying these little talks of ours. Truly now, Ephraim, aren't you?"

He looked at her, and his expression caused her own to change. She leaned toward him.

"I am sorry," she said, quickly. "Forgive me, please. I don't know why I am so frivolous this morning. Perhaps because Tom is so much better and Faith so enraptured in consequence. He is out of danger, isn't he?"

He hesitated. Then he nodded. "I think he is," he said, deliberately. "Yes, at last I believe we may say that he is."

"And you pulled him through. His is another name to add to your scroll of triumph. Do you know what they are beginning to call you around town, so Margaret Brady says?"

He smiled. "I know a few of the things they have called me from time to time in the past," he observed.

"They are calling you now, some of them, so Margaret says, 'the miracle man.' That was the name of a play a few years ago. Its hero was people's friend, just as you have been doing."

He was disgusted. "The miracle man!" he repeated, bitterly. "Humph! Well, now that I have admitted that Tom is out of danger, don't you think you had better go back to your own home?"

"Do you want me to go so very much, Ephraim?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Oh, *don't!* You know why."

"But I can't leave Faith. I promised her father I would stay as long as she did."

"Faith can go, too. I think I can get a nurse now. Parker says the Boston people write they believe they can send a good one at last."

"But Faith won't leave Tom yet. And you told me yourself, only a day or two ago, that you thought her presence was doing much more than anything else to bring him back to health."

"Yes, I know it. But she shouldn't be here, in this house, with me. Ask Judge Copeland if he doesn't agree to that. By the way, why was she so depressed after the judge left yesterday? She looked to me as if she had been crying."

"I think she had. Ephraim, I am worried about that. Her father is tormenting her again; I am sure of it."

"Tormenting her? What do you mean?"

"I mean—Ephraim, I am very fond of Faith Copeland. I liked her when I first met her; I have always liked her. But since I came here and have been with her day after day, I have grown very fond of her. When we all thought Tom was dying she did not weaken, she was as brave as the bravest, she has worked night and day, she is as sensible as she is attractive and pretty. I used to fear she might be shallow and spoiled. She isn't. She has a fine character. Don't you think so?"

"Yes."

"And, Ephraim, their love—those two young people—is the real thing. It is."

He did not comment upon the statement. "What do you mean by her father tormenting her?" he asked.

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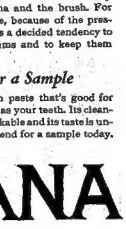

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

"I mean that he is continually trying to influence her against Tom Stone."

"Pshaw! He can't do it."

"Not in one way—no. But in another I am afraid he may. She is devoted to her father and he does worship her. But it is a selfish worship. He is not well, he looks worn and tired, and he is continually telling her that he is sick and thinks he is going to die. Intimates that he doesn't care greatly, is discouraged—all that sort of thing. Doctor Parker tells him he must go away and rest, but he won't go. If Faith could go with him—yes, but not alone. If he is going to die he wants to die near her, where she can be with him at the last. He tells Faith this every time he comes here, I infer from what she has said. And Faith loves and pities him; she is sensitive and conscientious."

She paused. Nye frowned. "I see," he said. "Yes, I see."

"I am afraid that, in the end, she may feel it is her duty to go away with him—go wherever Doctor Parker suggests sending them. They may stay for a long time. She will be under his influence. Such separations and influences are always dangerous. Oh, yes, I know it!"

He did not answer.

"Ephraim," she went on, "I can't bear to think of these two young lives being spoiled because of the selfishness of one man. Judge Copeland wouldn't call it selfishness, but that is what it is. It would be wickedly wrong. Their love-story must not be wrecked as—as——"

She did not finish the sentence. He looked at her, then rose from his chair. "It sha'n't be," he said, quietly.

"You mean— What do you mean?"

But he left the room without replying.

On an afternoon three days later he came home from his round of visits to find his niece alone in the dining-room. She was sitting in the rocker by his own favorite post of observation, the north window.

"Hello, Faith," he said. "What are you doing out here? Is Tom asleep?"

She did not turn her head, but continued to look out of the window. "Yes," she said.

"Where is Mrs. Powell?"

"She has gone out in my car. Over to her house, I believe."

"Is anything wrong?"

"No."

He stood regarding her thoughtfully. Then he asked, "Your father has been here, hasn't he? I met his car at the end of the lane."

She nodded. He threw off his coat and cap and, crossing the room, sat down beside her.

"Faith," he said, gravely, "look at me. What has your father been saying to you?"

For a moment she met his gaze and tried to smile. "Oh, nothing, Uncle Eph," she answered, wearily. "I—I am a little tired, I guess. And perhaps a little worried. You mustn't mind me."

"You are worried about him. Is that it?"

She turned away again. "Please don't ask," she begged.

"But——"

"Please don't! I am trying to decide something, and I must decide it for myself. No one can help me. Please go and leave me. I—I shall be all right again in a little while. Oh, *please* go!"

He went, but with reluctance. As he opened the sitting-room door he looked at her. Her shoulders shook; she was sobbing bitterly.

AFTER supper—Faith had a headache, she said, and had gone to her room for a few minutes' rest—he and Katherine had a moment alone. Mrs. Brady had been running in and out from the kitchen, and there were no opportunities for conference during the meal. But now Katherine spoke.

"Ephraim," she whispered, "the crisis has come."

"What crisis?"

"Between Faith and her father. They had a long interview this afternoon. Doctor Parker came with him and stayed for a time. Then the judge and Faith were alone. He delivered an ultimatum."

"An ultimatum?"

"Yes. That is what it amounts to. I don't know just what was said, but Faith has told me a little. Doctor Parker insists that Judge Copeland must go away, that if he doesn't the consequences to his health may be very serious indeed. He told Faith that; frightened her dreadfully, poor girl. And the judge absolutely refused to go."

"Humph! Unless she goes with him, I suppose?"

"Exactly that. As I say, I don't know just what took place, but I gather that he was obstinate. If she will accompany him he will make the effort to save his own life. If not—then he doesn't consider the effort worth while. Oh, Ephraim!" with scornful impatience, "isn't it plain enough? Can't you imagine what he said—all of it? Why should he care to live any longer? She was his only interest in life, and now he had lost her, some one else had taken his place in her affections. He was merely an encumbrance. Let him die; it was the best thing that could happen. And that sort of thing. Can't you imagine it? Isn't it plain enough, knowing him?"

"Yes."

"And can't you imagine its effect upon her? Ephraim, is it true? Do you think he is in such a serious condition as he says, and as Parker seems to believe?"

Nye shook his head.

"He is tired and feeling the reaction, like the rest of us," he said. "I shouldn't consider him in great danger. And Faith—you think——?"

"I don't know. But I am afraid she has made up her mind to do what her father asks. If she leaves Tom——"

"She must not leave him."

"So I say. Can't we do anything, Ephraim? Do you suppose I might have any influence with Judge Copeland? If I went to him and spoke plainly——"

He interrupted her. "Wait!" he said. "Let me think."

"But, if I did——"

"Wait! And don't say any more to me just now. I want to think this out."

HE ROSE from the table and walked to the north window. His hands were in his pockets, and upon his face was the grimmest expression she had ever seen there. She, too, rose and approached him.

"Ephraim," she whispered, hesitatingly, "if only you could find a way. It is to save the happiness, the lifelong happiness, of those two. Remember——"

He waved her bruskly away. She went into the other room. When, some time afterward, she again looked out, he was still standing by the window. The next time she looked he had driven off in his automobile.

At that moment he was, as it happened, driving over the road between North Ostable and Ostable Center. He had stopped once since leaving the Dillingham place and that was at the house of Captain Mark Bearse on the Back Road. His call upon Captain Mark was brief, but when it was over and his visitor drove away, the captain stood in the doorway, looking after him, a puzzled and anxious expression upon his face.

Mrs. Hopkins, home again after her siege of nursing, came into the little rear entry.

"For mercy sakes march into the house and shut that door!" she commanded. "Anybody would think it was June instead of Winter. Want to catch your death? Well, what did the doctor want? Nobody else took down, is there?"

Her brother shook his head. "No, not as I know of," he answered.

"Then what— Why, Mark, what makes you look so queer? What *did* Doctor Eph come here for?"

"He came to get somethin' that belonged to him."

"Somethin' that belonged— Oh, that's what you opened the safe for. Humph! must have been pretty valuable if you kept it in the safe. What was it?"

"Don't know. 'Twas some kind of a paper in a sealed envelop; that's all I know."

"How did you happen to have it?"

Captain Mark looked at her solemnly. "He gave it to me thirteen year ago," he said.

"Thirteen years ago! Why—why, Mark, that was before the time when——"

"No, it was *at* the time. The night before he was arrested. He came to me and asked me to put it in my safe, say nothin' about it to anybody, and keep it until he came again to get it, no matter when that might be."

"My sakes alive! And he's never asked for it since—until now?"

"No. He hadn't forgotten it, for I reminded him when he came back here to live; but he said let it stay where it was."

"Well, I never! And you don't know what is in the envelop, nor anything?"

"No."

"And he came and got it to-night, after lettin' it lay for thirteen years. What *do* you suppose he wants it now for?"

Captain Bearse again shook his head. "That's one more thing I don't know," he declared. "And can't guess, either. I tell you this, tho, Matilda, it's somethin' important. I never saw Eph Nye look more—er—well, as if he meant business. Never!"

SILVERLEAF WAY in Ostable Center is, in Summer, a very cheerful way indeed. But now most of those houses were closed, the porches deserted, and the windows dark. There were lights in the Copeland house, for that was inhabited all the year. Doctor Nye passed through the gap in the hedge and moved up the walk to the fine colonial front door. His car he had left in a secluded nook two corners below. He had no wish to advertise to Ostable Center the call he intended to make that evening.

He lifted and dropped the brass knocker; a "genuine antique" unearthed and acquired by Faith. It had supplanted the glass-knobbed door-bell. The Copeland maid answered the knock. It was dark on the porch; the doctor's cap was pulled low and his coat collar turned up, so she did not recognize him. Nor, apparently, was she particularly impressed by his appearance.

Yes, Judge Copeland was in, she admitted, but he was not feeling very well and she wasn't sure that he could see any one. What name, please?

"Tell him Doctor Nye," said the doctor, stepping past her into the hall. "And say that it is important."

THE maid's gasp of surprize was distinctly audible—and excusable. She had been in the Copeland employ a long time.

"Why—why—" she faltered.

"Is he in the living-room?" broke in the visitor. "I saw a light there. I can find him. I know the way—or used to."

But that the maid, even under stress of horrified amazement, could not permit.

"I—I'll tell him," she stammered, and hastened on ahead, Nye following. The judge, jaded and care-worn, was stretched in an easy chair by the library table. He looked up fretfully as she hurried in.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped. "I can't see any one to-night. If it is Captain Snow tell him I have gone to bed. Why! What is the matter with you?"

The maid had no opportunity to explain. Ephraim Nye was already in the doorway.

"Good evening, Judge," he said.

If satan himself had suddenly walked into that living-room the effect upon its owner could scarcely have been more marked. And the comparison is not so greatly exaggerated. Daniel Copeland's brother-in-law had not crossed that threshold in more than thirteen years. For nearly ten of that thirteen his name was not spoken in that house. Of late it had been spoken and frequently, but never, on Copeland's part, except with dislike and suspicion.

There had been a time, after Faith's accident, when the dislike—or hatred—was camouflaged, for his daughter's sake, with the word "pity," but since Tom Stone's illness and the disclosure of Faith's love-affair this thin pretense had been thrown aside. Judge Copeland believed Ephraim Nye responsible for his family troubles, present as well as past. The fact that Nye had been right and he wrong in the matter of the water-supply did not tend to lessen his resentment, rather the contrary. The Honorable Daniel was not accustomed to making mistakes and publicly acknowledging them.

And now this man—this family black sheep, this fellow who had driven his sister to her death, had disgraced her name and his, had upset his plans for his daughter's future, had humiliated him publicly, and more than once, in the eyes of all Ostable—this man had the brazen effrontery to visit him in his own house. And why had he come?

There could be but one conceivable reason. The same terrifying thought which had come to him when Nye telephoned a fortnight before now caused him to spring from his chair in panic.

"Faith!" he gasped. "She is not—What has happened?"

Doctor Ephraim raised his hand. "All right, Judge," he said, quietly. "All right. Nothing has happened. Faith is well. I came to see you on another matter."

Copeland's manner changed. He glanced at the wide-eyed maid, at his visitor, and he drew himself erect.

"Um—ah—I see," he said. "You may go, Cordelia. And close the door."

The maid withdrew, to carry the sensational news to the cook and chauffeur. The door closed after her. Judge Copeland's dignity did not relax.

"Why did you come here?"

"That is what I am going to tell you. And I am going to take off my coat."

"Well, get it over as soon as you can. Get through with it, for Heaven's sake!"

"And yours. I intend to, for my own. I came here to-night to talk with you about your daughter and Tom Stone. I like those two young people, Daniel. I am interested in them. They like each other. They are in love with each other. They want to get married. Why shouldn't they?"

Copeland's face was a picture. He heard the doctor mention his daughter's name, then the name of young Stone, and his groping imagination seized upon a thought, a horrifying thought. He turned pale. "Wait! What are you trying to tell me? She hasn't—they haven't——"

The concluding instalment of "Doctor Nye of North Ostable" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published July 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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